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THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1856.

- ART. I.—1. *Christian Theism: The Testimony of Reason and Revelation to the Existence and Character of the Supreme Being.* By the REV. ROBERT ANCHOR THOMPSON, M.A. In Two Vols. London: Rivingtons. 1855.
2. *Theism: The Witness of Reason and Nature to an All-wise and Beneficent Creator.* By the REV. JOHN TULLOCH, D.D., Principal, and Primarius Professor of Theology, St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons. 1855.

THE Thesis of the Essays now before us is thus defined in Mr. Burnett's 'Deed of Settlement,' under which they have been awarded their respective prizes: 'The evidence that there is a Being, all-powerful, wise, and good, by whom every thing exists; and, particularly, to obviate difficulties regarding the wisdom and goodness of the Deity; and this, in the first place, from considerations independent of written revelation; and, in the second place, from the revelation of the Lord Jesus; and, from the whole, to point out the inferences most necessary for, and useful to, mankind.' The first distribution of these munificent rewards took place in 1814, when the first prize was adjudged to Principal Brown, of Aberdeen; and the second, to Dr. Sumner, the present venerable Archbishop of Canterbury. Dr. Brown's Essay was entitled to the distinction which it received. Its able author had gleaned his materials with uncommon diligence; he has arranged them with admirable clearness, and embodied them in vigorous language. The work is still worthy of the notice of the theological student. But it is insufficient for the demands of the present time. To one who is skilled in tracing the historical development of Theology, we

cannot conceive of a more interesting or important study, than to exhibit the phases which it has assumed in this country during the last thirty years. The extensive and powerful influence of the philosophy of the Königsberg school, the unmerited popularity of the mythical theories of Dr. David Friedrich Strauss, and the efforts which have been made to obtain currency for the writings of Auguste Comte, have combined to give a novelty to the aspects and tendencies of modern infidelity, which renders it absolutely necessary, not indeed to shift our ground, but to change, and more appropriately adapt, the defensive arguments of our religion.

For these and similar reasons, we hailed the announcement that a second distribution of the Burnett prizes would take place in 1854, and looked forward with eager expectation for the appearance of the successful Essays. We were gratified with the selection of adjudicators, all of whom are men of established literary reputation; and in two of whom, at least, we had full confidence, as the faithful conservators of our Christian faith. We were struck with the terms in which the Judges report their judgment; they say: 'We should have been glad to find that there had been two Treatises so incontestably superior to the rest, as to release us from all hesitation. Still, though there is no Essay which, in our judgment, is not greatly capable of improvement by omission or alteration, (which we mention with reference to the future publication of such Essays,) we are unanimously of opinion, that there are *three* which stand by an appreciable interval in advance of the rest.' We are convinced by this testimony, as well as by some observation, that the principle adopted in reference to the Bridgewater Treatises, of *choosing* advocates of learning and repute, is a more effectual plan of securing works of first-class merit, than that of leaving the prize open to indiscriminate competition. We are aware, however, that very much may be said on the other side. The fact that 208 Treatises were forwarded to the Trustees,—some of which, besides the successful ones, have already been published, and are works of substantial excellence,—is suggestive of the more diffused advantages secured by the plan adopted under Mr. Burnett's will. Nor is the opinion which we have frankly offered more than a general one: it is not the language of disappointment, intended to depreciate the results of the recent competition. The Essays of Mr. Thompson and Dr. Tulloch are able, if not pre-eminent, examples of Christian advocacy. We have read them with close attention, and found them rich in the results of diligent research. We greatly relish the compact, vigorous, and transparent style in which they are written, so refreshing in these times of transcendental soaring and unfathomable thinking. Above all, we have observed much of that modest consciousness of human feebleness, which is always so becoming when

the finite attempts to approach the Infinite, when the creature tries to ascend to the knowledge of the Creator. 'Dangerous it were,' says Richard Hooker, 'for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the doings of the Most High; whom although to know be life, and joy to make mention of His name, yet our soundest knowledge is, to know that we know Him not as indeed He is, neither can know Him; and our safest eloquence concerning Him is our silence, when we confess without confession, that His glory is inexplicable, His greatness above our capacity and reach. He is above, and we upon the earth; therefore it behoveth our words to be wary and few.'*

The harmony between philosophy and theology, in relation to the sublime truth, *There is one God*, is the starting-point of the first Prize Essay; and, indeed, is a principle which is exhibited with singular clearness, and sustained with admirable cogency, throughout the whole of Mr. Thompson's very elaborate volumes. It is much to be regretted that philosophy and theology should ever have been separated, still more that they should ever have been placed in invidious comparison, and most of all that they should ever have been seen in positive antagonism. Theologians have looked upon philosophers with a sensitive jealousy, and philosophers have looked upon theologians with supercilious indifference. A more thorough acquaintance with the science of their respective departments will inevitably lead to a more complete agreement among them. There is a deeper significance in the memorable saying of Scotus Erigena than he understood when he uttered it: 'There are not two studies, one of philosophy and the other of religion; true philosophy is true religion, and true religion is true philosophy.'

The difficulties which beset an investigation into the principles of Christian Theism, arising partly from the prejudices and perversities of inquirers, and partly from the disagreement between the inductionists and the deductionists as to the value of their respective arguments, are felt and confessed at the opening of the first Essay. There is a pretty general concurrence in the present day, as to the inconclusiveness of the *à priori* demonstration of the existence of a God; and, indeed, its incompleteness was admitted by Dr. Samuel Clarke himself. Pursuing the method of Des Cartes, he establishes the existence of an infinite and eternal something, the objective validity of which, however, is not sufficiently obvious; but when he has to leap the gulf from a *thing* to a *person*, he quits his *à priori* ground, and falls back on the doctrine of final causes. Under the Eighth Proposition, which is, 'The self-existent and original cause of all things must be an intelligent Being,' he says,

* 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' book i., chap. 1.

‘Now, that the self-existent Being is not a blind and unintelligent necessity, but, in the most proper sense, an understanding and really active Being, does not, indeed, so obviously and directly appear to us by considerations *à priori*; because (through the imperfection of our faculties) we know not wherein intelligence consists, nor can we see the immediate and necessary connexion of it with self-existence, as we can that of eternity, infinity, unity, &c. But, *à posteriori*, almost every thing in the world demonstrates to us this great truth; and affords to us undeniable arguments to prove that the world, and all things therein, are the effects of an intelligent and knowing cause.’ The latter argument, the importance of which the Doctor so frankly acknowledges, is based on the Baconian philosophy, is in exact harmony with the teaching of the word of God, is ever receiving accessions of light and force from the rapid advancement and splendid achievements of science, and will always present the strongest attractions and the most irresistible evidence to the popular mind. It cannot, however, be disguised, that the advocates of this argument have sometimes taken too much for granted; and we are glad that the authors of the works which are placed at the head of this article, have addressed themselves to a calm, thorough, and synthetic investigation of those laws of thought which underlie the *à posteriori* demonstration, and without which we could never ascend from effects to causes, and recognise and adore, in the last great cause, an infinite, eternal, all-wise, and all-gracious God. But we shall let Mr. Thompson now state, in his own copious and eloquent language, the object which he has essayed. He says,—

‘We have to show that it is no delusion, but a reasonable faith, to think Him ever near us, though unseen; to see Him, by His agency, in all things; to believe that all things are full of God. Every perception, and thought, and feeling; every object of the visible universe; the face of nature, in the harmonious order of its unchanging laws, as well as in its apparent perturbations and convulsions; the fleeting clouds, the fitful volcano, “the everlasting hills,” the infinitesimal uniformity of the daily period, the bursting storm, the swift meteor of a moment, and the planetary inequalities of a myriad years; the pictured landscape, the waste, howling wilderness, the sandy desert; the infinite ocean, in the appalling fury of its tempest, and in the majestic dignity of its calm; all nature, in its minuteness and in its vastness; the millions of living things in air, earth, and water, and “the majestic roof fretted with golden fire;” the living dust of the earth, and the starry dust of the skies, whose minutest grains are systems of worlds; the boulder of the road-side, the huge volcanic moon, and this varied globe of the world, records, all of them, of the physical agencies of countless ages; and yet more than all, man, in his frame, his powers, his feelings, “man, noble in reason, infinite in faculties, in form and moving so express and admirable,” the unnumbered fitnesses of his material dwelling, so “fearfully and

wonderfully made;" the affections and aspirations of the soul; the spirit that, spurning at meanness, and never stooping to low selfishness and cunning, directs to the Infinite and Eternal One its desire of perfection, its hope of immortality, and sees, and loves, and adores in God the ever-flowing fountain of goodness and holiness; man, individually and in society; every circumstance of life, every event of history; the decay or the development, the fears or the hopes, of the individual and of the race;—all things discover the presence or the work of God; all, except the blight of evil, and even this in its history and results; all things are full of God, all reveal the present God.—*Christian Theism*, vol. i., pp. 13, 14.

There is something in the depths of our moral nature which, anterior to all logic and demonstration, rises in spontaneous and grateful response to the sublime truth, 'All things are full of God, all reveal the present God.' The process of thought by which this truth is reflectively realized, the arguments by which its validity is confirmed, and the refutation of the atheistic theories by which it has been impugned, are questions which now present themselves in all their magnitude and importance, and to which the author just quoted gives himself with a clearness of conception and a consciousness of power which we like to see in one who is 'set for the defence of the Gospel.' Precision in terms and simplicity of method are of essential importance in all scientific investigations, but especially in treating the subject of Christian Theism; and, though definitions and propositions do not always contribute to the popularity of a book, or to the rapidity of its sale, we should have regretted their omission in the Essay before us. An author who writes for the future must forget the market. We freely confess that, in our judgment, the chief excellence in both the Essays is, the analytic skill and philosophical spirit which are displayed in the sifting and arranging of the materials. We feel that we can accompany the authors through the progress of their inquiry with a full persuasion that we are building on a firm foundation; and when we have arrived with them at their final conclusion, we have the comfortable and animating conviction that we stand upon a rock.

There is a very close and inseparable connexion between psychology and ontology; between—to borrow more simple and Saxon terms—from the title of Professor Ferrier's most fascinating volume—the theory of Knowing and Being.' It is necessary that we should have a clear and comprehensive view of the constitution, laws, tendencies, and capabilities of the human mind, before we can proceed to demonstrate the existence of other beings than ourselves, and especially the existence of God. Bacon says, 'The real cause and root of almost all the evils in science is this: that, falsely magnifying and extolling the powers of the mind, we seek not its true helps.' The value

of Mr. Thompson's Essay is greatly enhanced, and his way prepared for the complete development of the Theistic argument, by a vigorous, condensed, and, on the whole, accurate sketch of the history of psychology from the time of Locke down to the existing schools. The writings of Locke, says Dugald Stewart, 'formed the greatest step ever made in the science of mind by a single individual.' It has been common, of late, to regard Locke as the Coryphæus of the Sensationalists; and the discourses of Victor Cousin have had the effect, especially on the Continent, of giving currency to this notion: but surely this honour, if honour it be, belongs to Gassendi and Hobbes.* Locke was not a pure Sensationalist; reflection and sensation, in his system, are co-ordinates, and knowledge is the joint product of both. We regret that the old scholastic maxim, which has now become a *brocard*, should have been repeated in association with him, *Nihil est in intellectu quod non fuerit in sensu*. To say the least, it is an unfair representation of his theory; and Leibnitz's addition is either absurd or unjust, *Nisi ipse intellectus*. How can the intellect be in the intellect? or where has Locke denied the existence of the mind? We must add further, that we have never seen the doctrine which limits the cognitions of the mind to the mere images of things, and which destroys all immediate knowledge of the external world, conclusively established by quotations from his writings. And yet this doctrine is constantly attributed to him. His definition of an idea, so far from harmonizing with the old philosophical notion of species and phantoms, is directly opposed to it: 'Whatever the mind perceives in itself, or is the immediate object of perception, thought, or understanding, that I call "idea."'[†] Dr. Thomas Brown says, 'There is not a single argument in his Essay, or in any of his works, that is founded on the substantial reality of our ideas, as separate and distinct things in the mind.'[‡] But we must leave Locke, and will only add his celebrated saying in reference to the existence of a God: 'It is plain to me we have a more certain knowledge of the existence of a God, than of any thing our senses have not immediately discovered to us. Nay, I presume I may say, that we more certainly know that there is a God, than that there is any thing else without us.'

Bishop Berkeley's idealism is, no doubt, a fair deduction from the representative doctrine of the ultra-sensational school; but from their extravagances Locke must be exonerated. If the mind is only cognizant of ideas, it possesses no voucher for their objective meaning; it can never so compare the ideas with the external objects as to be satisfied of their reality. Berkeley

* Lewes's 'Biographical History of Philosophy,' vol. iii., p. 165.

† 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' book ii., chap. 8.

‡ 'Philosophy of the Human Mind,' lect. lxxvii.

meets this difficulty by contending that the material world, as such, has no existence, and resolves every thing which we see, hear, and feel around us into a mental image or panorama, presented to the mind by the immediate agency of God. This recondite speculation does not affect in the least degree man's relation either to the material or spiritual world; it admits every thing which the senses prove respecting the qualities of things, such as solidity, extension, weight, colour, &c.; but it denies that these qualities inhere in that occult substratum which is commonly called 'matter.' 'That what I see, hear, and feel, doth exist, *i. e.*, is perceived by me, I do no more doubt than I do of my own being; but I do not see how the testimony of sense can be alleged as a proof of any thing which is not perceived by the sense.'* The appeal to sense,—'the breaking of one's head against a post,' or the 'stepping into a dirty kennel,'—to quote some of Dr. Reid's arguments in refutation of Berkeley, is simply ridiculous.† Hume is the founder and oracle of modern philosophical scepticism: separating, with the pure Sensationalists, the ideas of the mind from the objective realities which they represent, and limiting our knowledge to those ideas, he denied with Berkeley the existence of matter; and then separating the ideas of the mind from the mind itself, and again limiting our knowledge to the ideas, he denied the existence of the mind itself. Such was the vortex into which Hume drifted. 'It was his honour, if such it be deemed, to question the being both of soul and world, and to leave us nothing but a world of ideas and impressions.' The prevalence of Hume's scepticism produced a strong reaction in the Scottish schools of philosophy; and, on the basis of common sense, a system of defence was erected, the wholesome results of which are to this day extensively felt.

It was at this period that Immanuel Kant rose into eminence, and gave to the world those massive and profound works which, notwithstanding their 'brilliant aridity,' have moulded very largely the speculative science of the age, and have been pressed very freely into the service of the most daring atheism of our times. He came forth as the antagonist of Hume; but his arguments not only left untouched the core of his opponent's theory, especially in reference to the doctrine of causation, but also involved principles which 'sowed the seed of an idealism more intense than Berkeley's, and of a scepticism more decided than Hume's.' Johann Gottlieb Fichte, who considered himself one of the disciples of Kant, but who was distinctly repudiated by his master, undertook to resolve a question which the Kantian philosophy had suggested, but not answered; namely, the relation between

* 'The Principles of Human Knowledge,' sect. 40.

† See 'Blackwood's Magazine,' June, 1842.

the object and the subject. Fichte contends that it is the spontaneous action of the *ego*,—the projection of our self-consciousness; that the universe, revelation, God, in short, every thing without us, is a reflection from within us. The atheistic tendency of the modern speculative schools of Germany reached its culminating point in the writings of Hegel, a man who, much as he has been admired and belauded, possessed neither the depth of Kant nor the beauty of Fichte; who ignores, at a stroke, alike mind and matter; who affirms the identity of contradictories; who denies the existence both of God and of man; and who has condensed his absurdities into the monstrous maxim, *Seyn und Nichts ist dasselbe*. Such is a rapid sketch of the more recent history of speculative science.

'The history is not without instruction. It has given the world a lesson, which one may think might have been anticipated, that nihilism,—no world, no self, no God,—nihilism is the only possible philosophy,—that world and thought, observation and observer, man and God, are swallowed up and lost in the boundless immensity of a horrible chaos, unless a safe and sure passage be found from thought to being, from subjective to objective, from phenomenon to reality, from the internal mind to the external world.'—*Christian Theism*, vol. i., p. 42.

In an Essay on Christian Theism, we do not expect to meet with an elaborate and complete system of mental science; and yet it is impossible to make much progress in the Theistic argument, without a careful analysis of those faculties of the mind, by the especial use of which we are reflectively assured of our own being, of the reality of the external world, and of the existence of an intelligent First Cause. Not the least valuable portion of Mr. Thompson's volumes is Chapter iii., on the 'Elementary Principles of Knowledge.' At the same time, it must be remembered, that his exposition and classification of mental phenomena are part of his entire scheme, and must be considered with a reference to the ultimate design of his work.

The bridge by which the mind crosses the gulf between itself and the outward world is consciousness, in the facts of which the relation of the objective to the subjective must be sought, and by which alone it can be fully realized. Two classes of those facts, of a very general character, which may be taken for a starting-point in this investigation, are,—those of perception and those of action; those by which we apprehend the qualities of external things, and those by which we apprehend in ourselves the power of moving them. These, however, are complex operations, and are resolvable into more simple elements. Perception of an external object includes, '1. Attention, which is an action of the will more or less intense, by which the mind directs itself to its object; 2. Simple perception of the several qualities; 3. The combination of these

qualities in one image or perception of the object, which is an act of the understanding. The active powers of the mind comprise, 1. The will; 2. The various affections, which may be its motives to outward exertion.' It is manifest from the above definition, how essential the faculty of perception is to the discovery of the existence of the external world. Perception pre-supposes sensation. The world without us, whether phenomenal or real, is adapted to make impressions on the mind through the medium of the senses, and the mind is so constituted as to be susceptible of those impressions. There is an important difference between sensation and perception: the latter, in all its acts, calls forth the will and the intelligence. Without the will we should receive impressions, but could never refer them to external objects; there could be no distinction of the self from the not-self. Without intelligence we should not apprehend the qualities which are delivered to the mind by consciousness as those of external objects. This view of the state, faculties, and operations of the mind is abundantly verified by the self-evident facts of common and universal consciousness.

We now approach a point of deep interest, and of vital importance. Can the self-evident facts of consciousness be interpreted? and may the knowledge which they supply be regarded as valid on the great question of real existence, whether of oneself or of the world? If we can unfold the logical process by which belief in our own existence, and in the existence of the world, is confirmed, we may then apply the same line of proof to establish the existence of a God. In the facts of consciousness there are certain ultimate and inexplicable distinctions. In perception we are conscious of impressions from without; in action we are conscious of energy from within. This difference in consciousness leads to an inevitable result of knowledge. On the difference between sensibility and will, the cognition of the *ego* and *non-ego*, the mind and the world, as distinct from one another, is, in some way, dependent. Will discovers to us the self, sensibility the not-self. The notion of power originates in this interaction between the self and not-self. Whence have we the idea of power? Dr. Tulloch answers, 'It flows from the depths of our self-consciousness; or, more truly speaking, it is nothing else than the ideal projection of our self-consciousness. With the first dawn of mind we apprehend *ourselves* as distinct from the objective phenomena surrounding us; the *ego* emerges face to face with the *non-ego*. And in this springing forth of self, so far back in the mental history as to elude all trace, is primarily given the idea of power.'* The knowledge which

* 'Theism,' p. 30.

we have now attained of our own existence, and of the existence of the outward world, and out of which arises the primary notion of power, is relative knowledge, knowledge of phenomena, and not of noumena. But that mind really exists as the subject of certain powers, and matter as the subject of certain properties, is an unavoidable cognition:—

‘And this is all the knowledge which can be of use to us, either for the welfare of life, or for its religious ends. It is not necessary to comprehend the secret nature of things before we can apply them usefully. We need not know what electricity is, to employ it as a means of communication. We do not want a perfect knowledge of the nature of wood, the secret processes of vegetation by which it has grown, the inward causes and molecular conditions on which its properties depend, for the construction of the roof of a house. It is possible enough that such an insight into the secret nature of things might save us a vast amount of labour and difficulty. It is conceivable that other beings may possess some penetrating sense, by which they can know at sight, and without experience, all the properties of any material substance. We might have been endowed with an immediate perception of the electric fluid, and not dependent on some accident for its discovery, after it had eluded observation for thousands of years. There may be beings who can see it immediately in nature, and perhaps can no more avoid the sight of it than the open eyes of man can avoid the sunshine. There may be beings in the universe who have employed it for ages past, as it is now applied by man, and to whom it may even be the ordinary medium of communication, as to man the air is the medium of sound. But we cannot tell how far such knowledge would be consistent with the design of the Creator in our existence here. Individual and social progress is through the toil and patience of experience. Moreover, it is not difficult to see that to press the question of the essence of things to its limits, is, in fact, to ask what is the exact process of creation. It is to demand a full comprehension of creative agency, which would be tantamount to the power to create. The Theist will easily believe that this is more than man can ever attain, either in this life or in any other.’—*Christian Theism*, vol. i., pp. 77, 78.

Before we proceed to examine the ‘Speculative Theories of Existence,’ we must endeavour to epitomize the doctrine of causation, as it is exhibited by both the essayists. Mr. Thompson reviews the question in an appendix to his first volume. Dr. Tulloch more conveniently, and, as we think, more judiciously, embodies the results of a patient, thorough, masterly, and discriminating discussion of the subject, in the second chapter of his Treatise. By that very able chapter we shall, for the most part, be guided in glancing at the doctrine of causation. Hume’s view is found in the following passage: ‘When we look about us toward external nature, and consider the operation of causes, we are never able, in a single instance, to discover any

power, or necessary connexion and quality, which binds the effect to the cause, and renders the one an inflexible consequence of the other. We only find that the one does, in fact, follow the other.* This view ignores the objective validity of the causal law, and resolves it into a pure subjective notion of the mind. Glanville, Malebranche, and Hobbes, had previously advanced similar sentiments. Kant's reply to Hume is not only a palpable paradoxism; but has, in fact, placed Hume's scepticism on a more scientific basis. Hume contends, that the idea of causation is the product of experience; Kant affirms, that it is an *à priori* notion of the mind. So far, perhaps, Kant is right. But when he should pass from the internal notion to the external reality, where alone Hume could be fully met and fairly answered, Kant falls back again on the laws of the mind, and establishes rather the subjective necessity, than the objective validity, of the causal connexion. Dr. Thomas Brown, in his celebrated 'Inquiry into the Relation of Cause and Effect,' by resolving the one into an invariable antecedent, and the other into an invariable consequent, and *nothing more*, has contributed little either toward the explanation of the subjective law, or the confirmation of the objective reality, and has left the question in such a form as to make it useless in the Theistic argument. An invariable antecedent, as such, is no cause at all. Day is not the cause of night; the flow is not the cause of the ebb of the tide. Unless we recognise in a cause a substance or agent, possessing properties which adapt it to produce certain effects or changes, we can never arrive at a first cause. Kant puts this difficulty with great adroitness: 'Causality of the cause is thus, ever again, something that happens, and renders necessary your *regressus* to a still higher cause, consequently the prolongation of the series of phenomena *à parte priori* unceasingly.'† On Dr. Brown's theory of antecedents and consequents, we could not meet Kant's objection;‡ but admitting all for which Dr. Brown contends, as to the relation of phenomena, and, in addition, attributing to a cause an adaptation to produce its effect, we can see our way clear to the acknowledgment of a First Cause, who possesses in Himself an ability to give existence to all that is. How far, then, are the schools of the day agreed on this fundamental question? Sir W. Hamilton says, 'It is now universally admitted that we have no perception of the causal nexus in the material world.' But although we cannot *perceive* it, we cannot *doubt* it. A fire rages in the neighbourhood, and our neighbour's house is laid in ruins; we perceive the fire, the antecedent, and the ruin, the consequent; but 'we have no

* 'Essay,' sect. 7.

† 'Critick of Pure Reason,' by Haywood, p. 343.

‡ Lyall 'On the Intellect,' &c., especially Appendix A.

perception of the causal nexus.' Still, that there are properties in fire which are capable of destroying a house under certain relations and conditions, and that there are materials in a house susceptible of the destructive influence of fire, we infer by a law of our nature which operates necessarily and universally. This law compels us, on the appearance of any change, to trace it to a cause, the powers of which are beyond the reach of the empirical apprehension. We say of every effect that it is caused.* The interpretation of this law of our common intellectual consciousness gives the doctrine of causation:—every change must have a cause. Much confusion has arisen on this subject, from confounding the laws of nature with the law of causation. The laws of nature might all be suspended or reversed to-morrow, without affecting, in the slightest manner, the law of causation: such a phenomenon, indeed, would demand the application of the law of causation for its explanation. Whether a world be created or destroyed, the law holds good,—every change must have a cause. It has been asked, How can this doctrine be reconciled with the freedom of the human will, and with the self-existence of the First Cause? But surely this inquiry is founded on a misapprehension of the law. To affirm that every change must have a cause, or, in other words, that being cannot spring out of nothing, does not imply the denial of an originating power, either in the will of man, or in the nature of God. We have now seen that the law of causation, subjectively considered, is a necessary and universal principle of knowledge; and that, so far from interfering with the freedom of the human will, or the self-existence of God, it derives its loftiest type from the former, and finds its last analysis in the latter. It remains, however, still to be examined, whether there is any thing in the external world, answering to this mental law? or, in other words, what voucher have we for its objective validity? It is by precisely the same process of thought, as that through which we arrive at the knowledge of an external world; by those facts of consciousness which are delivered to us in complex perception. The mind, by virtue of its sensibility, receives impressions from without; the will, by its own spontaneous energy, refers those impressions to external objects; the understanding apprehends and combines the diverse qualities of those objects in one objective unity.

* 'A cause is that on account of which the change occurs; it is that which produces the change. Take the example of a stone broken in two by the stroke of a hammer. We perceive the two pieces of stone, we think them as having previously existed in one whole; but we have yet to think, that a certain power has separated them, before we have realized our notion of causality. Thus, and thus only, can we think a cause. Without realizing in the mind the necessary belief, that there has been an operation of power, we fail to identify our notion of causality.'—*The Philosophy of the Infinite*, by H. Calderwood, p. 144.

'It can then be seen that perception is a complex action of the mind, involving both will and sensibility, and interpreted by reason; an action which may always manifest the *ego* and the *non-ego* in mutual relation to one another.'—*Christian Theism*, vol. i., p. 64.

'We will now be able to understand the true character of the causation which we apprehend in nature. In the light of our spiritual consciousness, we every where perceive in nature a deeper meaning than it contains; we apprehend a living power in its continual flow. This is the general expression of what reason demands. It never stops short of this. But already it contains a higher and more explicit truth. Already, in its lowest indication, it points to one original, comprehensive will. The savage or childish apprehension of nature, as animated in its different movements by separate voluntary agents like ourselves, is a mere dim and temporary expression of the rational necessity which knows no satisfaction till, driven upwards, it rests in the idea of one all-pervading power,—an ultimate cause..... According to this whole view, there is no such thing as physical causation.* What is so denominated is, of course, a reality; but inasmuch as it is only in virtue of our spiritual life that we could ever find a cause in nature, this term is truly inapplicable to physical phenomena, *per se*; nature cannot give what it does not contain. Physical causes, apart from the idea of a will in which they originate, and which they manifest, have no meaning. Remove the one idea, and the other disappears. It is assuredly only in the reflection of a POWER beyond them, and in which they are contained, that such causes are, or can be, to us any thing but antecedent phenomena. It is only as the expression of such a will or power that the physical order of the universe is recognised as caused. And this recognition is truly ineradicable and necessary, in no way affected by the discoveries of science; still asserting itself by the side of the most extended of these discoveries. Let science expose the domain of physical order as it may, will is still present as its implicate and only explanation. And this will, according to what we have already said, is no mere naked potentiality. We know nothing of will apart from reason: the one is merely to us the peculiarly active, the other the peculiarly intelligent, side of the same spiritual energy. They unite and form what we comprehensively call "mind," which we therefore recognise as the only adequate source and explanation of the universe.'—*Theism*, pp. 37, 38.

The ground over which we have too hastily passed in examining the constitution, faculties, tendencies, and capabilities of the human mind, together with those arrangements and adaptations of the external world, by which mental consciousness is

* 'All power resides in the great First Cause, and the earth has not, in the proper sense of the word, power to attract the stone, so much as a necessity of attracting it. We may notice that a principle may be regarded as cause or law, according as we look on it in connexion with the thing produced, or with the higher necessity that produces it. In the former case we assign it the notion of power, as being the immediate channel of a power that flows from a higher fountain; and in the latter we attribute to it rather the notion of subjection and necessity, and look for the producing power at some higher link in the chain.'—*Laws of Thought*, by W. Thomson, M.A., p. 339.

awakened and mental power is developed, is fraught with invaluable and irrefragable proofs of the existence and perfections of God; and although the subject on which we now enter is widely different in its nature, yet perhaps the mind of man has never combined its energies more vigorously, asserted its greatness more unequivocally, or foreshadowed its destiny more impressively, than in connexion with the 'speculative theories of existence' which have been advanced both by ancient and modern schools. Nor can we be surprised that so large an amount of thoughtful attention and earnest inquiry should have been devoted to these topics. The causal law which is implanted in our nature constrains us, especially persons of a philosophical temperament, to resolve all diversities into unity; to ascend from the changeable to the permanent, from the phenomenal to the real, from the finite to the infinite, from the creature to God. Thales of Miletus was one of the first of the ancient Greek physiologists who gave this inquiry a scientific form. 'Thales, speculating on the constitution of the universe, could not but strive to discover the one principle,—the primary fact,—the substance of which all special existences were but the modes. Seeing around him constant transformations,—birth and death, change of shape, of size, and of mode of existence,—he could not regard any one of these variable states of existence as existence itself. He therefore asked himself, What is that invariable existence of which these are the variable states? In a word, What is the beginning of things?'

Mr. Thompson asks,—

'What existence is independent? Where is the fountain of life? Where the real and absolute which is the basis of the phenomenal?'

'Of the theories which have been proposed in answer, we shall briefly indicate,' says he, 'the most obvious, and then examine such as are commonly made the basis of infidelity.'

'The possible answers may be divided into four classes, and these again into several distinct *systems*. They may be represented as follows:—

'I. Atheism: which assigns independent existence to,

- '1. The self, or mind;
- '2. The material world;
- '3. Both mind and matter;
- '4. Neither of them; which is nihilism.

'II. Pantheism: which professes to acknowledge an eternal self-existent Being; but either,

- '1. Identifies its God with the known universe, or,
- '2. Makes mind and matter to be necessary evolutions and inseparable parts of his nature.

'III. Spurious Theism: which attributes independent existence to God; together with,

* Lewes's 'Biographical History of Philosophy,' vol. i., p. 29.

- '1. Self-existent spirits;
- '2. Self-existent matter;
- '3. Self-existent spirits and matter.

'IV. Monotheism: which affirms the existence of one God, of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, by whom all things exist. It becomes—

'CHRISTIAN THEISM: when its view of the Divine character is consistent with that exhibited in the Old and New Testaments, and especially in the doctrines of salvation through Jesus Christ.'—*Christian Theism*, vol. i., pp. 82, 83.

Although this classification of the 'speculative theories of existence' is very complete and comprehensive, it must be acknowledged, as is indeed admitted by the author, that it is extremely difficult to define the boundaries of the several systems, to indicate clearly the points of divergence and the points of coincidence. Atheism and Pantheism, for example, although starting apparently from the very antipodes of each other, engulf us, at last, in the same vortex of nothingness. On the various modifications and developments of these antagonistic systems, we shall have briefly to dwell. The theories included under 'Spurious Theism' may be passed over, being in this country 'matters of mere speculative curiosity.'* The foundations of Christian Theism will demand a patient and prolonged consideration.

Atheistic idealism is absurd, inasmuch as it supplies no voucher for the objective existence of any thing but the ideas of the idealist himself. It is a species of intense and extravagant egoism, and is, perhaps, best refuted by those records of geology which assert for matter an older existence than that of which the idealist can boast. The earth presents to him a historical past as well as a real present. Atheistic materialism is, if possible, more absurd than atheistic idealism. What is this god of the materialist, this matter? Is it what we see and feel; the external, the inert, the coloured? But these are properties in relation to the cognition-faculty. To ignore the existence of mind is to reject the only proof of the existence of matter. It is like putting out a man's eyes to convince him of the beauties of nature. Atheistic materialism lands us inevitably in nihilism. This form of atheism is no novelty. Anaximander's hylopathian system, Anaxagoras's homœomery, and Democritus's atomism, are all modifications of the ancient systems of atheistic materialism. It has recently been revived in this country in connexion with the development hypothesis of creation. We say 'revived.' No one can peruse the extracts

* This is Mr. Thompson's remark, and not ours. Theories which characterize many of the Hindu systems of philosophy are more than 'matters of mere speculative curiosity,' even 'in this country.'

which Mr. Thompson has given us from that magnificent thesaurus of extensive learning and luminous criticism, 'The True Intellectual System of the Universe,' by Dr. Ralph Cudworth, without being reminded of Solomon's saying, *There is no new thing under the sun*. Anaximander taught 'that the heaven and infinite world were made out of the infinite (*τὸ ἀπείρουν*) by way of secretion or segregation. Also, that those generative principles of heat and cold, that were contained in it from eternity, being segregated when the world was made, a certain sphere of flame or fire did first arise and encompass the air which surrounds the earth as the bark doth a tree, which, being afterwards broken into smaller spherical bodies, constituted the sun, and moon, and all the stars.' In reference to the origin of animals he says, that 'the first animals were generated in moisture, and encompassed about with certain thorny barks, by which they were guarded and defended, which, after further growth, coming to be more dry and cracking, they issued forth, but lived only for a short time.' Of men he says, that 'they were at first generated in the bodies of fishes, and being there nourished till they grew strong, and were able to shift for themselves, they were afterwards cast out upon dry land.'* Surely Laplace and Lamarck must have studied in these ancient schools. The cosmogony of 'The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation' presents strong features of resemblance to that of Anaximander. It should be noted that the question is not, whether there is a progressive order in the course of creation, for this is not denied by the Theist; but the question is, whether that order is the result of Divine agency or the mere evolution of physical law. The latter is the doctrine of the able but pernicious book whose title we have just given. The theory of that book is, that the intellectual world is derived from the animal, this from the vegetable, and this again from the mineral, through the operation of natural law. The same course of progression is traced in the mineral or material world. We start with a remote epoch, when the earth was a chaos of heated mud and rocks; earlier still, it was a red-hot meteoric stone, enveloped in mist; and at last we are lost amid unconsolidated fogs of fire. The facts of Geology are fatal to this theory. It assumes that the earliest forms of animal life were small as to their size, and low as to their organization. But Sir R. Murchison and Mr. Hugh Miller have discovered the *asterolepis* in the lower old red sandstone, a specimen of the early ganoid order, and of gigantic proportions. 'Thus, in the not unimportant circumstance of size, the most ancient ganoids yet known, instead of taking their places, agreeably to the demands of the development hypothesis, among the sprats, sticklebacks,

* 'Intellectual System,' vol. i., pp. 187, 188.

and minnows of their class, took their place among its huge basking sharks, gigantic sturgeons, and bulky swordfishes. They were giants, not dwarfs.* The development hypothesis is best tested by the article of brain; and Mr. Miller has found that, on this ground, the placoid fishes of the lowest fossiliferous rocks rank high in the scale of organization. The facts of the fossil flora, as well as those of the fossil fauna, are against the development theory. Mr. Miller found a specimen of a cone-bearing tree in the lower old red sandstone, a formation in which nothing should have existed, according to the 'Vestiges,' but the earliest and meanest specimens of vegetable life. 'A true wood at the base of the old red sandstone, or a true placoid in the limestones of Bala, very considerably beneath the base of the Silurian system, are untoward misplacements for the purposes of the Lamarckian.'† The successive acts of creation, which a large induction of geological facts incontrovertibly establishes, are alike subversive of the development hypothesis and demonstrative of the existence of God; they bring us 'face to face with the creative cause.' The facts of physiology are fatal to the development theory. The primitive germinal vesicles are found to possess essential peculiarities of structure, which fix an impassable barrier between the various tribes of animals. Ova of animals of the same species can never be developed into animals of different species; ova of animals of different species can never be developed into animals of the same species. Under all conditions and circumstances, the non-identity of type, discoverable in the microscopical beginnings of organic life, is perpetuated with rigorous uniformity. The principles of philosophy are fatal to the development theory. It is on this ground mainly that Mr. Thompson deals with the question, and disposes of it with equal ability and success. The Lamarckian conducts us back through a long series of developments, till he introduces us to the raw materials of matter and of organic life; and then reminds us how small an affair the act of creation is after all. 'It was announced,' says he, 'some years ago, by Prevost and Dumas, that globules could be produced in albumen by electricity;' and he intimates a hope that shortly some clever chemist will arise to complete the experiment, and to take out a patent for the manufacturing of new worlds! The question, however, is, Did those raw materials contain potentially the germ of subsequent existences? If so, it would require just as much power to create them as to create the universe in its present form. The causal law—every change must have a cause—applies equally to fogs of fire and to the midday sun, to the zoophytes and to the seraphim. But the greatest perplexity to the Lamarckian is the origin of the mind. It is as impossible to

* 'Footprints of the Creator,' p. 103.

† *Ibid.*, p. 203.

conceive of mind springing out of matter as it is to conceive of matter springing out of nothing. There is a great gulf fixed, by the facts of our own consciousness, between mind and matter, which, although it will admit of a mysterious alliance and constant intercommunion, precludes the possibility of any thing like confusion, amalgamation, or identity. Man's body is from the earth, his mind is from the skies; they are both from God.

'To conclude this subject: even though the theory were proved true from first to last; though the scale of beings, from the fire-mist to the world of thought and affection, were shown to be continuous and unbroken; yet the retort of the idealist is applicable and unanswerable. He has as much right to say that matter is an action or evolution of mind, as that mind is an action or evolution of matter. The material world, it is true, is prior in time to the finite mind of man; but, as Berkeley represents, it may be a continued Divine energy upon the succession of created minds. Common sense answers both idealism and materialism with equal force, when it affirms that since the two entities, mind and matter, are, in all human knowledge, totally distinct and incommensurable, there is as good reason to attribute independent existence to the one as to the other. No progress of science, no knowledge of facts and laws and developments, has advanced us a single step toward the solution of this mystery. It can, therefore, be only superficial to account for the origin of mind by any analogy drawn from the material world. It were simpler, and perhaps wiser, to argue, that since the two minds are totally separate, so far as known, the separation extends further to the unknown. We shall find abundant reason to conclude, that whatever be the age of the world, whatever may have been its past history, it cannot, *as matter*, be self-existent, but must be subordinated to a Being superior to all the relations and conditions under which alone it can be known to us.'—*Christian Theism*, vol. i., pp. 128, 129.

We must not dwell on the remaining forms of atheism, 'dogmatic or positive atheism,' and 'sceptical or negative atheism,' although the chapters devoted to the discussion of these topics are rich in the result of condensed and suggestive thought. The atheists, who would adopt the fool's saying, *There is no God*, have of late years been considerably diminished; they have never recovered from the calm and crushing rebuke of John Foster, whose memorable words are stereotyped on the mind of every theological reader. Indeed, the presumption which dictates this bold denial is not greater than the caprice which refuses to recognise in the properties of matter, in the composition of forces, in the arrangements and harmonies of the stellar universe, in the scenes, productions, and occupants of the earth, in the solemn calm and tempest rage of the ocean, and in the physical and mental constitution of man, proofs palpable, manifold, and irresistible, of the existence of a God;—a caprice which impudently rushes into His very presence,

and, while denying His being, places on His throne Chance and Fate, the phantom-gods of positive atheism. Sceptical or negative atheism has recently acquired considerable popularity from its alliance with the positive philosophy of Auguste Comte. Whether he is responsible for that alliance is too wide a question for present inquiry; but we must confess that his vindication by his ardent admirer and able expositor, Mr. Lewes, is, in our judgment, anything but successful. He says, 'Comte, certainly, by more than one passage, leads an incautious reader, dipping here and there, to suppose him an atheist; but no truthfult-minded man could read Comte's works with that attention all serious works demand, and not be strongly impressed by the forcible and scornful rejection of atheism so often there recurring.*' Favourably influenced by the judgment of a critic for whose great ability and general impartiality we have a most grateful respect, we examined for ourselves the 'Positive Philosophy,' and the result has convinced us that Comte must be ranked among the sceptical atheists of the day. We find no clear recognition of a personal God, of moral government, of Divine providence, of the immortality of the soul, of a future state of existence: indeed, his whole system, from its first principles to its last generalizations, appears to be constructed for the especial purpose of eliminating every indication of mind and will from the universe, and of resolving everything into mere law,—cold, rigid, inexorable law. We are sustained in this conclusion by the opinion of Sir David Brewster, whom no one will accuse of either incautiousness or indiscrimination. He says, 'But when a work of profound science, marked with great acuteness of reasoning, and conspicuous for the highest attributes of intellectual power,—when such a work records the dread sentiment that the universe displays no proofs of an all-directing mind, and records it, too, as the deduction of unbiassed reason, the appalling note falls upon the ear like the sound of desolation and of death.' Indeed, there is a passage toward the close of Mr. Lewes's exposition of Comte's Philosophy which proves that it is not only the 'incautious reader, dipping here and there,' who suspects him of atheism, but that Mr. Lewes himself has discovered 'one immense omission in the foregoing system;' and that, 'besides the conception of humanity, we need the conception of a God as the Infinite Life, from whom the universe proceeds, not in alien indifference, not in estranged subjection, but in the fulness of abounding power, as the incarnation of resistless activity.†' It must not be supposed that the Theist is either afraid of sound philosophy, or oblivious of the laws of the universe. Let science, by its searching light, its

* 'Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences,' by G. H. Lewes, p. 24.

† *Ibid.*, p. 342.

onward progress, and its ever accumulating induction, disclose the simplicity, harmony, constancy, and universality of law; the Theist sees, admires, and acknowledges it. But he sees more: he connects the law with the Lawgiver,—nature with God.

The popular Secularism of our own country coincides, in many of its leading features, with the positive philosophy. It is essentially and avowedly atheistic; it holds the eternity of matter; it knows of nothing greater than nature; its creed is a stern fatalism; its worship is labour; its religion is science; its future is a 'black impenetrable curtain.' One of its advocates says, 'A deep silence reigns behind the curtain: no one within will answer those he has left without: all that you can hear is a hollow echo of your question, as if you shouted into a cavern.*' Such is the wretched atheism which is expounded by itinerant lecturers, and disseminated by periodical pamphlets throughout the length and breadth of the land; and which is perverting and contaminating the minds of the more thoughtful and inquisitive amongst the working classes to an unprecedented and incredible extent.

Of all the 'speculative theories of existence,' there is none which has such wonderful fascination with philosophical mystics as pantheism in its multifarious forms. Indeed, in some of its aspects, it approaches so near to the Theistic doctrine of the Divine omnipresence, of providence, and of communion with God, that even persons of a calmer and more reflective temperament have sometimes been swayed by its influence. Its antiquity has no doubt contributed to its prevalence. It is not of yesterday. It was taught by the old Eleatic school, and especially by Parmenides and his distinguished pupil Zeno; † it pervades the Vedanta philosophy of India; ‡ it engaged the most profound thought of Spinoza, who endeavoured to place it on a scientific basis; it is the inevitable issue of Hegel's method, and the avowed faith of his followers; it has been largely infused into the current literature of our own country, and is infecting with its subtile and soul-destroying poison some of the most promising and powerful intellects of the age. Physical pantheism, which confounds God with nature and nature with God, and looks on the world as a huge animal, with a rational and sensitive soul, repels by its very grossness, and has few votaries, except, perhaps, among the fanatics of the table-moving and spiritual-manifestation school. Intellectual pantheism, which is more recondite and plausible, asserts that all the diversities of nature are resolvable into a unity of

* 'Logic of Death,' by G. J. Holyoake.

† Ritter's 'History of Ancient Philosophy,' vol. i., p. 421.

‡ Schlegel's 'Philosophy of History,' p. 189.

essence, and that that essence is God. He is the substance,—*substans*,—the occult substratum, which underlies and upholds everything which we see. Such was the pantheism of Benedict Spinoza. But the *noumenon*, or substance, can never be known except as *phenomenon*, or appearance; and, therefore, Spinoza's God was nothing more than a grand conception, a nonentity. Mr. Lewes says, 'Spinoza stands out from the dim past like a tall beacon, whose shadow is thrown athwart the sea, and whose light will serve to warn the wanderers from the shoals and rocks on which hundreds of their brethren have perished.* The logical consequence of pantheism, whether physical or intellectual, is to ignore the personality alike of God and of man; to subvert the foundation of all moral government; to eradicate a consciousness of sin; to turn man into a self-idolater; and to load him with the chains of a crushing and inexorable fatalism.

'Pantheism expresses the astonishment of reason to see nature separate from God. It is the speculation of the soul which ought to be one with the Eternal, but is robbed of the Divine treasure, and cannot realize her loss.....But it is vain to sigh for a speculative unity, when the moral unity is broken. It is vain to deny the mystery of change, because we cannot see how it is to be reconciled with the existence of the Unchangeable. It is vain to attempt by means of syllogism to represent the Creator and His universe as one shoreless, waveless ocean, profound, equable, unbroken.....There is, indeed, an ocean of being, and the soul which sighs and reasons may think itself a wave upon the surface. But in one sense the comparison fails to hold. It is not at the mercy of the winds, nor wholly determined by the vast waters which support it. It has an unity and a moving power of its own. In another sense the comparison holds good. The war of elements, the confusion we see everywhere, belong only to the surface. The ocean is deeper than the waves. It cannot be influenced by the winds of time, nor stirred from its place by the billows which dash themselves, and foam, and are broken on the shore of human life.....*The floods have lifted up their voice, the floods lift up their waves; but the Lord on high is mightier than the voice of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.*'—*Christian Theism*, vol. i., pp. 204, 205.

Thus far we have followed pretty closely the course indicated by the successful competitor for the first Burnett Prize, and have now arrived at that portion of his Essay in which he proceeds to investigate the 'direct evidences of Natural Theism;' an investigation in which he defines the character of the evidences which may be expected, and which should be regarded as sufficient in connexion with such a question; in which there is some acute and useful criticism on time and space, the latter being viewed as the external condition of the presentation of objects to the mind; in which psychology and cosmology are ex-

* 'Biographical History of Philosophy,' vol. iii., p. 154.

pounded and illustrated by contrasting the opposite properties of mind and matter; in which the freedom of the human will, which is resolved into one of the ultimate facts of the consciousness, is discussed with great ability; in which the proposition, 'Every object of possible experience must have originated in a Being superior to all conditions of time, space, and causality,' is so explained and amplified as that, while it meets Kant's *regressus ad infinitum*, it supplies also strong and impressive evidence of an incomprehensible Infinite Being; and in which, finally, the ontological, cosmological, and psychological proofs are sifted, weighed, and classified, and their place and value assigned them in the progress of the Theistic argument. On a calm and thoughtful review of the five elaborate chapters which we have thus epitomized, we have again and again felt the force of a sentence which occurs in the opening of the Treatise: 'Deeper than logic, and prior to it, is the truth that God exists;' a sentence which we find reiterated with some expansion of the thought which it embodies in the chapters now before us:—

'The idea of a God, like that of self or of the world, is a natural product of the mind, in the course of development by its intercourse with the world. It springs up from the source of being. It grows of itself. It becomes ours, but we know not how till we have gained it; but we are then able to look back, and to trace the course by which it arose.'—Vol. i., p. 293.

We shall now exchange guides, and place ourselves under the direction of Principal Tulloch. Not that we are dissatisfied with Mr. Thompson, or unwilling to accompany him to the close of his volumes. We have read and studied them with patient and earnest care; and we may venture to say that, without some such painstaking and effort, no one can fully appreciate the real value of his work; the breadth of its plan, the depth of its foundation, the symmetry of its proportions, the harmony of its parts, and the force of its conclusion. We have discovered no ground for reflecting on the judgment of the eminent men who awarded to it the first prize. But, after all, in Dr. Tulloch's Essay there is a clearness of thought, a vigour of style, a compactness of reasoning, a beauty of illustration, and a manly tone of religious principle and sentiment, which combine to give his elegant volume a wonderful charm, and which, if we mistake not, will secure for it an extensive and permanent popularity. We do not mean by this either to endorse everything which it contains, or to affirm that it is what is commonly called a 'very original' work. But the fact is, such works are rather scarce. That which appears very original to us in youth, sometimes turns out in old age to have been an arrant plagiarism. Time and experience are the best tests of originality. What we mean is, that if we were desired to recommend to a young theological student a manual

of Theism, which combines with everything that is valuable in Paley's 'Natural Theology,' a scientific analysis of those laws of evidence which underlie the reasoning of that inestimable work, and a knowledge of which is essential in order to complement the argument from final causes, we know of no book which we should prefer to Dr. Tulloch's.

But to proceed. The Theistic argument is syllogistically expressed by Dr. Tulloch in the following form :—

'First or major premiss,
Order universally proves mind.
 Second or minor premiss,
The works of Nature discover order.
 Conclusion,
The works of Nature prove mind.'

The simplicity of this form is a strong recommendation : it is free from all ambiguous terms and perplexing technicalities ; it defines at once the boundaries of the battle-field, and challenges the combatants to the conflict. There is no controversy about the minor premiss. Theists and atheists agree that 'the works of Nature discover order.' Indeed, it may be questioned whether this proposition has ever received a more brilliant demonstration than in the 'Positive Philosophy' of Auguste Comte. But the whole stress of the Theistic argument, so far as it comes within the grasp of the logical consciousness, rests on the validity of the major premiss : 'Order universally proves mind.' This proposition is obviously constructed so as to meet at once and fully Hume's objection to the popular argument from final causes, which charges the Theist with deducing a universal hypothesis from a particular experience ; an objection which, if Hume's theory of causation be admitted, namely, that it consists merely in an empirical apprehension of the relation between antecedent and consequent, is fatal and unanswerable. If, however, it can be proved that a cause is more than an antecedent ; that it implies power, mind, and, in its last analysis, will, then Hume's objection, and all such objections founded on the same view of causation, evaporate into nothingness.

We must refer back to what has already been said on this subject. We have seen that what is apparent to the senses in phenomenal sequences, is incommensurate with the causal judgment ; that, when a change occurs, beside connecting it with its immediate and invariable antecedent, we are compelled, by a necessary and universal law of our nature, to attribute to that antecedent a power to produce the change ; that the objective validity of the causal law is established by those ultimate facts of consciousness delivered to us in complex perception, which prove the reality of an external world ; and that, as our primary idea of power emerges in volitional activity, 'in the springing

forth of self, so far back in the mental history as to elude all trace,' we are authorized to conclude that wherever there is power, there is mind, there is WILL. To this view it is objected by Mr. J. S. Mill, that 'the feeling of energy, or force, inherent in an act of will is knowledge *à priori*; assurance prior to experience that we have power of causing effects.'* This objection confounds the existence of *à priori* principles of knowledge with the reflective realization of them. 'Experience is already present in the first act of consciousness, and our idea of cause flows from the primitive awakening of consciousness under the contact of experience.' Sir W. Hamilton has objected to an illustrative case put by M. de Biran. 'I will,' says he, 'to move my arm, and I move it;' which, he holds, gives the idea of power. Sir William says, 'Between the overt fact of corporeal movement, which we perceive, and the internal act of the will to move, of which we are self-conscious, there intervenes a series of intermediate agencies, of which we are wholly unaware: consequently, we can have no consciousness, as this hypothesis maintains, of any causal connexion between the extreme links of the chain, that is, between the volition to move and the arm moving.'† But this objection admits enough to sustain the hypothesis which it assails. The volition itself, apart from the resultant action, yields the idea of power. It is by no means necessary, therefore, that we should be directly conscious of corporeal movement, as the special result of an act of volition, in the sense set forth by M. de Biran, and questioned by Sir W. Hamilton and others, before we can attain the idea of cause. This idea emerges far more deeply in our spiritual life than is thus implied, and is quite independent of such special realizations as are here connected with it.

We have earnestly endeavoured neither to misunderstand, nor to misinterpret, the opening chapters of Dr. Tulloch's Essay; and, though we are painfully alive both to the difficulty of condensing an argument which is already beautifully compact in its structure, and to the possibility of impairing, through mere inadvertence, the force of his reasoning, we hope we have succeeded in exhibiting the more salient points in the concatenation of thought by which he arrives at the conclusion that 'order proves mind.' We must now examine the ground on which he feels justified in introducing the term 'universally' into his major premiss, and in thus making mind a singular, that is, a peculiar, and exclusive cause. The ground chosen and taken is an inherent rational necessity of our nature; and we do not see where else the basis of the demonstration could be more firmly or consistently placed. Of course such a position is assailed, especially by Mr. J. S. Mill, who asserts that such a

* 'Logic,' vol. i., p. 360.

† 'Discussions,' Appendix, p. 588.

necessity is not universal, that it is the offspring of barbarism, and that it fades away before the march of science. He asserts, also, that the Greek philosophers believed in physical causes, and that Des Cartes and Leibnitz found the 'action of mind upon matter to be itself the grand inconceivability.' In regard to the two illustrious men whose names are mentioned, Principal Tulloch shows that their inconceivability related to the *mode* of such action, and not to the *fact* of it; an inconceivability which no Theist will undertake to explain. Indeed, their doctrines of pre-established harmony and occasional causes were expressly invented to account for efficiency by ascribing it to God, while they denied it to man. They must be given up as consistent Theistic thinkers; but they cannot be pressed into the service of positivism. The Greek philosophers are completely rescued from the hands of Mr. Mill. Thales, who held that water was the origin of all things, taught also that the *Noûs*, or Divine Intelligence, created them out of water. Anaximenes, who held that air was the origin of all things, taught also that the air was pregnant with vital energy. In this ancient Greek philosophy there is the germ of the Theistic doctrine, 'Order universally proves mind.'

'The position, indeed, on which we rest, namely, the irrepressible necessity of the human mind thus to ascend to the origin of things, and to apprehend this origin as a Power above nature, is a position that so directly carries with it its own evidence, that, like all self-evident truths, it is difficult to deal with argumentatively. All religion and all philosophy testify to it. They express, the one, the deep feeling of the common consciousness, the other, the modified, but no less genuine, feeling of the reflective consciousness, that there is a higher Source from which flow all the visible changes which occur around us. So far from this being the instinctive philosophy of the human mind, which disappears with the advance of science, it is the utterance of an ineradicable rational necessity, which never changes, however it may change its mode of expression. In one case, the ultimate Source, or Power, may be so rudely apprehended, and, in another, so refined and unified, that the two results may not seem to represent the same conviction; but it is the same rational necessity that speaks in both. It is the same truth, however, in certain cases, obscured and even distorted, that forces itself upon us. Men cannot rest in any lower truth; they are drawn unceasingly upwards, till they rest in some ultimate and comprehending Power. They cannot be satisfied with any mere endless series of changes, which does not originate in such a Power, however various may otherwise be their notion of it. Every ascent along the chain of mere natural facts leaves the mind still in search of an Origin beyond nature. Here alone it searches no more, but rests in peace.'—*Theism*, pp. 49, 50.

The progress of the argument has conducted us to the conclusion, that the ultimate Power is the ultimate Mind. We have seen how the idea of power emerges in the earliest dawn

of consciousness, and is inseparable from volitional activity; how we are authorized to regard power, every where and in every thing, as the correlate and *analogon* of mind; and how we are driven, by an inherent necessity of our nature, to ascend to a final Power, and to recognise in that Power the great Parent Mind. There is, however, another and a vital point. 'Let it be admitted that mind is the only efficient cause of things with which we are, or can be, acquainted; does this entitle us to place it at the head of nature? Because mind is to us the only conceivable origin, does this justify us in making it the origin of things in general?' We say, 'Yes; on the various grounds which have been already exhibited.' The objector says, 'No; this is a revival of the old sophism, "Man the measure of things;" this is to anthropomorphize the Deity.' But, if the facts of the universe are not in accordance with the forms of human reason, it is perfectly clear that there can be no solid foundation, either for philosophy or for religion. To say that man cannot know any thing because he cannot know every thing, is palpably absurd; and to argue from what he does not know in invalidation of what he does know, is surely the last extremity of sceptical dialectics. The question is not, What are the unknown and unknowable causes and agencies of the universe? but, What is that universe as it is cognizable by man, and as it comes under the condition of his reason? We are shut up to this issue, and to this only. The answer is profoundly and comprehensively expressed in this proposition, 'Order universally proves mind.' Bacon's famous aphorism must never be forgotten: *Homo, Naturæ minister et interpres, tantum facit et intelligit quantum de Naturæ ordine re vel mente observaverit: nec amplius scit aut potest.* 'Man, the minister and interpreter of Nature, can act and understand in as far as he has, either in fact or in thought, observed the order of Nature: more he can neither know nor do.' Dr. Tulloch supplies us with a good comment on this aphorism:—

'Man,' says he, 'is thus conceived to stand to the whole world of material existence in the light of the Interpreter. He is the prophet of the otherwise dumb oracle; the voice of the otherwise silent symbol. He looks abroad with a clear confidence, that what he everywhere reads in the light of his own consciousness is the very truth and meaning which is there, and which he therefore ought to receive. Let this confidence be destroyed, and there remains for him no truth or genuine science that we can imagine.'—*Theism*, p. 58.

The whole tendency of the materialistic and infidel philosophy of the age is to insult and deprave man. His origin is traced to fire-mists and sticklebacks; the facts of his consciousness are discredited, and his aspirations after immortality extinguished; and he is abandoned to battle with the caprices of chance, or to be crushed by an irresistible fate. But there is

something within him that protests against the outrage, and which vindicates his rights. He is part of nature, but he is greater than the whole. 'This universe of material things,' says the eloquent and profound Richard Watson, 'cannot think; no sensation thrills through any part of it; it is totally unconscious of itself. The sun knows not his own splendour, nor the lightnings their force, nor the air its refreshing qualities. The earthly world has no communion with God, nor God with it. Let infidelity contemptuously display her planets and their spacious sweeps; we show the being who enumerates the objects by which they are filled, marks their wondrous concatenation, and their series of secondary causes and effects, exults in their light, meditates in their darkness, measures their orbits, tracks them in their courses, connects them all with God their Maker, makes them subservient to morals, religion, devotion, hope, and confidence, and takes up at any new discovery the song of the morning stars, the angel witnesses of the birth of material creation. Which, we ask, is the greater,—the single being, whether man or angel, who sees, and knows, and admires, and is instructed by this "dread magnificence of nature;" or that nature itself which knows neither that it is magnificent, nor that it exists at all? The greatness of nature only proves the greatness of man.*'

More than one third of Dr. Tulloch's Essay is devoted to the section on 'Illustrative Inductive Evidence;' and when we say that he has traversed nearly the whole of the ground occupied by the authors of the *Bridgewater Treatises*, in their thirteen octavos, it will be at once apparent that nothing beyond the merest outline of the results of scientific investigation could be embraced within the space to which he was limited. This part of his undertaking is, however, executed with admirable taste and with sound discrimination; it betrays everywhere the eye of the philosopher, the sensibility of the poet, and the faith of the Christian. He commences his survey with the celestial arrangements, which are at once the most simple and the most imposing of which we have any knowledge; thence he descends to an examination of the wonderful architecture and constituent properties of the earth; now passing into the regions of organic matter, he glances at the exquisite and manifold developments of vegetable and organic life; and he pauses where God finished His creation,—with MAN, the glorious frame, the lofty intellect, the God-breathed spirit of Man. The argument is cumulative and complete, and furnishes proof, ample and irresistible, that 'the works of nature discover order.'

We will now accompany Principal Tulloch rapidly and cursorily through thirteen very readable and instructive chapters. In the vastness, variety, harmony, eccentricities, adjustments, and

* Watson's Works, vol. i., p. 71.

stability of the stellar universe; in the binary, triple, and quadruple planetary system; in the majestic progress of the sun through space, with all his attendants marching in his train; in the Milky Way, which is now discovered to be clusters of worlds, whose light may be thousands and even millions of years in reaching our earth; we trace not the 'glory of Hipparchus, of Kepler, of Newton, and of all those who have aided in establishing their laws;' but the glory of Him who *made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night. He made the stars also. . . . The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handywork.* In the structure and treasures of the earth, the position of its rocks, the abundance of its minerals, the relics of extinct life, the dislocation of its incumbent strata, the undulation of its surface, the rich alluvial coating in which it is enveloped, and the exquisite diversities of its enchanting scenery, we behold the work of Him who in the beginning laid the foundation of the earth, and prepared a future home for His creature, man. In penetrating into the material out of which the earth has been created, we enter nature's great laboratory, and find that the rocks, soil, ocean, atmosphere, trees, grass, air, all are resolvable into some sixty elementary substances, which are combined in definite proportions; so that there is literal scientific truth in the declaration, that *He weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance.* But if Chemistry discloses the law of numbers, crystallization exhibits the law of forms. It is 'a peculiar and most admirable work of nature's geometry,' and points irresistibly to nature's great Geometer. The wonders of chemical affinity and geometrical adaptation are, however, almost eclipsed when we ascend into the region of organic matter. Kant's definition of organization is at once simple and profound. 'An organized product of nature,' says he, 'is that in which all the parts are mutually means and ends.' Assimilation and re-production are the two characteristic attributes which distinguish organic from inorganic matter. In the vegetable world the microscopical minuteness of the elementary cell, the subtle process of nutrition and growth, the activity of the breathing and digestive functions of the leaves, the prevalence of typical forms and numerical relations, the exquisite harmony of colours, and the beautiful phenomena of re-production, may well convince us that it is God who clothes the grass of the field, and arrays the lily in its glory. In the animal world, in addition to the attributes of assimilation and re-production, which are the common characteristics of organic nature, we find two special tissues which are the source of motion and of feeling: these are the muscles and the nerves. Anatomists have given names to between four and five hundred muscles; they are divided into flexors and extensors; and though Paley's illustration, from two sawyers, is not quite apposite, Sir C. Bell

says, 'There is always a perfect balance of action preserved between the extent of relaxation of the one class of muscles and the contraction of the other.' Neurine or nervous matter is found in the lowest animals; ascending upwards, it is distinctly visible in the shape of threads dispersed through the body; in articulata it assumes the form of the spinal chord; in vertebrata it is fully developed. The terminal collection of nervous matter is the brain, which is found in its highest state of perfection in the *cerebrum* of man. There are no proofs of the wisdom and goodness of God at once more obvious and impressive than those which are supplied by the muscular and nervous systems. The heart alone 'contracts with a force equal to sixty pounds eighty times every minute, for eighty years together, without being tired.' With what exquisite delicacy, promptness, accuracy, and harmony must the muscles perform their functions in the execution of Handel's 'Messiah!' In the nervous system we stand on the very summit of the physical universe, and on the threshold of that higher world of thought which subordinates everything which is material to its sway. Nor must the wonderful adaptation between the vegetable and animal world be overlooked. 'During the night plants breathe carbonic acid; but there is a condition of repose prevailing then in their functions, and much of it passes off unchanged. With the first dawn of the morning sun the dormant energies of the plant are awakened into new action; they decompose this carbonic acid, secrete the carbon, to form the rings of wood which constitute so large a part of their structure, and pour out pure oxygen gas to the air. The plant is, therefore, an essential element in the conditions necessary for the support of animal life.'* We are now approaching the close of the illustrative inductive evidence, and we find the climax in man. Allied to the earth which he inhabits by the materials of his outward frame; possessing with universal organic nature the power of assimilation and re-production; sharing with the animal kingdom, but in a higher state of development, a compact muscular and a refined nervous system; and rising above the whole in the attributes of intelligence, of emotion, and of immortality,—man, after all, is the noblest work and the loftiest demonstration of a God.

The 'Moral Intuitive Evidence,' by which the Maker of the world is proved to possess personality, righteousness, and infinity, by which, in short, He is proved to be God, occupies the third section of Dr. Tulloch's Essay, and is an essential complement to the argument from final causes. It is manifest that that argument in itself, and, indeed, that any process of reasoning whatever, could never conclusively establish the existence of a God, inasmuch as it would involve the fallacy of

* 'The Poetry of Science,' by R. Hunt, p. 287.

inferring an infinite cause from a finite effect. But where logic fails us, intuition serves. Briefly, the finite and dependent personal self, whose existence and freedom are ultimate facts of consciousness, points immediately and irresistibly to an infinite and independent personal self, who is God. Again, conscience, which is a primitive and distinct faculty of the soul, and a law of duty within us, points continually to a Lawgiver without us and above us, who is the Fountain of all authority, and from whose tribunal there is no appeal; a Lawgiver who is essentially good and righteous, and whose goodness often displays itself in righteousness. More particularly, the human mind alike commences and closes its career in faith. In the earliest dawn of consciousness, sense reveals to us an external world, and we believe in its objective reality, not by any logical process, but by an intuitional apprehension: in the more profound depths of that consciousness reason reveals to us a spiritual world, and we believe in its objective reality too, not by any logical process, but by an intuitional apprehension. The infinite is the especial revelation of reason. We are seldom aware of the hold which that revelation has upon us, till we attempt to rid ourselves of it. If we think of time, it brings up eternity; if we think of space, it brings up infinity; if we think of a creature, it brings up the Creator; if we think of moral duty, it brings up the moral Governor. All these correlative forms of thought and expression serve to show the breadth and depth of that grand generic truth in which they inhere, and that faith in infinity is an ineradicable, irresistible, and universal necessity of our moral nature. To believe in a personal, holy, and infinite God is the first dictate of reason; to love Him is the last duty of religion.

We are glad to avail ourselves of the concluding paragraph of Mr. Calderwood's most acute and able work on 'The Philosophy of the Infinite,' in corroboration of the views just expressed. On this subject we prefer his views to either those of Sir W. Hamilton, or those of Principal Tulloch. 'Examine,' says he, 'consciousness with the utmost strictness, and we are satisfied that the more minute the examination, the more obvious will be the conclusion that this is the true doctrine concerning our knowledge of the Infinite. Search the experience of man, and you will find that he is not an isolated being, wandering amid a crowd of finite objects, and ignorant of aught else. Analyse his consciousness, and you will find that his whole being is mysteriously linked to the Infinite, and that a conception of the Infinite God is a necessity of his nature. He, and the objects around him, move in a boundless expanse, from which there is no transit; he has been suddenly introduced into unending time, from which there is no egress; he is indissolubly connected with the Great Jehovah; and the grand centre of his thought and action is the INFINITE GOD.'

The terms of the Thesis of the Burnett Essays require the Essayists 'to obviate difficulties regarding the wisdom and goodness of the Deity;' and also, 'from the whole, to point out the inferences most necessary for, and useful to, mankind.' The portions of the Essays relating to these important topics furnish ample proof that the authors were neither unaware of the difficulty of the task allotted to them, nor disposed to evade a thorough investigation. Mr. Thompson's chapter on 'Evil not Chargeable upon the Creator,' is one of the ablest discussions of that mysterious question that we have met with.

We especially commend these Essays to the attention of the thoughtful or unsettled reader. They will serve to assure him that, although Christianity is an expressly revealed religion, it is in profoundest harmony with all necessary and acknowledged truths. For the more practical and happy Christian, there is perhaps no strong attraction in these volumes; but let him neither undervalue nor decry them. Some good men are apt to doubt the wisdom and propriety of philosophical inquiries into the grounds either of science or religion. Assuredly, we have no desire to overstate the merit of metaphysical researches. We believe that true religion would practically flourish in spite of the speculations of Kant or Hegel, just as the natural sciences have advanced in disregard and virtual contradiction of the ideal philosophy of Berkeley. The highest reason of man, and that upon which he is bound to act, is not a simple intellectual faculty; it is that to which all parts of his nature contribute; and the result bears its general testimony to the conscience or moral nature. Yet we cannot doubt that such treatises as those we have hastily reviewed, are of real and extended service. The authors watch round our Zion, and survey its bulwarks. They are able to contradict with authority the presumptuous boasts of infidel philosophy. They maintain the dignity and *prestige* of our ancient faith. And thus, while the Church is saved from unnecessary alarms, its members as a body are permitted to continue their walk of practical and vital godliness,—to *add to their faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance*: and it will become us to remember also, that *he that lacketh these things is blind and cannot see afar off*.

ART. II.—*Memoirs of British Generals distinguished during the Peninsular War.* By J. W. COLE, H. P. 21st Fusiliers. Two Vols. London: Bentley.

FROM time immemorial it has been the favourite maxim of great leaders, that the bravest man is the best man. With the Romans, *virtus* meant 'valour,' as well as that habitual disposition of the soul, or mind, to follow good and avoid evil. 'In the day of battle,' exclaims Xenophon, 'he who least fears men is the one who most reverences the gods.' A man who was not much less of a heathen than Xenophon, although he lived in Christian times,—namely, Lord Peterborough,—has put the bare principle of fighting on somewhat better ground. We do not remember the precise words in which his maxim is reported, but, substantially, it runs to this effect: that *they* are only serfs who fight for the sake of a single man; but they are free men who fight for the welfare of a nation. Frederick, whom it is still the custom to call 'the Great,' pronounced war to be the grand art of defending kingdoms. At this definition D'Alembert laughed, and said that it was the cruel art of destroying man. That it is an art there can be no doubt, and a man can no more be born a warrior than he can be born a statesman, or a poet. But he who exercises this terrible art out of mere love for the art itself, is assuredly a stranger to the noblest sentiments of his kind, and an enemy to the cause of virtue and religion. Lucian remarks, in his terse way, that, in civil wars, victory itself is defeat. We may now say, that all wars between civilized nations are civil wars; and the victory is dearly bought which is purchased by the blood of Christian men, and the tears of Christian survivors. Let us add, that the art of war does not lie entirely in fighting. War is sometimes like that human affection called 'love,' touching which it is said in the Italian proverb, that flight is often victory.

At each improvement in this dread art, there have never been wanting conservative spirits to declare that such innovation was tantamount to ruin. When Archidamus, the son of Agesilaus, first saw an arrow shot from a newly invented Sicilian machine, he thought it was all over with archers and their sinewy arms, and he exclaimed, 'O Hercules, the valour of man is at an end!' So, some one who saw the effects of the first shot fired from a gun or cannon, cried out in despair, that the villanous powder would annihilate bravery. Nevertheless, there have been 'bold fellows' since, as well as 'before, the days of Agamemnon.'

Montluc was especially singular in his dislike of newly invented engines of war. He was, at one time, Captain of a troop of arbalestiers, before arquebusses were known in the

French army. The effect of the latter, however, had been seen, felt, and execrated, by Montluc. They had been invented, he said, that cowards might slay brave men at a distance, whom the former would not dare to look at near. These pieces, carrying balls, he gravely set down as the discovery of Satan, because they slew so many men. But Montluc lived at a time when men's lives were thought nothing of; and he remarks that Francis I., on being remonstrated with at sending men on a service in which they were almost certain to perish, only answered, that if he were to burn such fellows alive, he would have more profit than loss.

There was one thing which especially annoyed Montluc,—the bravery of the English. In one part of his Memoirs he altogether denies the fact. Forgetting that he had done so, he subsequently lauds their valour. He acknowledges their right to credit for vast courage, from the circumstance that all the English carried *short* arms, and that they ran close to the enemy in order to discharge their arrows. Still he is much perplexed touching this same undeniable valour, till he stumbles upon a discovery which renders him perfectly ecstatic. 'Take my word for it,' he exclaims, 'that the English who beat the French in bygone days were half-Gascons; for they married in Gascony, and thus became fathers of good soldiers.'

In the volumes before us, Mr. Cole gives us a record of the great deeds in war of fourteen Peninsular Generals. The record is one of great interest; and there is something in it of greater importance than mere interesting biographical details. We learn from it the sad fact, that experience has done nothing more for us than the sternlights do for a ship, according to Coleridge's illustration,—namely, light up the way we have passed. In our case, it has not even served us to that extent; and we have not profited by looking along past tracks in order the better to avoid peril before us. In the Peninsula there was a bad system which worked evilly. In the Crimea we adopted the system, and made it work still worse. The men who fought the nation's battles at the commencement of the present century suffered terribly, sometimes unavoidably; but, even then there is no instance of those who could be traced out as the causes of such suffering, being decorated for their achievements. In later days, we have acted differently. We have detected more grievous offenders, to whose indolence, indifference, or incapacity may be traced the unnecessary and cruel sacrifice of thousands of valuable lives. In the East thousands have perished, not by the sword or might of the enemy, but by the guilty negligence and fatal incompetence of some of those who should have been their chief protectors. Men patiently perished of cold or lack of nourishment, while clothing, food, and drink were within their reach, but withheld from them. They did not rise up

in despair to seize on what was denied them, or to strike down those who refused to cover and to feed them; they patiently perished, and their place knows them no more. When the indolence and inertness of Varus made of the Roman legions an easy prey to Arminius, the Proconsul, ashamed to look Augustus in the face, slew himself; and his chief officers followed the example. According to the opinions which then prevailed, this was a decent, dignified, and pious process. Varus was well aware that he would receive no crown at the hands of Cæsar. Augustus reserved his decorations for the vanquishers of the enemy, not for the destroyers of his own men; and the bones of Varus mingled with those of his victims, buried by Germanicus at Tentoburgium.

Mr. Cole furnishes us, as we have said, with fourteen biographies; some incidents of these we will now deal with, for the profit, we hope, of the reader. The author commences with Moore.

SIR JOHN MOORE presents us with the grateful portrait of a Christian soldier. He did not, perhaps, pray so ostentatiously, nor fight so frantically, as some of those ill-understood and ill-appreciated soldiers, the 'fifth-monarchy men;' but of his religious sincerity and his brilliant courage no man, not even his enemies, doubted. His name is still fresh in our memories, although very nearly a hundred years have elapsed since his birth, and nearly half a century since his soldier-like death at Corunna. He was born in 1761, the son of a Glasgow physician, who is remembered for a novel which very few living persons have read, 'Zeluco.' The son was, as a child, quick-witted, high-spirited, self-willed, yet tender-hearted. It is this last quality which gives a charm to all children who, therewith, possess the other characteristics named above. If impulse betray them into offence, an appeal to their good feeling or good sense at once recalls them; and in the circles of home there are few more touching, perhaps few more pleasant, spectacles than those little scenes of reconciliation between children and parents, effected by mingled resolution and love, and concluded amid an accompaniment of smiles and tears.

From the age of fifteen, when Moore entered the Fifty-first Regiment, to that of forty-eight, when he fought his last battle, and died a victor, he may be said to have lived among his troops. Sprung from the middle classes, he had had no aristocratic leisure wherein to mar his youth; and at fifteen, the Ensign had to fight his way to distinction, with no aristocratic influences to help, but with not a few to obstruct him. But the young soldier was also a young but good scholar; and young as he was, he had scarcely any soldierly duty to learn, when he was first called to perform it. When summoned to the practice, he had not to learn even the theory, of his profession. There are many, even in these days, in the latter helpless condition. They remind us

of those persons noticed by Bacon, who remarks, that they who visit foreign lands before mastering the languages thereof, go to school, and not to travel.

We need not recapitulate the history of the wars in which Moore was engaged during the thirty-three years of his service. The handsome officer did credit to his country, in three quarters of the globe; and it may be said of him that when he was unsuccessful, he was so, more through the imbecility of controlling powers at home, than through the superiority of his enemy, or any short-coming in his own person. He loved punctuality, that 'politeness,' not only 'of kings,' as George III. called it, but which we all, as denizens of a busy state, owe to one another. Once, to a very young officer, whom he had invited to dinner, and who came late, he said, with a reproving smile, 'Young gentleman, do you carry a note-book in your pocket?' 'Yes, Sir,' was the reply. 'Then out with it, and write down, *Never be too late to dinner or parade*; and remember to whom you are indebted for this good advice.'

His zeal was most unselfish. Thus, in a critical service which he was performing well in St. Lucia, he sent to Abercrombie, for the personal assistance of General Knox. Sir Ralph rode up to him, and, conceiving that Moore had erroneously imagined he had committed some fault, declared that he had no wish to place a senior officer over him. Moore's reply was heroic: 'I have asked for another General, because another is requisite for the numerous duties. I ventured to propose General Knox, because he is a man of good sense, and an excellent officer; *for it is of the utmost consequence that the service should be well conducted, but of none which of us commands*.' At a later period, when the incompetent Burrard, and still more incompetent Dalrymple, were placed above him in the Peninsula, he remonstrated, indeed, against the injustice, but he did not fling up his command.

The fact is, that he loved and understood his profession. He was an admirable practical soldier. In the camp at Shorncliffe, in 1803, when the nation generally, and, as Sydney Smith imagined, the wives of Sussex incumbents particularly, were alarmed by threats of invasion, he instituted and superintended the Light Infantry system, beginning with his own Regiment, the Fifty-second, 'thus forming the nucleus of the unrivalled Division which, not many years afterwards, in the Peninsula, excited equal admiration from friends and enemies.' He had more trust in well-trained men than in the half-trained Militia, even with a Prime Minister at its head. Thus, Pitt, who commanded two battalions of a thousand men each, often visited Moore at Shorncliffe; and on one of those occasions he remarked, 'Well, Moore, but as, on the very first alarm of the enemy's approach, I shall march to aid you with my Cinque-Port Regiments, you

have not told me where you shall place us.' 'Do you see,' said Moore, 'that hill? You and your men shall be drawn up on it, where you will make a most formidable *appearance* to the enemy, while I, with the soldiers, shall be fighting on the beach.' A similar disposal, six years before, of some scarlet-cloaked, round-hatted Welchwomen had frightened fourteen hundred French invaders out of Pembrokeshire. Moore may have had the remembrance of this in his mind; or he may have recollected Pitt's own remark to a body of gentlemen, offering to enroll themselves into a Militia Regiment, on condition that they were not called upon to leave the country,—that 'they should never be so called upon, *except in case of invasion*.'

Moore lived in a transition time, but in his own person he anticipated many of the reforms introduced into the army. Thus, for instance, while he was absent, with a force under his command, to serve that worthless Queen of Naples whose vices rendered her odious in the eyes of Moore,—

'A decree had gone forth for the abolition of *pig-tails* throughout the British army. It bore date the 24th of July, and was hailed with universal delight. Sir John Moore's contingent had no sooner arrived in the Downs, on their return, than a signal was made for all haircutters to proceed to head-quarters.....As soon as they had finished on board the head-quarter ship, the Adjutant, Lieutenant Russell, proceeded with them and a pattern man to the other troopships. The tails were kept till all were docked, when, by a signal, the whole were hove overboard with three cheers. The General himself, long before, as far back as 1800, had been remarked for what was thought by his elders the unsoldierlike innovation of giving up the time-honoured powder and queue, and wearing a crop.'

Such a scene as that above described had, probably, never been witnessed since the period when Bishop Sirron, of Séz, was horror-stricken at the appearance in France of our Henry I. and his army, all in long, curling locks. The Bishop, it will be remembered, preached against the wearers as *pervicaces filii Belial, capita sua comis mulierum ornata*; and he preached to such effect, that the King ordered 'crops' into fashion. The Bishop clipped the King's own head, as Henry sat meekly at the door of his tent; Clergy hardly less dignified cut close the curling hair of the nobles; and, at the same time, inferior Ecclesiastics put their shears to the heads of the grinning soldiery, and left nothing thereon but the very stubble of their crops.

It is the remark of Quintus Curtius, in the romantic novel which he calls 'the Life of Alexander the Great,' that a man's age is not to be calculated by length of years, but by amount of deeds accomplished in it. According to this calendar, Moore, when he fell, at the age of forty-eight, was an old man. His deeds, in the vocation to which it had pleased God to call him, were very many,—not a few glorious, none discreditable. He had

not had leisure, in his busy life, to nourish the tender sentiment of elevated human love; but his dying exclamation to his aide-de-camp, 'Stanhope, remember me to your sister,' has induced some few to imagine that his heart was occupied with the image of the eccentric Lady Hester. For such a surmise there is no foundation. As little is there for the tradition that he was buried 'uncoffined.' His great antagonist, Soult, who, for the first time, received defeat from an enemy, at the hands of Moore, commemorated the spot where Sir John fell, in a Latin inscription cut in the rock, and which simply states that 'Here fell General John Moore, on the sixteenth of January, 1809, in a battle against the French, led by the Duke of Dalmatia.' Soult lacked the chivalrous candour to confess in this simple registration, that General John Moore was the vanquisher of the Dalmatian Duke. The latter, however, repaired, in his private letters, the lack of courtesy visible in his public record.

There was one heart on which the death of Moore fell with crushing force, as an irreparable calamity; and that was his mother's. Some months after his death she wrote to her daughter, 'I am endeavouring, as far as I am able, to submit to the will of God, and to trust in His mercy, that it is for my dear John's eternal happiness that he has been snatched from this world; but my feelings are too strong for my reason, and I cannot bring my mind to be reconciled to his loss.'

At the battle in which Moore lost his life, at Corunna, there was, serving under him, an officer, older than himself by four years, and who had entered the army at the same early age of fifteen. That officer was the gallant and ill-requited SIR DAVID BAIRD, the captor of Seringapatam, and the recoverer of the Cape to the permanent sovereignty of England. Baird, like Moore, was a Scotchman. He saw most of his service in India. His first voyage thither occupied nearly a year, so slowly did we plough the deep in those otherwise active days. The young soldier was at once flung into the bloody struggle against Hyder Ali, and his son Tippoo. He was one of the army which fought against those savage leaders, till their ammunition was expended, which withstood some dozen and a half of assaults, till their strength no longer could reply to the impulse of their hearts, and which surrendered upon terms which were shamefully broken,—the Mysore chiefs slaughtering the defenceless men, or consigning them to a long and terrible captivity.

In this captivity Baird was a sharer. Many of the prisoners were coupled together by heavy chains; and Baird and another were thus fettered to each other's side, day and night. It was on hearing of this system of cruelty, that Baird's mother, who knew the impatient temper of her son, exclaimed, 'The Lord help the poor man that's chained to my Davie!'

The chief incident of interest to the general reader, in the

life of Baird, is that which shows him in connexion with Colonel Arthur Wellesley, whose fraternal relationship with the Governor-General procured for him the, then unmerited, favour of being placed over the senior officers; among others, over Baird. In connexion with this matter, and with a defeat sustained by young Wellesley, the following extract will be found of considerable interest:—

‘The Sultampettah Tope, or thicket, being a second time occupied by the enemy, and affording a convenient cover, General Harris ordered the Thirty-second Regiment, under Colonel Wellesley, to expel them. The attack was made in the darkness of night. The enemy opened a heavy fire of musketry and rockets. The assailants fell into disorder and retreated, having lost several killed, and leaving behind twelve grenadier prisoners, who were afterwards cruelly murdered by holding them, and twisting their heads forcibly round, until their necks were broken. Colonel Wellesley, who, with Captain Mackenzie of the Light Company, was leading the column, finding themselves deserted by their men, retired, and endeavoured to regain the division. In the intense darkness they lost their way, and, after wandering through strange ground for several hours, reached the camp alone. Colonel Wellesley then, with deep mortification, proceeded to head-quarters, to report what had happened; but finding General Harris was not yet awake, he flung himself, in his full accoutrements, on the table of the dinner tent, and, worn out with fatigue and anxiety of mind, fell asleep. Until he aroused himself, it was unknown where he was or what had become of him. In the meantime, General Harris ordered another detachment to be formed, consisting of the Ninety-fourth Regiment, two battalions of Sepoys, and five guns, to make a fresh attempt upon the Tope. Colonel Wellesley was again to command. As the Ninety-fourth formed part of General Baird’s brigade, he accompanied it to parade, where he found General Harris walking about. All was ready, but Colonel Wellesley had not yet appeared. Harris became impatient, and ordered Baird to lead. He mounted his horse, and called his aide-de-camp; but a generous feeling induced him to pause, and, turning back to General Harris, he said, “Sir, don’t you think it would be fair to give Wellesley an opportunity of retrieving his misfortune of last night?” The General listened to this kind and considerate proposal. Colonel Wellesley appeared at the critical moment, put himself at the head of the party, and carried the Tope in gallant style.’

This was noble; and yet when Baird subsequently carried the great fortress of Seringapatam by assault, and held the keys in his hands, he was compelled to consign them to his junior, Colonel Wellesley, who was appointed Governor of the captured fortress, over the head of the captor! Baird remonstrated; but all that he got by it was an intimation that, if he was not satisfied, he could retire. He knew his duty better; and when Wellesley was subsequently placed under the orders of Baird, the brother of the former, the Governor-General, expressed a hope that preceding

events would create no coldness between them. Baird honestly and heartily replied, 'The talents of your Lordship's brother, as well as of every officer in the army, shall have full scope. Trust me, my Lord, I harbour no little jealousy; all in my breast is zeal for my King and country.' This was emphatically *grand* in a soldier who had exclaimed, with agony, within the walls of Seringapatam, which he had taken as conqueror, 'Before the sweat is dry on my brow, I am superseded by an inferior officer.'

The record of the lives of the two Pagets, the MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA and his brother, SIR EDWARD PAGET, reads like the story of the brilliant achievements of two fraternal Knights of the era of romance. They were descended 'respectably' rather than 'nobly.' The founder of their house, in the accepted sense which makes a family recognise its founder, not in the most virtuous, but in the luckiest man of the line, was the William Paget who was Secretary of State to Henry VIII., and on whom, with a peerage, Edward VI. conferred the estate of Beaudesert, which had previously belonged to the bishopric of Lichfield. The heirs of the first Lord inherited his gallant bearing. Of *him* a contemporary foreign King remarked, that he was not only qualified to represent a King, but to be a King himself.

Mr. Cole observes, that it is seldom that the brothers of one family attain to such great honours as was the case with the Marquis of Anglesea and his brother. He notices, as an exception, the Napiers. 'Not long ago,' he says, 'four of that family might have been seen at the same levee, wearing the insignia of knight-hood, won bravely at the point of the sword.' He might have cited still nobler instances,—the Malcolms, all Knights, sons of a Scottish farmer, and the Pollocks, equally honoured, the sons of a London saddler. In the latter instances, too, the chivalrous honours were often earned by services less questionable than those which are now achieved by mere swordsmen.

The services of the late Marquis commenced under the Duke of York, in that disastrous war *in* which the English army was betrayed by the English Government; *to* which Prussia never brought a soldier of the contingent for which she was paid in millions; and *from* which Austria sneaked out, 'and left the Duke of York to extricate himself as best he might.' The active service of the Marquis closed at Waterloo; and we believe that he would have considered the Dukedom of Mona a more worthy recompense for such service than the Marquisate of Anglesea. His high spirit never left him. In his younger days, at the head of his cavalry, he descended on the foe like a thunderbolt. At fourscore, he was quite as alert; he was stirring with the lark, and in the jaunty dress of a sailor could walk the deck of his yacht with an air as easy as if his shoulders had to bear but one

score of years instead of four. This was not such an 'adjusting of the mantle' as some wise octogenarians have adopted, but such was the case in the instance before us.

They who love to hunt after those singularities which are often miscalled 'coincidences,' may be gratified to know that when Lord Uxbridge (as he was called before he was made a Marquis) proceeded to Waterloo, he left Sir Thomas Lawrence in despair at the gallant soldier's portrait being incomplete, by want of the right leg. The cavalry leader promised a sitting for the purpose of putting the leg in the picture, as soon as the campaign was ended. At the conclusion of the campaign, however, the maimed warrior returned without the particular limb most required by the artist.

It has often been asserted, and was repeatedly affirmed by Napoleon at St. Helena, that if Murat had led the French cavalry at Waterloo, on the 18th of June, he would have broken the English squares, and won the battle. When Lord Anglesea was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, a general officer asked him at his own table, if Murat could have done so. 'Every eye turned from the speaker to hear the answer. Lord Anglesea looked, listened, paused for a moment, and, gently tapping his wine-glass, as was sometimes his custom, replied very quietly, "No, he would not, nor ten Murats." Murat never saw a square of English infantry on the battle-field.'

The career of LORD BERESFORD is very popularly known. He is one of the two English Generals—Lord Hill was the other—of whom the Duke of Wellington is reported to have remarked that, if Hyde Park were full of troops, they were the only two English officers capable of getting them out, without confusion. Beresford was the captor and loser of Buenos Ayres; and he is, what he ought not to be, the accepted hero of the bloody victory of Albuera.

The author observes that it would be difficult to discover from General Beresford's own account of the battle, 'that the Spaniards literally gave way, in confusion, from ground which they ought never to have occupied; that the intemperate courage of General William Stewart, utterly blinding his judgment, destroyed a brigade; and that the advance of the Fourth Division, under General Cole, which decided the battle, was a movement made without the knowledge or concurrence of the Commander-in-Chief. The facts are too well established to admit of dispute, and therefore the reputation of General Beresford must bear these qualifying deductions whenever the subject is discussed.' Albuera was a proof of the assertion which declares that, in battle, he who commits the least blunders is sure to be the conqueror. Such was the case at Albuera, where Beresford committed grievous errors, but where Soult made more mistakes than Beresford. It was in this sanguinary

struggle that the Fifty-seventh gained the significant appellation of 'the Die-Hards.'

Less cautious, but not less brave, than any of the leaders hitherto named, was GENERAL CRAUFURD, the short, fiery, stern, headlong chief of the famous 'Light Division' which Moore had called into existence at Shorncliffe. The men of that Division 'never met their match in a fair field, when opposed to anything like equal numbers.'

'Their advance to Talavera has been justly commemorated as an instance of practical discipline and endurance, to which it would be difficult to produce a parallel. They were in bivouac at Malpartida di Placentia, which place they had reached after a march of twenty miles, and had only been allowed a few hours to rest and cook their rations, when flying rumours reached them to the effect that the British army was defeated, and the enemy close at hand. Craufurd hastened on, determined not to halt until he verified the state of affairs with his own eyes. In twenty-six hours he crossed the field of battle, moving in perfect order as if on parade, having during that time passed over sixty-two English miles, under the burning rays of a Spanish sun in July, each man carrying from fifty to sixty pounds' weight; and, of the entire Division, only seventeen stragglers were left behind.'

The sceptical Gibbon was fond of comparing ancient with modern warriors, in order to disparage the latter; but Napier truly remarks, with reference to the above great fact, that had the celebrated historian 'known of such an effort, he would have spared his sneer about the delicacy of modern soldiers.' It is true, however, that the soldiers of a Christian era have one weakness, if it may be so called, in common with the soldiers of the heathen period. Four nights before the battle of Busaco,—

'The Light Division, falling back only a league, encamped in a pine wood, where happened one of those extraordinary panics that, in ancient times, were attributed to the influence of a hostile god. No enemy was near, no alarm was given, yet suddenly the troops, as if seized with a frenzy, started from sleep, and dispersed in every direction; nor was there any possibility of allaying this strange terror, until some persons called out that the enemy's cavalry were amongst them, when the soldiers mechanically ran together in masses, and the illusion was instantly dissipated.'

The men who had trembled at even less than shadows were stout of heart again, as soon as they were told that they were confronted by real dangers. In such dangers Craufurd used to delight; and, in pursuing such delight, he finally incurred death, leading his Division to the breach at Ciudad Rodrigo. This General, being stern, strict, impetuous, unceremonious, and determined that 'duty' should be accomplished, was very unpopular with the officers; 'but with the private soldiers he

was universally popular, as he always looked to their comforts, and treated them justly, while he maintained rigid discipline.' The men, in fact, knew him to be just; and if he would mercilessly punish the guilty, he was as determined that his men should not be murdered by scantiness of food or lack of clothing.

The biography of SIR LOWRY COLE reproduces some of the most stirring scenes in the Peninsular war, particularly that portion of it which terminated by the entry of the British army into the south of France, where, for many centuries, the echoes had not made reply to the tap of an English drum. Cole was at once wary and dashing. He helped to gain Maida by refusing to advance without orders, and he fairly secured Albuera by taking upon himself the responsibility of carrying his Division forward, without commands from the General-in-Chief. In either case, he saw, at once, the perils of the moment, and the result likely to ensue on the course of action most necessary. If he loved hard fighting, too, he was, at least, not averse from good living.

'General Cole spared no expense to keep a good table, and was most liberal in his invitations. An officer on the Staff, who had not long joined, being one day asked to dinner by Lord Wellington, hesitated a little, and at length stammered out, that although greatly honoured by his Lordship's notice, he was awkwardly situated, being previously engaged to Sir Rowland Hill. "Go by all means," was the reply. "You will get a much better feed there than here." And then his Lordship added, "As you are a stranger, I will give you some useful information. Cole gives the best dinners in the army; Hill, the next best. Mine are no great things; and Beresford's and Picton's are very bad indeed.'"

Cole, however, seems to have forgotten that it was as natural for the soldiers, as for their leaders, to descend to common thoughts of diet.

'Rations were somewhat irregularly issued, and a party of the Ninety-fifth, disregarding the stringent orders of the Commander-in-Chief, helped themselves to a store of bread, in a Spanish village, to the great disgust of the inhabitants, who rose *en masse* to recover their lawful property. But the marauders were too strong and swift, and made off with their booty. "We had scarcely," says Castello, "escaped the attack of the Spaniards, and arrived at the bank of the river, when General Sir Lowry Cole came galloping up to us, with some of the Staff, who indeed might be termed the police of the army. 'Hallo! you plundering rascals of the Light Division. Halt!' was the General's command, as he pulled up his temple spectacles, which he generally wore. One only resource was left to us, and that was to plunge into the river, which at that part was very deep, and swim across, holding the bread in our teeth. This we immediately adopted, when Sir Lowry, in an agitated tone, that did honour to his heart, called out, 'Come back, men, for God's sake! and I'll not punish you.' But the General's fears were needless, and we soon landed on the other side.'"

It will be conceded that Nelson was a brave man, but even that great Admiral had a terror of *one* thing. He used to say that nothing frightened him so much as having to dine with a Mayor, and being compelled to make a speech at the dinner. Sir Lowry confessed to being influenced by similar terrors. Thus, when he returned from his government at the Cape, William IV. invited him to dine at Windsor Castle. At dessert, the King proposed the old soldier's health, with warm eulogies on the service he had rendered his country. Sir Lowry was more embarrassed at having to return thanks, than he had ever been at Maida or Albuera. It so thoroughly confounded him, that he afterwards declared to some friends, he would never again put himself in the way of a similar honour, for fear of the accompanying penance.

The well-known portrait of Madame de Staël represents her holding a small twig in her fingers. The lady lost her powers of conversation if she had not this little branch to play with. In like manner, the stern, gloomy, yet chivalrous PICTON—

'Had a peculiar habit of riding with a stick in his hand, and even in the heat of battle he sometimes retained it. When the firing commenced, he might be observed tapping the mane of his horse at measured intervals, in proportion to its rapidity. As it became quicker, and the fight grew warmer, this movement of the stick increased, both in velocity and force, until at length the horse would become restive; but still seldom drew the General's attention, as his firm seat saved him from all apprehension of a fall.'

Our limits will only allow us to notice personal incidents and brief illustrative matter, and we will now cite something to the point. We have already spoken of the nervous fright experienced by the brave Cole, when he had to deliver a speech in acknowledgment of his health, being drunk. There were other Peninsular heroes equally timid where there was no danger.

'It is recorded of Picton, that he went to witness the feat of the celebrated vaulter, Ireland, throwing a summerset over a dozen grenadiers standing at "present arms," with fixed bayonets; but when he saw the men placed, he trembled like a leaf, and kept his head down, whilst Ireland jumped; nor did he move again, until he had first asked, "Has he done it?" When assured that he had, Picton looked up, his face suffused with perspiration, and said, "A battle is nothing to that!" We have heard an anecdote similar to this of the late Lord Lynedoch, (Sir Thomas Graham,) another Peninsular hero, as undaunted as a lion. He happened to be in the boxes at Covent Garden Theatre, when Madame Saqui ascended from the stage to the upper gallery, and went back again, on a slender rope. When it was over, he said, "I thought I had tolerably good nerves, but I never was so frightened in my life; I would not have been in the pit for a thousand pounds.'"

And yet Picton had stood fearless in the breaches of Ciudad

Rodrigo and Badajoz; and Lynedoch had gone into the field at Barrosa, and at many other sanguinary conflicts, with more gaiety than he would have gone with to a banquet. It is not that there is scant time for reflection in the field, but that duty and the presence of numbers sustain the courage of the brave, and breathe a spirit of valour into those who lack it constitutionally. Picton was extraordinarily daring. He was, at the same time, the least of a 'dandy' of any man in the army, except the officers of his own Division. Leader and officers were known by the appellation of 'the bear and ragged staff.'

The career of GRAHAM, or LORD LYNEDOC, as he is better known to the present generation, has a sound of martial thunder throughout. He was an active soldier, from boyhood till three-score years and ten; and died at a few years short of a century old, after passing through more scenes of violence, bloodshed, and horror, than, perhaps, any one of his contemporaries. The frightful scene at St. Sebastian is well described and commented upon by Mr. Cole; and nothing contrasts so completely with these details of human bravery and demoniacal ferocity as the following passage, which shows the 'hero' of that dreadful day unconsciously meeting the Great Inevitable, when the dying man was in his ninety-fourth year.

'His friend ascended to the chamber of the sick General, and found him seated across his little stretcher, with his back against the wall, and his feet supported on a chair placed by the bedside. His breathing was short, and it appeared uncertain whether he was dozing, or quite passive from weakness. In about an hour, all sound of breathing ceased; and other parties being summoned to the room, it became perfectly apparent that he had expired gradually, while still sitting perfectly upright; and he was then gently turned round, and his head laid upon his pillow. His death was a perfect euthanasia, without struggle, pang, or the slightest distortion of countenance.'

Perhaps the coolest, and yet not the least intrepid, of the commanders named in these volumes, was HILL. In the hottest of the fight he never betrayed hurry or ostentatious enthusiasm. Once only he is spoken of as dashing forward with a loud 'Hurrah!' and the decency of his speech is vouched for by the fact of his having once been betrayed into uttering an oath, caused by fear of a victory slipping from him, which, however, he contrived to secure. The incident happened at St. Pierre, after the passage of the Nivelle. Hill saw that the centre of his position was threatened by the French, and, angry and excited, he thrust forward his reserves, with a muttered oath. Lord Wellington was so astonished to hear Hill utter such an expletive, that he remarked to some officers about him, 'We had better get out of the way.' Hill's coolness is further exemplified in the incident of his taking two watches with him into action at Waterloo. When the first gun was fired, he fixed the

time by his stop-watch, at ten minutes before twelve. When the last cannon-shot was discharged by Captain Campbell, Hill's second watch showed the hour, a few minutes before eight in the evening. By comparing the two pieces, he was able to establish the exact period of the duration of the contest. He is also the first in these volumes at whose religious condition we can obtain a slight prospect. Among his very last words was the expression: 'With regard to my religious feelings, I have no power to express much, and never had; but I trust I am sincere, and hope for mercy.' On the other hand, we find in the case of the gallant Guernsey General LE MARCHANT, who fell at Salamanca, evidences of a deep and practical sense of religion. He was a fiery leader, displayed immense activity, was a thorough disciplinarian, but never thought of his own comfort, till he had seen to that of his men. His impassibility under fire was so extraordinary, that his eldest son, who saw it with admiration, asked him how he had attained such complete command over himself. 'I never,' was the reply, 'go into battle without subjecting myself to a strict self-examination; when, having, as I humbly hope, made my peace with God, I leave the result in His hands, with perfect confidence that He will determine what is best for me.' Mr. Cole further tells us that the good General Le Marchant, even amidst the duties of an active campaign, 'found time for frequent attention to the Scriptures. One of his last letters to his family requested that another Bible might be sent to him, as the type of the copy which he had brought from England was so small as to be painful to his eyes.'

It is due to this exemplary General to state of him that he was the first who had the cavalry thoroughly instructed in the use of the sword; previous to which, the men often wounded themselves and their horses. To him, too, does the army mainly owe the existence of the Military College now established at Sandhurst.

The rapid promotion of young PAKENHAM, who afterwards lost his life at the battle of New Orleans, was the cause of much discontent in the army; but, previous to Salamanca, Wellington wrote home in a strain which shows how very strictly our Crimean leaders have followed a precedent of the Peninsula. 'As usual,' writes the Commander-in-Chief to Colonel Torrens, 'all the officers of the army want to go home, some for their health, others on account of business, and others, I believe, for their pleasure. General Spencer is *going*, because General Graham is *come* from Cadiz.' After enumerating several Generals who had already left, Lord Wellington adds, 'General De Grey has asked to go, because he has put his shoulder out; and I have this morning an application from —, because his spleen is out of order.' Then follows another list of departed

Generals, and applicants for leave of absence; after which, the illustrious writer concludes with, 'I have also innumerable applications for leave, from officers of all ranks. Till we can get the minds of the officers of the army settled to their duty, we shall not get on as we ought.'

Perhaps, to the reader, the most painful of the biographies in these volumes will be found to be that of GENERAL ROSS, who fell at the attack of the British against Baltimore; painful, because it chiefly deals with contests carried on by gallant men of kindred races, who, we sincerely trust, will never be seen again together in arms, opposed to each other. The only subject for a smile, in the description of the contest, is the merciless diatribe directed by the American General Winder at the unparalleled cowardice of the President Madison. In reference to the opinion that ordinary practice was exceeded in the destruction of public property at Washington, on this occasion, Mr. Cole judiciously remarks that—

'Some of this must be ascribed to the spirit of retaliation, as the Americans had set the example, by burning the House of Assembly at York, now Toronto, in Upper Canada, when they obtained temporary possession of that capital; by plundering the defenceless inhabitants of that and other towns in the province, and by the wanton and unnecessary burning of the village of Newark. The worst feature of the retaliating process is, that it goes on continually increasing, and the evil consequences fall chiefly on the unoffending.'

We have probably indicated, with sufficient clearness, by the above extracts and remarks, the nature of the contents of Mr. Cole's volumes. Of the fourteen Generals, whose lives are given, three only are English,—Anglesea, Paget, and Hill. The Scottish Generals number five,—Moore, Baird, Craufurd, Hopetoun, and Lynedoch. The Irish Generals are four in number,—Beresford, Cole, Ross, and Pakenham. The Principality of Wales is worthily represented by Picton, and Guernsey has its especial hero in the noble Le Marchant. Of these fourteen, six only fell in action, namely, Moore, at Corunna; Craufurd, at Ciudad Rodrigo; Picton, at Waterloo; Le Marchant, at Salamanca; Ross, at Baltimore; and Pakenham, at New Orleans. The last was the youngest of those slain; he was only thirty-seven. The oldest was Picton, who was fifty-seven. The other Generals passed, comparatively unscathed, through a longer period of perils. Hopetoun reached three-score years. Hill and Cole were permitted to accomplish ten years more. Baird died at seventy-two; Sir Edward Paget, at seventy-four. The Marquis of Anglesea accomplished his eighty-six, and Beresford his eighty-seven years; while the Nestor of the band, Lord Lynedoch, lived on to the patriarchal term of ninety-three, ere he was summoned to his account. Considering the dread occupation of a great portion of their

lives, the length to which these attained may be accounted remarkable. Their vocation was the acquirement of what is called 'glory;' that glory of which Shakspeare so well writes that—

'—it is like a circle in the water,
Which never faileth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.'

Perhaps the contrast between peace and war has never been more strikingly portrayed than by Herodotus, who says that in peace-time children bury their parents; but, in time of war, parents bury their children. The greatest criminal among men is he who wantonly violates peace. This is so well understood, even by potentates who wage war, that, generally, each accuses the other of provoking the contest. So 'humanity' itself contains its greatest enemy; for, as Robert Hall magnificently expresses it, 'neither the fury of wild beasts, the concussions of the earth, nor the violence of tempests, are to be compared to the ravages of arms; and nature, in her utmost extent, or, more properly, Divine justice in its utmost severity, has supplied no enemy to man so terrible as man.' Indeed, the only friend of man is He whose title is that of Prince of Peace. Even a Roman heathen could say that it behoved man to be at peace with man, and at war only with his vices; and a modern heathen, Voltaire, had some ground for sneeringly asking, 'Since peace must be signed after war, why not do it at once, and so prevent murder?' Unfortunately, it too often happens that such a peace as becomes freemen can only be purchased by war, and therefore the biographies of Generals will long form a part of our literature. But war and the details of war can only have the effect of making us all more highly appreciate that time sung of by the poet,—

'When laurel spirts in the fire, and when the hearth
Smiles to itself, and gilds the roof with mirth.'

- ART. III.—1. *Hand-book of Chemistry*. By LEOPOLD GMELIN. Translated by HENRY WATTS, B.A., F.C.S. Vols. I.-IX. London: Printed for the Cavendish Society.
2. *The Quarterly Journal of the Chemical Society of London*. Vols I.-VIII. London: Hippolyte Baillière. 1847-1855.
3. *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, for the Years 1845-1855*. London.
4. *Jahresbericht über die Fortschritte der reinen pharmaceutischen und technischen Chemie, Physik, Mineralogie, und Geologie*. Von JUSTUS VON LIEBIG und HERMANN KOPP. Giessen. 1850-1855.
5. *Elements of Chemistry, Theoretical and Practical*. By W. ALLEN MILLER, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry in King's College, London. Vols I. and II. London.
6. *Physiological Chemistry*. By PROFESSOR C. G. LEHMANN. Translated from the Second Edition by GEORGE E. DAY, M.D., F.R.S. Three Vols. London: Printed for the Cavendish Society.
7. *Méthode de Chimie*. Par AUGUSTE LAURENT. Paris: Mallet Bachelier. 1854.
8. *Chemistry as applied to Arts and Manufactures*. By DR. JAMES SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, F.R.S.E. Glasgow.

WERE we to commence the present article as a certain alchemist began his treatise on *Secrets Revealed*,—‘Having prepared our Sol and our Mercury, shut them in one vessel, and govern them with our fire, and within forty days thou shalt see,’ &c.; but if thou be yet ignorant both of our Sol and of our Mercury, meddle not in this our work,’—we fear that few of our readers would care to advance further. But Chemistry is now no mystery; its *arcana* are to be explored by ordinary mortals; and no rigid fasts, or ‘secret dreadful oath,’ are now demanded of its votaries. Till very recently, chemical knowledge presented a chaos of facts and fancies. Led by the lure of gold, many had tortured nature till she revealed to them, not, indeed, the philosopher’s stone, but a multitude of strange substances and stranger actions, little understood by their discoverers, and wrapped up by them in such mysterious phrases as ‘the Green Dragon,’ ‘the Brother of the Serpent,’ or ‘the Bird of Hermes eating its own wings.’ Dreadful is the obscurity and confusion of their writings:—

‘For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four Champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms:—

To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray.’

But when Chemistry became an open science, certain fixed principles were recognised, rational means of investigation were adopted, and soon a few fundamental truths came to be universally admitted. To some of these leading ideas we shall refer, before entering upon our description of the present state of the science.

The idea of elements was nothing new, for it dates back from the Greek philosophy. It was early observed, that many substances on this earth, and in the oceans that envelope it, are capable of decomposition, being resolved into simpler bodies; and it was a natural conclusion, that there are certain substances which, variously combined, or altered, constitute all that is tangible in the universe. But what are these elementary bodies? The Greek philosophers—so bold and often so felicitous in speculation, so exact in mathematical reasoning—appear to have been incapable of painstaking experiment. It is said,—but we know not on what authority,—that the idea of fire, air, earth, and water, being the four elements, took its rise in the observation of what occurred when wood was subjected to the decomposing power of a strong heat: fire evidently sprang upwards out of the tormented fuel; æriform bodies also arose, and mixed with the kindred atmosphere; any cold substance held over the blackening mass showed, by the condensation of steam, that water accompanied the air; and, lastly, was there not always more or less earth left behind? Hence the conclusion was drawn, that the original wood had been composed of these four elements; and, by a still more sweeping generalization, that every thing else was composed of the same likewise. We now know that not one of these four has any right to be considered elementary. Fire is a phenomenon, not a substance; water is a chemical combination of two gaseous bodies; air is a mixture of several; while earth is a generic term for a variety of substances, all of which are complex.

Other views, however, were propounded by other ancient philosophers; but fire, air, and water still played an important part in their speculations. Some imagined that there was a prime matter which, variously modified, formed all the shifting appearances of the material universe. But what was this prime matter? Thales imagined it was water; Anaximenes was equally confident of its being air; whilst Heraclitus upheld the pretensions of fire. In the place of these four elements, the alchemists, with equally little reason, substituted metals, sulphur, and mercury.

Yet let not us, from the vantage-ground of our present knowledge, look back with contempt upon those who struggled first with these mighty questions. Had they not guessed, we had never known. Boyle, in 1661, propounded, with considerable clearness, the present views; and since his day chemists

have endeavoured, by careful experiment, to analyse all that was cognizable by the senses; and when their analysis could go no further, they called the substances 'elementary,' not meaning by that expression that they were absolutely simple, but that they could not be discovered to be compound. Ten years ago, at the period when our review takes up the history of Chemistry, these substances numbered fifty-seven, of which forty-four were metals. Just as all the edifices of a city are built of bricks, stones, timber, iron, slates, and a few other materials variously arranged, so this globe, and all that it contains, is built up of silicon, calcium, oxygen, carbon, potassium, &c., variously combined, not by mere mechanical juxtaposition, as in the case of man's building materials, but by a more intimate and more powerful union.

The indestructibility of matter was another dogma which gradually assumed the rank of an almost axiomatic truth. It was perceived that whatever changes might take place in the peculiar form, or in the state of combination, no change could be effected in the absolute quantity of matter itself; and that, however other properties might vary, weight was incapable of modification. An ounce of water freezes into an ounce of ice, evaporates into steam, which, if properly weighed, is still an ounce, or is decomposed into an ounce of oxygen and hydrogen gases. We can ceaselessly change the arrangement and state of combination of the materials on the globe; but to destroy one particle of matter is utterly beyond our power. That belongs to Him alone who created it.

Marvellous were the transformations which the early chemists found these elements to undergo in their combinations and decompositions. Gases uniting became a solid; solids were resolved into liquids, or perhaps into gases with explosive violence; colourless and clear solutions, on being mixed, became thick with deeply coloured sediment; and, as a sample of the wonders that each succeeding investigation revealed, the following facts may be cited:—the air we breathe contains the elements of aqua fortis, and the flour of which our bread is made consists of the same constituents as quinine or prussic acid.

The numerical laws of chemical combination became other fixed principles; they were facts which could be demonstrated by an appeal to the balance, that balance which equally serves to tell the analyst whether any thing has escaped his observation, and to weigh by its testimony the claims of rival theories. Scarcely had its use been thoroughly established by Lavoisier, when Dalton found that substances combined not merely in definite proportions, (which had been recognised long before,) but in multiple proportion also; and that the proportions in which two bodies combine with a third, are those in which they combine with one another. And these laws are true, and

receive fresh illustration daily, whatever may be the present opinion about, or the ultimate fate of, that atomic theory by which their discoverer explained them. The simple proportions by volume in which gases combine, were observed by Gay Lussac at about the same period. It was the discovery of these laws that gave to Chemistry that numerical exactness which has enabled it to take a position beside optics or astronomy, while the range of its varied research is far more extensive than that of either of those sciences.

Ten years ago chemists seemed to feel that little was to be gained by pursuing inorganic Chemistry; new compounds, no doubt, might be formed, but no great discoveries were to be expected. Those interested in technological Chemistry had incentives to the pursuit of that department; but these incentives were not the love of science. The organic world, however, was then beginning to open up its wonders; the marvellous transformations which the four elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, could undergo, rivetted the attention: there were the ever varied products of the living laboratory of the plant or animal; there were the proximate substances which the chemist could extract from these; and there were the infinite variety of new products, which, by fermentation, destructive distillation, and other means, could be obtained from them. Baron Cuvier, addressing the Academy of Sciences, said: *Dans cette nouvelle magie le chimiste n'a presque qu'à vouloir: tout peut se changer en tout; tout peut s'extraire de tout!* and his words expressed little beyond the usual anticipation. And in addition to all this, as facts began to accumulate, organic Chemistry became the battle-ground of different and sometimes incompatible theories.

At that time also a rapidly increasing interest was felt in chemical studies. They were found to be a necessary part in the education of men intended not merely for the medical profession, but for agriculture and many of the industrial callings. Not only was Chemistry more fully taught in our ordinary schools and colleges, but schools expressly devoted to its cultivation were opened, and professorships were multiplied.

During the last ten years the list of elementary substances has scarcely been increased. Once a secret relation was supposed to exist between the planetary bodies and the metals: they bore the same names; they were indicated by the same signs: but half a century ago the number of known metals was more than quadrupled, while only five new planets were added to the list. Now, every few months there is announced the discovery of a new planet; while no new metals appear to have been noticed during the past decade of years, with the exception of five about the commencement of it. These were pelopium, niobium, erbium, terbium, and norium, none

of which have been found in sufficient quantity to admit of an accurate description of their properties. Since the time of Davy, no substance, previously supposed to be simple, has been proved to be compound; a remarkable and significant fact, considering the large amount of labour now bestowed on chemical research, and the reputation which would be at once achieved by him who should demonstrate the compound nature of a metal or any other element.

If, however, analysis has not recently enabled us to penetrate any deeper into the secrets of the simple constituents of which the material universe is composed, our powers of synthesis have largely increased, and our ideas of the multiplicity of nature's modes of action have been greatly enlarged. Yet our conviction of the truth of those laws of combining proportion already alluded to, has been strengthened by each fresh investigation, the indestructibility of matter has been established more firmly than ever, and the law of combination by volume has been shown to hold good not with gases and vapours alone, but to some extent with liquids and solids also.

In one respect our views of the simpler forms of matter have suffered a modification. The alchemists believed substances to be transmutable: the early chemists, on the contrary, considered that both elementary and compound bodies were perfectly fixed in their properties; that sulphur, for instance, if at the same temperature, was always the same yellow, transparent, brittle substance, capable of solution in certain oils or bisulphide of carbon, and that protosulphuret of mercury must always be rich vermilion cinnabar. Now, however, we have learnt that the same substance will present itself under a variety of forms, the physical and even the chemical characters being perfectly changed. This remarkable fact has recently claimed much attention from chemists, and has received the name 'allotropism.' Thus sulphur may be obtained without any one of the qualities mentioned above,—white, (or black,) opaque, pliable, and insoluble in bisulphide of carbon. Who would imagine that the black flakes of soot were identical in composition with the sparkling diamond? Yet so they are. And, moreover, they claim affinity of substance with plumbago, or charcoal, or coke. Into coke, indeed, the diamond may be converted by placing it right in the centre of the electric light. Lucky will the investigator be, who shall succeed in returning the compliment: experiments without end have been made with this view; and every now and then some statement finds its way into print, that the problem has been solved; but 'all is not gold' (nor diamond) 'that glitters.' Phosphorus is another substance remarkably disposed to undergo various modifications. In its ordinary state it is transparent, and of a pale yellowish tinge; but it is

procurable in a black, or white, or red condition. This last variety is produced by the action of long-continued light, or more rapidly by a temperature of 470° Fahrenheit. It is red, opaque, and pulverulent, not phosphorescent in the air, denser than ordinary phosphorus, and not so easily acted on by solvents or chemical agents. Professor Schroetter, of Vienna, has investigated the matter; and, since this red phosphorus is much more manageable, it has formed the subject of a patent, and is now, we believe, extensively manufactured. Both the scientific and the non-scientific public have heard a great deal during these last few years about ozone. It is what we have all smelt in the neighbourhood of the electric machine; it is produced, too, when damp phosphorus is allowed to stand in the air; and it occurs in almost infinitesimal quantity in the atmosphere. Professor Schoenbein led the way, and a crowd of chemists have since pursued the mysterious gas, so active in its chemical powers; and it has been by turns pronounced a new element, a teroxide of hydrogen, and allotropic oxygen, till quite recently Professor Andrews, of Belfast, by a series of experiments which leave nothing to be desired, has demonstrated the truth of the latter view. The same chemist announced, at the last meeting of the British Association, that, by passing a multitude of electric sparks through chlorine gas, he had succeeded in preparing a very active modification of that element, an analogue, in fact, of ozone.

Compound bodies also are capable of appearing in two or more different states. The same sulphuret of mercury may be red or black; many, if not most, of the acid oxides of metals have allotropic modifications; and in the organic world we may mention, as a single instance, the transformations in fats, which were observed by Mr. Duffy through a minute examination of their melting points. In these cases it is the same substance which is capable of assuming different forms, the one form being convertible into the other; but it very frequently happens among the compounds of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen, that two or more distinct substances are composed not only of the same elements, but—what, at first sight, seems very staggering—of the same elements in the same proportions. Thus woody fibre, starch, and some gums and sugars are identical in ultimate composition; and the oils of turpentine, of lemons, of pepper, of cubebs, of juniper, and of bergamot, are all composed of carbon and hydrogen in the same proportions. There are three acids—the cyanic, the fulminic, and the cyanuric—which are identical in the proportions in which their constituents are combined; and Baron Liebig has just added to their number a fourth, the fulminuric. Recent researches of Professor Anderson and others on organic bases have furnished many other instances; but it would be

tedious to enumerate further. Sometimes a reason for the diversity may be found in the different arrangement of the component atoms, which, like the letters of an anagram, may be made to say different things according to the manner in which they are placed together. Sometimes, too, as in the case of the essential oils above mentioned, one substance seems to contain twice or thrice the number of each of the constituents which another does. But the most remarkable investigation into the cause of this singular phenomenon has been lately made by M. Pasteur upon two acids, the tartaric and the racemic. Every one is aware that the juice of the grape deposits a certain salt, commonly called 'cream of tartar,' from which is obtained the well-known tartaric acid. Now it appears that in certain vintages, instead of the grapes containing this acid, they have contained one identical in composition, and very similar, though not identical, in properties. It has received the appellation of 'racemic acid.' M. Pasteur, observing attentively the crystals of the double racemate of potash and soda, noticed that they were of two forms, and that the one form was exactly the same as the other would be if looked at in a mirror. He separated the two kinds of crystals, and, on decomposing the one set, he obtained an acid which rotates the plane of polarized light to the left hand; while, on decomposing the other set, he obtained an acid identical in all its chemical properties with the other, but crystallizing in a reverse form, and rotating the plane of polarization to the right; and this was ordinary tartaric acid.

It is no part of our intention to chronicle the additions that have been made, during the past ten years, to our knowledge of mineral or inorganic Chemistry. Few general results of importance have been arrived at; and we shall simply refer the student to the encyclopedic 'Hand-book of Chemistry' by Leopold Gmelin, which Mr. Watts is admirably translating for the Cavendish Society, supplying, as he proceeds, whatever fresh information there may be on the subject under consideration. The first volume is devoted to general chemical philosophy; and volumes II. to VI. inclusive, good substantial thickly printed octavos, are devoted to a description of all that is known in relation to inorganic Chemistry. Three volumes of the organic part have already appeared, and several more are promised.

Were we to touch upon the great mass of facts that have been recently accumulated in organic Chemistry, we should soon bewilder ourselves, and tire our readers. We take up at random one of the numbers of the Quarterly Journal of the Chemical Society;—it happens to be that of last July;—and, glancing over the table of contents, (original or abstracted,) we find that it contains, in the department of organic Chemistry

alone, descriptions of two newly discovered proximate principles of plants, phillyrin and mangostin; fresh observations on salicylic acid; three different papers on different alcohols,—caprylic, cuminic, and benzoic; and Berthelot's account of the production of common and of propylic alcohol, by agitating their hydrocarbons with sulphuric acid. Then there are details respecting the action of hydriodic acid and of iodide of phosphorus on glycerine; notes on some compounds of hydro-sulphate of mustard oil; and substitution products without end,—compound anilines and compound ammonias, some containing aldehydes, and others salt radicals in place of hydrogen; annelides, too, of tartaric and of paratartaric acids; and, to complete the list, notices of telluromethyl, and of the compounds of ketones with alkaline bisulphites. Pretty well this for one quarter's work in organic Chemistry!

Without looking any closer at this apparent confusion of outlandish names, we may, however, gather two or three of the valuable generalizations which have recently been arrived at.

It is well known that all parts of the vegetable and animal kingdom, and consequently all substances derived from them, are composed of the four elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, in various proportions, and variously combined. The first three of these are also by far the most important, as nitrogen enters into the composition of but a small minority. The small quantities of sulphur, phosphorus, and other elements present in some organic compounds, though absolutely necessary for the life of the plant or animal, are little regarded by chemists, especially as they do not enter into the compounds artificially prepared in the laboratory. Now there were two theories respecting the composition of organic bodies. The one theory, that of Berzelius, considered that there were certain compound radicals, composed of carbon and hydrogen, which played the part of metals; and that these united with oxygen, water, sulphuric acid, and other substances, forming compounds analogous to metallic oxides, hydrates, sulphates, &c. The other theory, that of Dumas, taught that there are certain types, certain groups of elements having particular properties, and that one element might be removed from the group, and replaced by another, without altering the general character of the substance. These two theories were considered incompatible, and each had its powerful advocates. The first theory was met by the assertion, that these compound radicals were all hypothetical, and that alcohol, for instance, might be represented as the bihydrate of olefiant gas, or in half a dozen other ways, with just as much reason as the hydrated oxide of ethyl. The second theory was open to the objection, that substitution always did make some difference; and it could easily be pushed to a ridiculous length, as in the case of the late Richard

Phillips's 'chlorine stocking,' which had once been common cotton; but all the carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen was replaced by chlorine, the stocking, of course, still retaining its original form and character.

The objection that the compound radicals were purely hypothetical, has been removed by Dr. Frankland, who by decomposing their iodides by means of zinc has succeeded in actually preparing ethyl, methyl, amyl, &c., gaseous bodies analogous in many respects to hydrogen, with no very marked chemical affinities. Yet while this has shown that the radicals are *bond fide* existences, the idea of substitution has been rapidly gaining ground. Not only is it found that simple substances, such as chlorine and sulphur, will remove some elements and put themselves in their place; but more complex bodies, such as hyponitric acid, will replace hydrogen, as in that very remarkable substance, gun-cotton, and in its congeners, nitromannite and nitroglycerine, both of which explode when struck with a hammer; the latter, though a liquid, with extraordinary violence. It is found, too, that by more complicated reactions an infinite variety of these substitution products may be formed. Thus M. Wurtz, by decomposing cyanate of ammonia by heat, obtained a volatile pungent alkaline body, soluble in water, and resembling ammonia in almost every respect, which he termed 'ethylamine.' Its composition, indeed, is that of ammonia, (a compound of one atom of nitrogen with three of hydrogen,) in which one atom of hydrogen has been replaced by ethyl, one of the compound radicals. By similar means he produced analogous compounds, containing methyl and amyl in place of hydrogen. No sooner had these discoveries been announced, than Dr. Hofmann produced the same bodies in a more direct manner: and he proceeded farther; for by successive stages he was able to form compound ammonias in which not merely one, but two and three equivalents of hydrogen were replaced by ethyl; and so far could this substitution be carried, that he procured even a compound of nitrogen with four atoms of ethyl and one of oxygen,—a powerful fixed alkali more closely resembling hydrate of potash. Nor was it necessary that the different atoms in the same compound should be of the same radical; several would unite together in the same happy family; and Dr. Hofmann actually produced a compound containing the four equivalents of hydrogen, replaced by four different radicals. Hydrated oxide of methylethylamylophenylammonium is its name! *Sit venia verbo*, says the maker of the substance, and of its appellation; and well he may ask pardon. Yet it must be remembered that these awfully long words have the merit of serving as a description of the substance; and they will give way afterwards to any shorter, though less expressive, name that may be determined on.

Hitherto we have confined our remarks to the replacement of the hydrogen in ammonia; but we might equally show that the nitrogen is capable of being replaced by antimony; and Hofmann has just announced the discovery of a series of beautifully crystalline salts of the type of sal-ammoniac, in which not only have compound radicals assumed the place of the hydrogen, but phosphorus has occupied the position held by the nitrogen. We wish we could here do justice to the interesting series of compounds of the radicals with zinc and other metals, with which Dr. Frankland is from time to time favouring the chemical world. But before leaving these purely scientific details, we must beg permission to mention two other beautiful series of substitution products. Professor Williamson, starting from certain theoretical views as to the composition of alcohol and ether, found himself able to substitute ethyl or any other radical in the place of one equivalent of hydrogen in alcohol; and thus he obtained a number of compound ethers, interesting in themselves, but far more interesting in the explanation they afford of the process of etherification, and for the amount of light they throw upon the actual composition of these bodies. M. Gerhardt also, in a similar manner, has produced the anhydrous organic acids, the formation of which was so long an unsolved problem.

These have been suggestive and fruitful discoveries; and as there are now-a-days many young men studying the science of chemistry, and anxious to appear among the ranks of original investigators, an idea has only to be proposed by a leading mind, when it is sure to be carried out in its application to analogous substances. It is well that laboratory students should be thus employed; to imitate on fresh substances the works of the great masters of the science is admirable practice, and saves the original discoverer much labour in detail. We think that students who have thus enriched the science should always be allowed to publish their own researches in their own names, and that the teacher should be content with the indirect honour which is sure to be given to the man who is well known to have originated the idea.

The theory of types has by these recent discoveries been greatly established, not perhaps in the precise form in which it was originally proposed, but in a larger and more comprehensive shape; for, as Dr. Hofmann remarks, 'a good theory is more than the *temporary* expression of the state of science, collecting under a general view the facts acquired up to the moment of its birth. It will not, like ephemeral hypothesis, vanish before the light of succeeding discoveries; but, expanding with the growth of science, it will still correctly represent the known facts, though, of necessity, modified into a more general expression.' We find that not only does every substitution cause some change in the

properties of the compound, but that those changes are in accordance with what might be expected from the character of the body substituted. Thus, aniline is powerfully electro-positive, or basic: if we replace one or two equivalents of hydrogen in this body by the very electro-negative element chlorine, bases still result; but if three be replaced, the basic character is lost. Similarly, to revert to ammonia, that remarkably explosive black powder which has been long known as 'iodide of nitrogen,' is, according to Dr. Gladstone's analyses, ammonia, in which two of the equivalents of hydrogen are substituted by iodine. It is neutral in its character. And the same may be said of the still more dangerously explosive 'chloride of nitrogen,' in which it appears a still larger amount of hydrogen is replaced by the electro-negative element.

But why should this idea of types be thought peculiar to the organic world? We are all acquainted with it in inorganic chemistry, though chemists have scarcely learned to employ the word in that department. Professor Williamson has shown that the reasoning applied in the case of these recognised substitution products, will equally apply in the case of ordinary salts. What, indeed, is all our generalization, but the recognition of the same great principle? We find natural groups unquestionably existing among the forms around us, groups of which we can give no precise definition, but which we can easily describe by referring to a number of properties common to all the members of the group; and yet, on more closely examining these groups, we find they are not separated by those broad lines of demarcation, which we in our limited science are obliged to invent. As Bacon said, 'There is no small difference between the idols of the human mind, and the ideas of the Divine Mind.' These groups seem, to use a very unpoetical expression, to overlap one another, so that some of the characteristics of the group are lost, and others assumed in their place. This is well known to be the case in natural history. The distinction between the animal and vegetable kingdoms is no division of pure human invention: we know that an animal is an individual entity, capable of volition, of sensation, of spontaneous movement, and of locomotion, receiving food by a mouth, and digesting it in one or more stomachs, breathing oxygen, and exhaling carbonic acid; but, however clearly these properties belong to animals in general, when we come to the corals and sponges, and to such strange existences as the *Desmidae*, we find these characteristics disappear one by one, and those of the vegetable kingdom manifest themselves. The large divisions of the animal kingdom into mammalia, birds, fishes, reptiles, mollusca, radiata, &c., have, no doubt, their foundation in nature; and, in the large majority of cases, there is no difficulty in deciding to which of these great divisions any particular animal belongs; but when we meet with the whale, the bat, or

the ornithorhynchus, we find the characteristics of two different orders uniting,—a mammal, for instance, breathing by lungs, yet living in the water, and having the general contour of a fish. In the sub-genera, too, we find the same system of groups generally well defined, but at last overlapping one another. If, taking Professor Owen as our guide, we look more minutely into the anatomical plan of these creatures, we find the fore-arm, for instance, formed on the same design, and of the same bones similarly arranged, though differing in their relative strength and size, in the man, the dog, the mole, the eagle, the salmon, and the bat : and this typical resemblance is maintained, although the limb is required for such different purposes as running over the plains, flying through the air, swimming through the water, tearing a passage through the earth, or for the multitudinous uses to which *our* arm and hand are applied. Even where the type has been largely departed from, as in the case of the horse's front leg, we find it is merely by the suppression of some bones; and the existence of the original idea is proved by certain portions being left, (in this instance the 'coffin bones,') though they are perfectly incapable of performing anything of their original purpose. It would be easy to show analogous facts in chemical science. Thus, there can be no doubt that the classification of a large number of elements as *metals* is in accordance with a distinction actually existing in nature. But how can we define a metal, unless by a reference to a number of properties,—opacity, lustre, good conduction of electricity and heat, and the power of forming a basic oxide? Yet, none of these properties belong to the metals alone; galena is both opaque and lustrous, charcoal conducts electricity well, and several compounds of carbon or nitrogen with hydrogen form basic oxides. Neither do all the recognised metals exhibit all the aforesaid properties. We should be shocked at the effrontery of any chemist who should refuse to call gold a metal; and yet, as far as its chemical properties go, it has less claim to such an appellation than hydrogen has. Silicon is sometimes classed as a metal, sometimes otherwise; and as for tellurium, it is veritably a chemical ornithorhynchus paradoxus. What is true of simple bodies holds good also of their compounds. Chemists know full well what is meant by an acid, a salt, or an alcohol; these terms represent facts in nature; yet we must not suppose that the Divine plan in all its subtilty and complexity is to be fully expressed by our clumsy classification. Indeed, we have to map out every science as we do the natural productions of a continent. We indicate by a patch of blue or red the region of the olive or the palm-tree, and we draw a sharp line, up to which we say wheat may be cultivated, but beyond which it never grows; whereas the Creator, though he has formed two genera of plants to grow luxuriantly in two different zones, permits them to intermingle in those regions which lie

near the confines of each, and many a hardy straggler may be found far away from its kindred, and amongst those that flourish in a different clime.

While we believe that this system of types exists in nature, we are not disposed to deny the existence of compound radicals. It is the old story: two observers look at the same phenomena from different points of view; they arrive at two different explanations, and imagine that these are incompatible with one another; each man fully perceiving the truth of his own view, decries the other, until at length it is found that nature is multiple in her aspects, and that each observer was correct in what he affirmed, but incorrect in what he denied. Most of the theories in vogue exhibit but one aspect of the truth, and are on that account incomplete, even if they do not convey a positively false impression. Indeed, we do not know how sufficiently to warn chemical philosophers, in their attempt to frame 'rational formulæ,' against depending on single reactions, however much the particular reaction may promise to their sanguine intellects to be 'the key of the position.'

This protest reminds us of a work we have placed among those at the head of this article: namely, the *Méthode de Chimie*. It was the last work of Laurent, arranged, indeed, on his death-bed, and published posthumously. In it he brings his large intellect and extensive knowledge to bear in ridiculing many of the views and favourite theories of other chemists, and in propounding his own. In his Preface he complains,—

'When we consider the great number of organic substances that have been discovered during the last dozen years, and the increasing rapidity with which chemists daily discover fresh ones; when we see, that from a simple hydro-carbon and chlorine we may produce a hundred different compounds, and that from them we may obtain a great number of others; lastly, when we reflect upon the absence of all system, all nomenclature, for the classification and denomination of this multitude of bodies; we demand with some anxiety, whether, in a few years' time, it will be possible for us to direct ourselves in the labyrinth of organic Chemistry.

'The confusion which reigns in the ideas is even greater than that which obtains in the facts; for the principles on which the majority of chemists rely for the explanation and co-ordination of facts, are so vague, so uncertain, that not only do two chemists explain the same phenomena in two different manners, but even one and the same person abandons the explanation he gave yesterday, for a new one that he proposes to-day, and which he will abandon to-morrow for a third.*'

This is scarcely exaggeration. The evil, however, is generally admitted; the difficulty is to find a remedy. Many of Laurent's generalizations are doubtless far-sighted, some of them bear the

* We give this passage in the words of Dr. Odling's translation, one of the last works published by the Cavendish Society.

similitude of truth, and others are wonderfully suggestive. Yet, while we believe the book will do much good by calling the attention of chemists to the foundation on which their present views are resting, we must acknowledge that, when the sceptic begins to theorize himself, his conclusions draw too largely on our credulity. While he is straining out the gnat, we decline to swallow the camel.

There is one important generalization which has lately claimed much attention, and has been especially insisted on by MM. Laurent and Gerhardt,—the doctrine of increments. It is found that not only may one substance be substituted for another, and the same type be preserved, but that there are certain substances which may be added in any number of equivalent proportions, without affecting the general character of the compound. That which occurs constantly in organic chemistry, is a combination of two equivalents of carbon, and two of hydrogen. Thus, to revert to our old friends the compound radicals, methyl is hydrogen *plus* one equivalent of this increment, ethyl is hydrogen *plus* two equivalents, amyl the same *plus* five equivalents, and so forth. To such an extent is this true, that in the series of acids commencing with formic, and terminating with melissic acid, we can already enumerate twenty members, all differing from one another, simply by different proportions of this increment. They are all volatile without decomposition, and in the state of vapour occupy the same space; they are acids analogous in their character, or, more strictly speaking, advancing in their properties according to the amount of increment: thus, as we glance at the lower end of the series, we observe them gradually assuming bibasic qualities, and for each addition of carbon two, hydrogen two, there is usually a rise in the boiling point of 36° Fahrenheit.

So accurate is our knowledge becoming of these analogies, and of the alterations effected by the addition of increments, that we can often predict with the greatest certainty, not only the boiling point, but many other properties of substances which we are about to form, and which we are almost morally certain have never been in existence before. It is not in organic chemistry alone that these increments exist, capable of entering into substances without altering their type. Take cyanide of potassium: to this may be added sulphur, or selenium, or iron, or platinum, or cobalt, and yet the same general character is maintained. Chloride of sodium may assume two, four, six, or eight equivalents of oxygen, and still remain a salt. This principle has also been applied to certain compounds of phosphorus; and it has been noticed that there are groups of analogous elements which differ from one another in atomic weight in precisely the same manner as the organic compounds, which in their actions so closely resemble metals.

That force which manifests itself in all these chemical phenomena was called of old 'affinity,' from the notion that 'like combines only with like;' but the most cursory examination of the actual facts will show, that these are just the substances which do not combine. It is *dissimilars* that unite; so that where we find two substances having a great affinity for one another, it is a sure sign that they have no affinity with one another. This force, which, much against our will, we must still call 'affinity,' unlike gravitation or magnetism, acts only when substances are actually in contact, or at least at imperceptible distances. Hence the old saying, *Corpora non agunt nisi soluta*. But this aphorism is not quite true; for two solids will often combine at the surfaces when brought together; and when, as in the case of salt and snow, or of crystallized sulphate of iron rubbed with yellow prussiate of potash, a liquid is formed or set free by the combination, the action will proceed. The insolubility either of the original or the derived substances has, indeed, a marvellous effect in modifying, and often in reversing, the action of the chemical forces: volatility exerts a similar influence; not to mention heat, and light, and sometimes the nature of surrounding bodies. Chemists, feeling how these circumstances have hitherto interfered with the deductions drawn in respect to the force and order of chemical affinity, have lately sought to investigate the matter in cases where there seemed little to oppose its true manifestation. Professor Bunsen has attacked the question of what will happen when one substance is presented simultaneously to two others with which it can combine, by exploding together hydrogen and carbonic oxide with oxygen gas. He found a kind of atomic relation subsisting between the quantities of water and carbonic acid formed, and from a series of experiments of this nature deduced the conclusions:—

'1. When two or more bodies B, B', are presented in excess to the body A, under the circumstances most favourable to their union, the body A takes from each of them B, B', quantities which always stand to one another in a simple relation; so that for 1, 2, 3, 4 atoms of the one compound, there are formed 1, 2, 3, 4 atoms of the other.

'2. If in this manner is formed one atom of the compound $A + B$, and one atom of the compound $A + B'$, the mass of the body B may be increased in the presence of that of B' up to a certain point, without any change in that atomic proportion; but if a certain limit be passed, the relation of the atoms, which was that of 1:1, changes suddenly and becomes 1:2, 1:3, 2:3, and so on.'

Yet, in these experiments, the results of the combustion are incapable of again re-acting on each other. Dr. Gladstone has endeavoured to determine what takes place when these conditions are fulfilled. The question proposed by him was,—Suppose two salts in perfect solution be mixed together, and such salts as cannot by mutual decomposition produce an insoluble body: do

they form four salts, as Berthollet maintained? Or (as seems to be the general idea) do the acids and bases either remain precisely as before, or suffer a perfect interchange? Colour afforded him the means of determining this point. On mixing solutions of sulphocyanide of potassium and nitrate of iron in precisely equivalent proportions, it was found that the blood-red sulphocyanide of iron was produced, but not in such quantity as to show that the whole of the sulphocyanogen had combined with the iron, and the whole of the nitric acid with the potash: indeed, the addition of either one of the original salts to the red mixture deepened its colour. After a series of quantitative experiments on a variety of salts, and observations on the phenomena of precipitation and other chemical actions, Dr. Gladstone terminates his argument by the following deductions, among others:—

‘1. Where two or more binary compounds are mixed under such circumstances that all the resulting bodies are free to act and re-act, each electro-positive element arranges itself in combination with each electro-negative element in certain constant proportions.

‘2. These proportions are independent of the manner in which the different elements were originally combined.

‘4. An alteration in the mass of any one of the binary compounds present alters the amount of every one of the other binary compounds, and that in a regularly progressive ratio; sudden transitions only occurring where a substance is present which is capable of combining with another in more than one proportion.

‘6. The phenomena that present themselves where precipitation, volatilization, crystallization, and perhaps other actions occur, are of an opposite character, simply because one of the substances is thus removed from the field of action, and the equilibrium that was first established is thus destroyed.’

This chemical force is dependent more or less on all the other physical forces: it is greatly affected by heat,—witness the explosion of gunpowder; wherever a ray of light impinges, it leaves the trace of its presence in slight but wonderful chemical transformations; mechanical force frequently, as in the case of the fulminates, alters the manner of combination; the galvanic current is capable of rending asunder the most stable of binary compounds; frictional electricity will decompose iodide of potassium; magnetism can be made to effect the same, as we see with Faraday’s magneto-electric machine; and the vital force will suspend or transform the manifestations of chemical affinity in the most astonishing manner. Are we then to conclude that the chemical force is but the offspring of these other forces acting on matter? By no means, for it is equally the parent of them. Chemical combination almost universally produces heat, and, where it is very intense, light; the galvanic power is dependent for its existence on chemical action, and through it we can obtain the

ordinary phenomena of magnetism and electricity: mechanical power constantly results from the display of chemical power; and, lastly, vitality cannot exist except in connexion with the living laboratory of the plant or animal. The fact is, these forces are mutually dependent, and mutually convertible. To say that any one of them was the primary force,—that chemical affinity, for instance, produced electricity, or electricity chemical affinity,—would be like taking sides in that notable question, ‘Which comes first, the hen or the egg?’ The idea, that we can no more destroy force than we can destroy matter, and that the utmost we can do is to transmute one form of it into another, has rapidly gained ground of late years, though it has hitherto received little quantitative proof. It rests, perhaps, as much on metaphysical as on physical grounds. There is, also, another difference in the way of thinking, which has much influence on the reception or rejection of these views; some believing that matter is a congeries of hard, indivisible, Daltonian atoms, which are the sport of all the forces; others regarding it but as a centre, or a series of centres, whence these forces act. Are we venturing too boldly, when we conceive of light and heat, gravitation and electricity, and chemical affinity, but as the ever diversified forms of that prime force, which is just the manifestation in nature of the will of the Almighty?

Without recommending chemists to dive into these latter abstruse questions, we feel fully persuaded that any one who wishes to win for himself a high reputation, must not now be content with the mere fabrication and description of new compounds, but must seek to generalize, and to learn more of the physics of Chemistry, and of the workings of

‘the power
That holds the atoms in their sympathies.’

The chief recent contributions to our knowledge of the physics of Chemistry have been made by Professor Graham, who has just been most deservedly appointed Master of the Mint. They are contained in a series of papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*; and of them we must give an account.

If we mix oil and water, and allow them to remain awhile, they will separate into two layers, the lighter liquid oil floating on the surface. If we mix spirits and water, no separation of the two takes place, nor, indeed, will the upper stratum of the mixture contain any more of the light alcohol than the lower one does. Similarly, the air consists of a mixture of four or five gases, all of different specific gravities; but there is never any settling down of the heavy carbonic acid, nor any ascending, from that cause at least, of the light aqueous vapour. This impossibility of separation which holds good among some liquids when mixed, is true of all gases; and more than that,

there is an actual tendency to mix. If a heavy gas be placed at the bottom of a vessel, and a light one above it, the heavy one will gradually rise, and the light gas will gradually sink, until the mixture is perfect. This phenomenon is called *diffusion*. Professor Graham studied it very fully, and arrived at the law that 'gases diffuse with velocities inversely proportional to the square root of their densities;' and this is the proportionate velocity at which they would rush into a vacuum, as has been proved both by mathematical induction, and by direct experiment. In more recent investigations he has shown that, although gases will pass through a minute hole into a vacuum according to this law, another and less simple mode of action comes into play when the hole is prolonged into a capillary tube. That vapours act in the same manner as permanent gases has also been directly ascertained. This diffusion exists also among liquid bodies, and solutions of either gaseous or solid bodies. Thus, if alcohol be poured on water, it will float at first in obedience to the law of gravitation, but after a while perfect mixture will be found to have taken place. An experiment by which this action is rendered visible to the eye, may be performed by allowing the red bromine to diffuse through water. A long series of experiments are recorded by Graham as to the diffusion of salts and acids in solution; and he finds that there are singular analogies existing between the rates of diffusion of analogous compounds, and that these analogous ratios have reference, not to atomic weight, but to actual quantity. Magnetism seems to be set at defiance by this diffusive power in the same way as gravitation is. Thus, Professor Faraday has demonstrated that, though a bubble of oxygen gas will skim rapidly through the air or nitrogen gas to the end of a magnet, the oxygen in the air will not leave the nitrogen with which it is mixed, and accumulate itself round the pole. Again, a bulb filled with a strong solution of sulphate of iron will swim to the attractive pole through water, or even through a weaker solution of the same salt; but the atoms of the iron salt will not themselves travel through water, and heap themselves up on the side of the vessel nearer the magnetic influence. There have long been certain occult phenomena, which have attracted the attention of physicists and chemists, called *endosmose* and *exosmose*; the former indicating the passage of a liquid through a membrane towards the inside, the latter indicating its passage towards the outside. Whether a particular action should be called one or the other, depended therefore upon the side of the membrane from which it was observed. Now, Graham has laboriously continued his diffusion experiments with a view to the explanation of this phenomenon, and, dropping the '*end*' and '*ex*,' is content with the remaining '*osmose*,' as its appellation. Before entering upon his explanation, we must give a particular case, for the

benefit of those who may not be familiar with the action referred to. If a piece of bladder be tied across the open end of a glass tube, and the vessel so formed be partially filled with a solution of common salt, and dipped into a vessel of pure water, in such a way that the levels of the two liquids coincide, and their only means of passage from one to another is through the bladder, it will be speedily found that the salt solution is increasing in bulk, and rising above the level of the other. Now, we can easily understand, that if the solution of salt has a greater tendency to diffuse into water than the water has to diffuse into the solution of salt, the result above described must certainly be met with; for the membrane, though allowing of changes in the moistening liquid itself, is sufficient to prevent the return of the mass of liquid according to the ordinary law by which liquids always find their own level. The Professor, employing an 'osmometer' constructed on principles similar to that of the little device above described, was able to tabulate the *osmotic force* of a large variety of soluble substances; and to show that, when suffered thus to diffuse into pure water, alkaline solutions increase in bulk, and acid solutions decrease, while neutral bodies hold some intermediate position. One astonishing result must be recorded, namely, that small quantities of dissolved substances have positively a greater effect than large ones; thus, 'one part of salt to four hundred of water gives a higher osmose in earthenware than any other proportion, for the great majority of substances. Osmose appears, indeed, to be peculiarly the phenomenon of dilute solutions.' Graham also believes, that whatever was the septum he employed, whether animal membrane, baked clay, or albuminated calico, some changes occurred in it which were intimately connected with the passage of the fluid.

Our readers will at once perceive how important these investigations must be in explaining, not merely what takes place in the ocean and other repositories of water, but in the organs of plants and animals, which may be looked upon as a mass of membranes permeated by different fluids. Two instances may suffice. The blood consists of a strong aqueous solution of a variety of different substances, the serum, in which swim a vast number of minute red globules: each of these globules consists of a membrane enclosing a red liquid. Under ordinary circumstances, these globules are at a proper state of distention; but if the serum become too weak, the water will enter through this membrane, the globules will become extended till they burst, and the hæmaturia and other principles will be mixed with the watery fluid. Again, the serum of the blood, and other parts of the body, contain a large amount of albumen, and it seems necessary that this albumen should not permeate all parts of the system; hence it is endowed with a remarkably small diffusive power.

Among the most mysterious phenomena of Chemistry are those

grouped together under the name 'catalysis.' We find a substance, such as platinum or charcoal, causing a combination to take place between two gases, apparently just by its presence, without entering into any kind of combination either with the one or the other; and we find a substance, such as yeast, which, being itself in a state of change, will set up a decomposition in any atom of sugar that may be its neighbour. Though these phenomena have claimed considerable attention, and the cases on record have been multiplied, little light has been thrown on the *modus operandi*, and the term 'catalysis' still remains a substitute for our confession of ignorance.

Fifteen years ago, the works of Liebig on physiological and on agricultural Chemistry attracted the most lively interest to these departments of the science. The genius of the great German chemist threw a charm over those subjects which it touched, and nature appeared ready to reveal to him all the marvellous Chemistry of animal and vegetable life. The crowds of young experimenters who flocked to finish their studies at the Giessen school afforded him an opportunity of having a number of investigations constantly proceeding under his own eye. Yet, the subsequent progress of events has hardly justified the anticipations of that period. Indeed, in both of the departments mentioned above, the deductions of Liebig, though true in the general, have been found not unmixed with error; and, as the practical advantages expected to flow from them have not been immediately realized, the popular mind, especially in this country, has suffered a recoil, and of late Liebig has been often as unjustly blamed, as he was formerly extravagantly extolled.

The present state of physiological Chemistry is given in the work by Professor Lehmann, a translation of which, with additions, has just been issued by the Cavendish Society. In it we find a full description of all the constituents of the animal organism, whether simple or compound, solid or fluid, and of their functions, as far as these are connected with the science of Chemistry, together with dissertations on the processes of respiration, nutrition, digestion, &c. The author's opinion of the importance of the study of our science in reference to physiology is extremely high, but, we imagine, not too high. We quote from the 'Methodological Introduction.' By the way, what idea will the mere English reader form of the meaning of this long word? An erroneous one, we expect, if any.

'It cannot be denied that most of the phenomena of animal life either consist in, or are accompanied by, chemical processes; nor can we form an adequate conception of the functions of the nervous system, by which sensuous perception and motion are regulated, without the simultaneous existence of chemical actions..... However much we may endeavour to exclude Chemistry from certain physiological investigations, we shall always find that it involuntarily forces

itself upon our notice; for without it we shall be unable to find a physiological equation, or a philosophical expression for a process..... When we turn to practical physiology, to pathology, and therapeutics, we are again reminded that Chemistry is indispensable. Is there a single disease that is not attended by chemical changes?..... While, in respect to therapeutics, it is almost superfluous to observe, that Chemistry here also plays the principal part; for where has modern pharmacology sought its chief support, save in chemical processes and principles?

Yet, in studying the Chemistry of organized animal life, we meet with difficulties far greater than in any other department. The analysis is extremely difficult; for, if we take any of the animal juices, we find them most complicated in their constitution,—various mineral salts mixed with albumen and other strictly animal products, many of these being in very minute quantity. Or, if we take any of the animal tissues, not one exists in the body as a pure chemical substance; and how shall we attempt their analysis? The ordinary solvents have little or no effect upon them; and if we employ strong chemical agents, we are never sure to what extent these may have altered the original constituents. And, after all, we must remember that, supposing we obtain reliable analyses, it is but a step—a most essential step, no doubt—to the knowledge of what changes actually take place in the living economy; for we must not rashly conclude that in the arteries and veins, or organs of the body, such changes occur, and only such, as we can produce upon the dead constituents, when submitted to manipulation in our laboratories. Sometimes, indeed, experiments can be made during life, but the animal is generally placed under abnormal circumstances; and the fear of cruelty naturally deters from the vigorous prosecution of these. Where there is difficulty and uncertainty, we always find that theorists are most active; and in the transformations of the living organism how clearly has everything been repeatedly explained! We have only to take the formula of some article consumed in the food, and add an atom of water here, and subtract two of carbonic acid there, and combine the remainder with ammonia, and we have at once the formula of the new principle we are attempting to account for. The whole process is most satisfactory, and the transformation is complete—on paper. Then there was the famous protein theory of Mulder, the battle-field of the physiological chemists, who, according to whether they fought under the banners of the German or of the Dutch chieftain, unmercifully attacked, or unscrupulously defended, the poor substratum of the albuminous bodies and muscular fibre.

It is on the Continent that this department of Chemistry has received the best attention; indeed, among living English chemists we can scarcely mention one, except Dr. Bence Jones,

who has advanced our knowledge of it to any important degree: but when we turn to Germany, we find many at work, and such investigations as those of Dr. Strecker lead us to hope that ere long many a page of physiological Chemistry will be fully open to our inspection. The increased application of the microscope has been of essential service to the chemist, and has removed not a few errors into which earlier observers fell. Besides a vast number of facts, many curious relations have been noticed; as a sample of which we extract the following from Lehmann:—

‘We have already seen that there are great differences in the chemical character and composition of the fluids moistening the different classes of tissues, the peculiarities of the fluid being apparently closely connected with the chemical constitution of each individual tissue. We find, for instance, that the lower elementary tissues, such as exert a mere physico-mechanical action, are moistened by a fluid which scarcely differs from the serum of the blood, and in general closely resembles the transudations described in the second volume. On the other hand, the tissues which are capable of a vital contraction, and, consequently, the fibre-cells and muscular fibres, are surrounded by a fluid which is altogether different from an ordinary transudation. In the first place, this fluid is distinguished, in all contractile tissues, without exception, by the presence of a certain amount of free acid; further, the phosphates and potash salts predominate here over the chlorides and soda salts; and, lastly, there occur in this fluid a number of substances which, hitherto at least, have not been recognised in the blood and transudations. It may probably depend upon the different modes of action of the fibre-cells (in the contractile tissues, and in smooth muscles), and of the muscular fibres (in the striped muscles), that the acid interstitial juice in the former case always contains casein, with albumen, whilst, in the latter case, it contains no casein, but several other substances peculiar to itself alone. Unfortunately these relations afford us as yet mere points of view from which we may get glimpses of the connexion between the chemical composition and the function of the tissues, or, at most, a few new advanced points, from which we may hope, by further investigations, to promote the physiology of the animal tissues.’

In an earlier portion of this article we have spoken of the vital force, although we are aware that many chemists are loud in their denunciations of this term. We have considered their arguments; but they have not appeared to us valid. Doubtless, it is highly unphilosophical to imagine that the ordinary laws of nature are suspended in the animal economy, or that our attributing some extraordinary result to the *vis vitalis* is a sufficient explanation. What though we do not understand this force thoroughly? what though its action be always intermingled with that of other forces? what though we cannot separate it altogether from the mysteries of mind? Just as we know there is an elementary substance fluorine, though no one has yet shown it separated from other bodies, so we know also that there is a

something in living organisms, which performs offices that we cannot ascribe to chemical affinity, or electricity, or osmotic force, or heat; using all of these, no doubt, yet in some measure ruling and supplementing them.

Turning from the animal to the vegetable kingdom, we find another series of bodies equally intricate in their composition and modes of action; not quite so different, though, as perhaps we imagined a few years since. For not only are some of the so-called protein compounds common to the two kingdoms, but starch (which actually has a place in Dr. Lindley's definition of a vegetable) has been found in living animalcules; and indigo, which we import from the plantations of India, has been observed as an occasional product of the human body. But, whatever attention may be given to the Chemistry of plants for the explanation of the changes that take place in the development of the vegetable organism, it is in its application to agriculture that man is likely to derive the greatest benefit from it. A great portion of the farmer's art consists in bringing to the growing crop the mineral constituents necessary for its full development; and this can only be placed on a scientific basis by a knowledge of what each species of plant takes from the soil, (which can be determined by analysis of its ash,) together with an accurate knowledge of the constituents of the particular soil, their respective quantities, and whether they be in an available condition. The use of proper manures, and the right employment of fallow, or rotation of crops, may be deduced from these data. But plants do not feed on the soil alone; the atmosphere, happily for us, supplies abundance of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen: the state of the weather and the amount of rain are not in our control; but nitrogen, an essential constituent of our cereal and other crops, demands the agriculturist's careful attention. Yet such is our ignorance respecting the source whence the plant derives this element, that we are not sure whether it is capable or incapable of appropriating any from the free nitrogen in the atmosphere, whether it is most indebted to the ammonia or to the nitric acid in the air, and especially how far either of these ought to be supplied in the manure. It is on this point that most of the present differences of opinion among agricultural chemists hinge. The best method of fattening cattle is another and an important and difficult inquiry. Upon these subjects a vast amount of information is being accumulated; information which is now beginning to serve as data for valuable generalizations: but both the philosopher and the farmer must be patient. Already Chemistry forms a most important study at our agricultural colleges; and the Royal Agricultural Society has its own Professor of Chemistry, Mr. Way. The researches of M. Boussingault, in France, must not be passed by unnoticed; while on the

estate of J. B. Lawes, Esq., of Harpendon, in Hertfordshire, and at his expense, most elaborate and careful experiments are carried on year by year by a staff of chemists, under the superintendence of Dr. Gilbert.

During the period of which we speak, great advances have been made in the application of Chemistry to the arts. Many of those manufactures which involve an acquaintance with this science, such as those of soap and soda, appear to have arrived at such a degree of perfection, that, though modifications may be from time to time introduced, the old processes are still retained. The calico-printer, though the principles of his art remain the same, finds new dyes and new mordants; and the unstable murexide now fixes its magnificent hue on our fabrics, equalling in modern days, if not excelling, the world-renowned Tyrian purple.

Many arts also have just sprung into existence. A solution of a double cyanide of silver is decomposed by a galvanic current, and it deposits a layer of the purest white on an inferior metal, incorporating the two, and thus covering our tables with the rich variety of electro-plate. Caoutchouc heated with sulphur undergoes a wonderful transformation, so that it becomes no longer soluble in naphtha, no longer readily affected by the changes of temperature, but extremely elastic. The sulphur may be wholly removed afterwards, but the allotropic caoutchouc, (for such we believe it to be,) under the not inappropriate name of 'vulcanized rubber,' becomes our servant in a thousand forms, from the slender ring which we twist round a package of letters, to the buffer of a railway carriage. And if the mixture of India-rubber and sulphur be heated at a higher temperature, instead of the substance produced being very elastic, it is hard as horn; and among its applications not the least remarkable or least successful is in the manufacture of plates for electrical machines. At the commencement of last year there was much expectation raised by the announcement that aluminium could be obtained at a moderate rate from an ore that, in most localities, lies at our feet worthless, namely, common clay; and that this metal added to the white brilliancy and the incorrodibility of silver a lightness perfectly unprecedented among those hitherto applied to the ordinary purposes of man. Yet, notwithstanding the warm support of the French Emperor, who wished to make of it cuirasses for the Crimean heroes, it is feared aluminium will sink into oblivion; for its strength is little, it is easily attacked by alkalies, and the cost of preparing it is considerable. However, if the arts have not received any valuable addition of a new metal, considerable improvements have been made in the reduction of iron and the manufacture of steel. The disinfecting properties of charcoal have long been recognised; but little benefit seemed likely to accrue to men from the knowledge, till Dr. Stenhouse, with his charcoal respirators, and twenty

other appliances, began enthusiastically to advocate its claims, and to show more clearly its mode of action. Dr. Clark removes the hardness of water on the largest scale, by an ingenious application of lime. By the greater purity of chemicals, by the addition of some new therapeutic agents, and pre-eminently by the discovery of the anæsthetic properties of ether and chloroform, the medical profession, and the public through them, have benefitted not a little; while gun-cotton, which was originally proposed as a substitute for gunpowder in the destruction of life, now, in the form of collodion, renders its tributary service to man in the cure of wounds, or as a vehicle for those silver salts which, under the magic influence of light, are to trace with absolute fidelity the beauties of a landscape, or the features of those we love. Indeed, the whole art of photography is properly a chemical art; for the sun only wakes the affinities dormant in the substances presented to its influence, and it is by chemical means that the picture once obtained is rendered permanent: yet we fear to enter on this engrossing topic, which might lead us wandering far from our rightful path. Neither shall we stop to describe the wonderful applications of the galvanic battery, though we might claim them too as among the triumphs of Chemistry; for it is the chemical force from the solution of a piece of zinc in sulphuric acid, which, carried afar by metallic conductors, and manifesting itself under various forms, imparts new movement to the paralysed muscle, dazzles us with the sun-like brilliancy of the electric light, or wafts in an instant across continents and oceans the tidings of war or peace, the arrangements of commerce, or the thoughtful messages of affection.

We rejoice to think that the connexion between abstract and applied science is becoming much better understood. The philosopher and the practical man seldom regard one another now with mutual contempt. Their provinces are, indeed, distinct. The man of business would never have patiently investigated and apprehended the hidden principles of things; the scientific discoverer has rarely those qualities which would enable him to bring a useful application successfully before the public. And, as each has his province, so each has his appropriate reward: to the one it may suitably come in a pecuniary form, while the other feels that something nobler than the hope of payment has stimulated him to those intellectual exertions which money can never purchase. The question, *Cui bono?* is not so frequently asked now as formerly in our pre-eminently practical country; or, perhaps, a larger view is taken of what may be pronounced *bonum*. The unscientific world perceives that all the modern useful inventions are the results of scientific discovery; and it is becoming convinced that the apparent triviality or the abstruseness of the first manifestation of a truth is not incompatible with its subsequent utility.

To quote the words of Cuvier, in the discourse already referred to,—

‘It would have been most unlikely that those Phenician sailors, who saw the sand of the shores of the Belus transformed by their fire into a transparent glass, should have foreseen that this new substance would prolong to the aged the enjoyments of life; that it would enable the astronomer to penetrate into the depths of the heavens, and to number the stars of the Milky Way; that it would unfold to the naturalist a little world as numerously peopled, and as rich in wonders, as that which appeared alone to have been offered to his view and to his study; or that it would permit man to cultivate, almost under the frosts of the polar circle, the most delicious fruits of the torrid zone.....All the great practical discoveries of these later times have this characteristic, that they have sprung from the generalization and the precision of scientific researches; and those depths and difficulties which proud spirits would despise as useless, are just what have produced the most surprising utility.’

Of this the last few years of chemical history will furnish abundant proof. When Liebig, distilling together dilute alcohol and bleaching powder, observed a heavy oil, analysed it, and called it *chloroform*, what romancer would have imagined that, while its discoverer was yet in the vigour of manhood, it would be found to possess more than the fabled virtues of Lethe, and be used to annihilate the severest forms of physical suffering? Scheele discovered, and Chevreul more closely examined, a soluble sweet principle obtained by the saponification of fats, and *glycerine* remained for a while an object of scientific research; but Mr. George F. Wilson, of the Belmont Factory, (so well known for his philanthropic labours,) by a new process has produced the article in a pure state and at a low price, and within a few months it is applied for the cure of burns and of rheumatism, or as a substitute for cod-liver oil, for the lubrication of machinery, for photographic purposes, and in the manufacture of soft colours, for keeping the most delicate preparations of the physiologist or the naturalist’s specimens of animal forms without even affecting their colour, and for the preservation of fresh meat for the service of the traveller.

Applied Chemistry has also its literature. Separate treatises appear from time to time both in this country and on the Continent, in which the processes connected with some particular manufactures are described; and among more comprehensive works, we will merely specify the last which has appeared, that edited by Dr. Muspratt, which contains much useful information.

Most hopefully do we regard the future of Chemistry. Already a large amount of exact knowledge of chemical data has been acquired; the means and the methods of observation are improved, and are yearly improving; while the man of intellectual

tastes finds his pleasure, and the manufacturer finds his profit, in its pursuit. In most of the countries of Europe or America, periodicals are published, by which the more recent discoveries are made known to the scientific world; the Chemical Society of London assumes a high position as a chartered body; while ever and anon the actual state of chemical science is given at one view, either at length in such voluminous tomes as those of Gmelin, or more concisely in some such work as the 'Elements of Chemistry,' which we now hail from the pen of Professor Miller. We trust that no premature disturbance of nomenclature, no internecine warfare of rival theories, no attempts of ignorant analysts by 'Sanitary Commissions,' or any other means, to gain the popular applause, will be suffered to impede the progress of true science. Happy are we to see that not only has Chemistry institutions erected for its special study, but that it is taking its rightful place among our accredited means of education, even in the most conservative of our Universities, Oxford, where Dr. Daubeny and the newly appointed Professor Brodie will not fail to sow good seed in the field thus open to their cultivation. Nor must we pass over in silence the increased favour with which our Government regards the application of Chemistry and its allied sciences to the arts, and its appointment of such men as Dr. George Wilson to the newly formed chair of Technology at Edinburgh. We believe that, so far from the resources of Chemistry being yet exhausted, its full capabilities are not yet suspected. We believe that the history of the next ten years will show that discoveries have gone on in an increasing ratio; that the links which connect the chemical with every other physical force are more clearly perceived; and that this science will be found not merely of essential service in the education of youth, but indispensable for all those who wish to render man not only 'the minister and interpreter of nature,' but the recipient of a thousand substantial benefits resulting from her answers to his inquiries.

ART. IV.—*Visitors' Guide to Hampton Court Palace.* 1855.

HOWEVER different in form and expression,—in the media they employ, and the senses to which they primarily address themselves,—the imaginative arts are identical in character, and similar in their effects. It is for this reason that an exact parallel may be frequently observed in the genius of two masters, who have exercised themselves in two very distinct branches of art. Thus the poet and the painter are sometimes so intimately allied, that the canvass of the latter offers to us a visible presentment of the ideas suggested by the language of the former: not, however, that the painter supplies a mere illustration of the poet's picturesque descriptions, but that he stands wholly in the poet's place, and, by the marvellous concentration of pictorial art, gives fable, incident, and detail, and thought, and spirit, and expression, in the limits of a single composition arranged upon a flat and barren surface. We have an example of this equal triumph by unequal means, as well as of this intrinsic similarity of genius, in the works of David Wilkie and of Walter Scott. It is not to be supposed that any two great minds are properly identical, since even any two little ones may always be distinguished by some points of individuality; but, for the purposes of parallel, the graphic works of Wilkie are striking counterparts to the literary fictions of Sir Walter Scott. These artists are fairly comparable for triumphs in the delineation of humorous and homely character; but their works present also striking points of comparison in the department of historic art. The 'Rent Day' and the 'Reading of the Will' are pictures that cannot fail to suggest the humorous scenes of the Scottish novelist, while the 'Preaching of John Knox' is painted in the higher style of the author of 'Waverley.'

The analogy of music and painting is not so obvious as that of painting and poetic fiction; but it is quite as real and complete. To a person of liberal and cultivated taste, but especially to the connoisseur instructed in both arts, the genius of Handel is plainly akin to that of Michael Angelo, and the music of Mozart thronged with the same images of tenderness and beauty as the canvass of the diviner Raffaello.

The grandest music that has ever been heard out of heaven is that of Handel,—broad, massive, solemn, and stupendous.

Βαθυῤῥεσάω μέγα σθένος Ὁκεανοῖο—

the voice that roars along the bed of Jewish song,—and the harmony of mighty spheres rolled in resounding glory through the void and formless 'infinite,'—the rush of flaming legions, armed for unutterable battle,—the pomp of victories

eternal,—the heart of faith, invincible by peril, by agony, by death, by the leagued terrors of the gates of hell,—are in those wondrous strains which adumbrate the captivity and the miraculous deliverance of the chosen seed in Egypt, the magic story of the rejected King of Israel, and the redemptive mission of Incarnate Deity. The 'Hailstone Chorus' might have upheld the strength of Moses, when the people murmured and rebelled against him, or sustained his arms when they waxed heavy in combat with the heathen: and if the day should ever dawn, dark with the threat of foreign invasion again impending over this free and happy land, only let all our organs and all our bands peal forth, through all our churches and our public halls, the awakening choral challenge, 'Gird on thy sword!' and the responsive shout that rends the air will attest to all the world that the universal pulse of England beats true as ever to the call of liberty and honour.

It is this deep, stern, thrilling energy in Handel, which endears his music to the strong and proud souls of Englishmen. Something it tells of their own steadfastness; of pith, and nerve, and perseverance, and indomitable will; the vigour, the frank boldness, and the manful resolution which are bred in the public life of freedom; the heart of oak, and the stubborn stuff of which their virtue must be made who affront tyranny amidst its bristling myrmidons, and pluck down wrong from the high places of the earth, and blast treason with the lightning of righteous and intolerable scorn. Something there is, too, of that religious earnestness which is the loftiest attribute of noble minds, the temper of the hero and the martyr: a spirit which, in all generations, has been shared by those who had little else in common; by Becket on the one hand, and on the other by Wycliffe; by Ridley and Sir Thomas More, by Bruce and Wallace, and Joan of Arc; by Charles I. and Milton; by the Jesuits in China, and the Port-Royalists in France. Hence the feeling that, independently of its artistic value, Handel's music has an intrinsic sacredness, a profound moral power and worth, akin to the mystic solemnities of *Æschylus*, and the visionary grandeurs of the 'Paradise Lost.' The complexion and the quality of thought, the tone of inspiration, are one and the same in all.

But above all the works of Handel, with all their various magnificence, towers supreme, in holiest solitude and venerable beauty, the 'MESSIAH.' Out of deep shadows and portentous gloom, ever and anon hurled all together in chaotic agonies, and overswept by a muttering horror, up springs the fulgent harmony, like some great angel of the Lord, on wings of splendour, soaring into the empyrean, tracked by steps of thunder, through the clouds and darkness that gather round the feet of the Omnipotent. There is a hustling of tempestuous hos-

tilities 'raging furiously,' in illimitable conflict, all quelled, absorbed, and overwhelmed in the vast sunburst which blazes over sea and sky, as amid earthquake and apocalyptic fires the insufferable vision bursts upon the sight,—of Him who rides on shining cherubim, descending to reveal His glory, that all flesh may *see it together!* A captured city, a broken empire, a ruined temple, a lost Shekinah, bondage, the march of desolation, the taunts and wounding mockeries of the oppressor; but, in the midst, a promise and a hope breathed forth from hallowed lips, *Comfort ye, comfort ye My people, saith your God!* A barren desert, dry and thirsty, where no water is, horrid with famine and the spectres of remembered guilt; and over all that ghastly solitude you hear the 'voice of one crying in the wilderness, *Prepare ye the way of the Lord: make straight in the desert a highway for our God!*' Hope, swelling into vehement expectation; foresight, prompt, eager, looking hither and thither; waiting in patient affiance, but still pressing onward to behold:—signs of the day-spring from on high—
MORNING!

Such are, in part, as nearly as we can define them, our own impressions of some portions of this surpassing music. Such mainly were the impressions of a youth of warm imagination and acute nervous sensibility, who, at a distance of twenty years from the period at which he first heard the entire Oratorio, delivered with full orchestral accompaniments, as arranged by Mozart, recorded them for the amusement of a learned correspondent. 'Thus,' he writes, 'I felt the glad free airs of morning freshening around me, when, as with harp and lute and silver sounding oboe, woke the grateful song of the virgin daughters of Zion, "For unto us a Child is born," &c. Brighter and lovelier seemed to glow the clouds still hovering on the brink of the horizon, as with deepening thankfulness, with joy awed and tremulous, but collecting courage and self-assurance from its own expression, the suasive, self-convincing iterations of the strain stole through the ravished sense into the listening soul. Wide waved the cedars upon ancient Lebanon their rejoicing arms, glistening with rosy dews the new-born blossoms of the wilderness; mountains and all hills, field and forest, seas and rivers, stood ready to obey the invocation of the Psalmist, and to break forth into one infinite Hosanna, as the living thought, *The government shall be upon His shoulders*, entered into and inspired them. And then it came! the day of all liberated nature,—the pean of a jubilant universe! *His name shall be called WONDERFUL!* At that word, that overpowering burst of music, rushing forth out of heaven in flame and thunder, I fell to the ground. I was not smitten; there was no pang, no stroke, no sensation of unpleasant import; but as if a flood of purest light had shined round about and overflowed me, I sank unharmed

and unresisting. And in that light I saw, comprehending every detail with an instantaneous glance, a picture such as no artist now alive can represent. On a broad tract of the desert, skirted by a range of low and dusky hills, running down behind the spires and turrets of an oriental city, which gleamed amidst palm-trees in the nearer distance, a superb white horse, thrown staggeringly back upon its haunches, was in the act of attempting to recover itself from the sudden and sideward bound which had cast its rider to the earth. With horrent mane, distended nostrils, and eyes wide glaring, the steed hung shuddering, poised and powerless,—the very incarnation of the extreme intensity and the highest form of animal dread: an expression which was carried on and shaded into union with the moral imports of the scene, by the features of a rude bronzed soldier who stood near, transfixed and stupefied, the instant privation and abeyance of all sense and understanding marked by the stiffening hair, and the affrighted contortion of the mouth, and stamped in a mad cataleptic laugh upon the countenance. At his right side a shivering figure, clothed like an ancient Levite, in a garb torn and travel-stained, crouched in abject terror, spreading abroad his arms above his head with an effort of helpless deprecation that enhanced the truculent cowardice and treachery of his sinister aspect. On the opposite side, a bearded Rabbi, in the prime of life, sincere, devout, and zealous, clenched his fingers almost convulsively upon the staff on which he leaned; his sharp, inquisitive, and self-complacent visage agitated by surprise and doubt, mingled with superstitious fear, and turned obliquely upward, as if to listen for something indistinctly heard; while an obsequious attendant, prone on his knees, bent his forehead to the dust, and only dared to cast around a glance of trembling curiosity, restrained by personal apprehension. Beyond were other figures, on foot and horseback, huddled together in alarmed confusion, while two dark horses, riderless and terrified, fled wildly towards the hills. In the foreground, pallid as the white lining of the cloak which had fallen open about him, lay a majestic form, cast in the mould of Nature's own best nobility. The brown hair, streaked with silver on the temples, waved flowingly across the ample forehead, traced with those deep lines which denote alike the presence and the brooding toils of a great intellect. The outheaved chest seemed big with generous purposes and firm resolves; the full throat and the outward droop of the under-lip, with the wrinking compression of the nostril and the corners of the mouth, bespoke the man of pride, and strength, and dignity, and burning eloquence, although the lustre of the voiceful eye was quenched and sheathed as by a film within the half-closed lid, and eclipsed by the dazzling preternatural brightness—above that of the sun at noon-day—which drenched and overflowed the entire face and person. There was a visible contraction of the foot, a paralytic

effort to lift the right hand, and to raise the prostrate head, which were pregnant with amazement, conviction, and humility, and significant as the words themselves of the wondering inquiry, and the passionate heart-cry, *Who art thou, Lord? Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?* Such,' adds the writer, 'was my vision; rather I should say, such was Handel's picture, struck out by three simple notes, of the conversion of St. Paul. I wonder if any of the old painters ever beheld a similar phantom. Raffaello's "Ananias" might have appeared to him, just as this extraordinary picture was seen by me.'

It can hardly be necessary to observe, that the basis of this significant phantasm was the simple impression of overwhelming splendour, of unexpected, unendurable illumination, produced by the sublime chorus which gave rise to it. A more curious instance has not come within our knowledge, of the constructive power of imagination. There is a picture by Rubens, at Leigh Court, which bears no remote resemblance to the conception of the young amateur whom I have quoted.

As was Handel in music, such was Michael Angelo in painting. The same breadth, force, and grandeur of purpose, the same prodigious grasp and mastery of subjects which by their very magnitude would have appalled a diffident and feeble genius, the same impetuous subjugation of executive difficulty, the same disdain of trivial effect and the pettiness of decorative artifice, the same reliance on the permanent and final principles of art, digested and involved in the frame and texture of their minds, must be ascribed to one no less than to the other. Nor does the comparison end there. The *morale* of their respective labours was alike, grave, lofty, and impressive; drawn from the sanctuaries of spiritual power, strength, and the 'dark foundations' of humanity. It was not merely that their themes, being taken from the recorded history or the received traditions of a religion all the more Divine for being strictly anthropomorphic, required a reverential and concordant treatment: the intimate structure of their productive intellect was such as not only led to the choice of those elevated themes, but accumulated round them a vast supernatural awfulness; an air of the tremendous, the inhibited, and the unspeakable, brought from the world beyond the grave. Let any one look, if he can look firmly, at the Lazarus painted by M. Angelo in the picture of Sebastian del Piombo, and his nerves must be of brass, or his heart of iron, if he does not quail before the dread spectacle of a resurgent man still haggard with the unutterable visions of eternity. So in the famous series of the *Cappella Sistina*, designed to illustrate the revelation of Deity to mortals, the figures are those, as Fuseli has finely said, 'of beings to whom you see that the Almighty God has spoken.' Seized with a sacred horror that shakes the soul, confounds, obscures, and overawes the practical worldly understanding, the Sibyls reel

and stagger, struck with prophetic fury; all heaved, and wrung, and haunted by a presence terrible, impulsive, and resistless; a superhuman possession which at once exalts, and drives labouring nature to sublime distraction. What majesty of meditative woe in the 'Jeremiah!' What courage, what fidelity, what austere and dreadful virtue! In the representation of transient passion, in discriminating the critical point of an instantaneous volition, Michael Angelo has no pretensions to be classed with his great rival; but had his skill and means of execution been, equally with those of Raffaello, commensurate to his conceptions, he would have been as far superior to Raffaello, as the latter is to Vandyke. The difference between them corresponds to that which obtains between Æschylus and Sophocles; between Burke and Erskine; between Handel and Mozart. Even the faults of Michael Angelo are identically those of Handel. Rude they are both, only too often harsh; vehement to the verge of fierceness, extravagance, and disproportion; sometimes coarse; but always *great*, solid, imposing, and *Promethean*. There is an inherent majesty, a native boldness about them, such as imagination loves to apprehend in the forms of ancient royalty.

Not inferior in quality, but very different in kind, was the genius of Mozart. Its predominating sentiment suggests the kindlier influences of nature in her loveliest, but saddest, mood. Year after year there comes upon the earth a time when the leaf grows sere, and the lustrous flower droops on its fainting stem, and the ripe fruit drops from the weary bough. Then are the western skies most gorgeous, as the sun sinks slowly down into the purple calm beneath him; then the stars gleam with a clearer ray, but milder and more tender, than the blue summer evening sees, or the keen cold splendour of the nights of winter. Then the groves are vocal with the plaintive notes of the lovely throstle; and the water-lily sheds its waxen petals on the stream, shrunk, but moaning for the genial fervours which have dried up its sources. It is a time when unfelt breezes creep, chill and stealthily, one knows not how, into the blood, with a boding sense of affliction and grief at hand; a time of vague regrets, of pensive recollections, and obscure previsions of mournfulness and pain; when the eyes are dim with idle and causeless tears, and the hectic blush burns, in its treacherous beauty, on the cheek doomed, and lovely with the foretact of an ardour that belongs to a better state and a purer clime. Of that time surely, with its evanescent sweetness, its saddened, fragile sentiment of fair things past, lost Paradisean felicities, and coming evil, to be averted only by humility and penance, some mythic spirit must have become incarnate in the genius and the individual manhood of Mozart.

Poor, weak, erring, repentant human nature is never out of his thoughts. It weeps and prays and trembles with a rueful mis-

giving, dimly prescient of death, and again returns upon itself, rejoicing in light and peace and hope,—consoled, restored, and purified by the balm of contrition, and the healing grace of tears. Mary Magdalene, bathing the holy feet, and anointing them for the burial; David, conscience-stricken, and awaiting, in sackcloth and humiliation, the foreknown issue of his child's sickness; Hagar, lifting up her outcast voice in the waste solitudes of Beersheba; in long cathedral aisles, standing far off, and smiting on their breasts, lone pilgrims of the Cross, still burthened with unexpiated sin; nuns, at their orisons, breathing unsainted names, and sighing with the remembrance of an earthly love: such as these were the images which had a constant reflection in that pure well of harmony, the mind and fertile being of Mozart. The very lightest of his works,—fantasias, rondos, and the sparkling witcheries of melody scattered throughout the *Zauberflöte*,—have a distinct antiphonal relation to this master-tone of his conceptions. The opera, indeed, (written to retrieve the ruined fortunes of a theatrical manager, who basely rewarded his benefactor by robbing him of the copyright of the original score,) is rather a collection of airs adapted to the plot of a fairy tale, and loosely bound together, than a regular organic product of his own genius. But those airs are precisely of the arabesque and fanciful complexion, 'more bright than madness or the dreams of wine,' in which the heart seeks refuge in its occasional recoil from melancholy prepossessions.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the music of Mozart partakes in any measure of that lachrymose monotony which infects the elegant stanzas of some of our lyrical countrywomen, and which, borrowed from them by certain old women of the other sex, now saturates so much of our devotional poetry with a hysterical and drizzling pathos, as pitiable as it is unhealthy, insincere, and deleterious. On the contrary, this great musician was not further removed from the Herculean force of Handel, than he was from the puling insipidities which, both in verse and music, have since his day been palmed upon deluded audiences, for the genuine and connatural eloquence of penitential piety and sorrowing affection. There was nothing maudlin about him, no 'nursing' of sympathetic sicklinesses and lugubrious affectations. If he wept, it was like a man heart-smitten, giving vent to emotions not enervate, but ennobling. The tendernesses of his soul never transgress the boundaries of masculine dignity, and the decorum of classic art; never degenerate into the fantastic luxuries of a cherished musing, dainty and unreal, or the excesses of pietistic self-reclamation. Nor does this touching under-strain, this characteristic melancholy, at all preclude the emergence of feelings joyous and exultant as the golden gleams of love, or the ideal Eden in which passionate youth builds up its towers of visionary bliss. The fountain of tears pours its murmuring

stream into the spring of hope, to be there transmuted and cast forth again in gushing gladness and vivacious melody. The funereal cypress only sets off the rose that hides the happy wild bee in its heart beside it. The profound *adagio*, meditative and preparatory, with its smooth, slow, recurring modulations, like the large billows of a star-lit sea, gives birth to the *andante*, which from the depths of song draws forth a spirit sad with memorials of the purities of earliest life, and shrinking from the foreseen perils of darkness and of death, awaiting all that is beloved. It is a modulated heart-sigh, an idealized articulation of the reflux of a passion which absorbs, and by its mere redundancy and intensity disturbs, the mind wherein it dwells. This, too, begets its own antithesis and counter-strain, in the final *allegro*; which bursts upon the ear, rioting in the exuberant happiness of conquests won, and wild hopes realized, and mutual aspirations kindling in the gleam of rapturous successes, and fond arms folded round all that the earth has of the dear and beautiful, held amid scenes of vernal splendour, all musical with the fruition and the reiterative promise of love, and loveliness, and victory. There is no discrepancy, no contradiction, no impertinence; simply a necessary evolution of the joy prefigured in the woe that craved for and reached after it; even as daylight issues from the womb of night. It is but the procession of a logical unity; the development of one idea, the life of an unfolding thought, which every phase and motion supports, implies, and is dependent for its own colour and direction upon every other. This, by the way, is the very principle of artistic contrast, not the wilful antagonism of 'gay to grave, of lively to severe;' far less the random alternation of contrariant effects; but the production, within one encircling bond, of kindred opposites, inferring the sunbeam from the cloud, the positive impulse from the negative condition, the complementary ray from its severed and incomplete correlative.

The manner in which the vital integrity of Mozart's conceptions is maintained, has been well described by Coleridge in the 'Friend.' 'The present strain,' he says, 'seems not only to recal, but almost to renew, some past movement, another, and yet the same. Each present movement, bringing back, as it were, and embodying, the spirit of some melody that had gone before, anticipates, and seems trying to overtake, something that is to come; and the musician has attained the summit of his art, when, having thus modified the present by the past, he, at the same time, weds the past, in the present, to some prepared and responsive future. The auditors' thoughts and feelings move under the same influence; retrospection blends with anticipation, and hope and memory, a female Janus, become one power, with a double aspect.'

These observations, acute and sagacious as they are, might be

amply verified by an examination of the structure of the dramatic compositions of the master; particularly of the 'Don Giovanni.' The aching bitterness, the void heart-weariness, and aimless yearnings of the opening movements, the 'vanity of vanities' inscribed on all the 'stale, flat, and unprofitable uses' of this world, the blank satiety preying on the exhausted spirits of the forlorn voluptuary, carry with them a presentiment of future recklessness, and indicate the strong under-current already setting in towards final and complete destruction. Muffled, remote, and threatening, there sounds at ever-recurring intervals a deep, angry knell, which thrills the nerves like a rebuking conscience, or the memory of some inextinguishable curse. Through all the changes of the drama, the same fearful monition makes itself felt, as a latent presence, a subterranean danger, an impending thunder-stroke. Amidst frantic orgies and convivial mirth, amidst all licentious festivities and whirling passions and the gilded mockeries of the Sybarite, and the schemes of sensual avidity, and the fierce hilarities of desperation, the dire vacuity and lurking anguish of a proud intellect and a perverted will show like the draped skeleton of Egyptian banquets, or the grim Erinyes of Athenian tragedy; till, in the terrific statue scene, they attain their climax, and pour their voice of solemnizing horror over the victory of consternation, and confusion, and despair; out of which arise a wail, a cry, and an unearthly sentence,—'LOST! SAVED! JUDGED!' If you wish to understand the first part of the 'Faust,' blot out the worthless libretto of 'Don Giovanni,' and diligently study that wordless poetry of the musician, which, if we are not very much mistaken, Goethe has, with no wide deviation from its scope, re-produced in verse. The main difference between the dramatic poem and the musical lies in this,—that Mozart was the greater poet of the two.

But the noblest monuments of the exquisite genius of Mozart are, after all, his Masses. Every man who desires to witness a revival of art in England, must rejoice to learn that they are daily becoming more accessible and better known to the bulk of the people. Morally, their influence is of the purest and the best. The *Kyrie eleison* of the Thirteenth Mass (the Requiem) embodies all the self-abandoning supplications, all the reproaches of a heart pierced by convictions of infirmity, of error, and depravity, all the pangs and helplessness of the 'wounded spirit,' which no man can bear. The soul of penitence which gasps forth its petitions in the Fifty-first Psalm, lives again and breathes imploring sorrow in the deep-toned ejaculations of the strain. The *Credo* of the Seventh Mass throbs with the pulse of the old patriarchal faith, *I know that my Redeemer liveth.*

We linger on these salient beauties of the one perfect musical artist ever seen by men, not merely for the sake of the delight which clings to every recollection of his music, but because,

wanting space to enter on a full investigation of the sources and the nature of his power, we are anxious to convey so much of our own view of the character of his mind, and the pervading spirit of his works, as may assist to breed that temper which befits the contemplation of works greater still, and still more beautiful, than his,—the works of his sole prototype and exemplar, in the sister art of painting, the divine Raffaello.

The visitor to the Florentine Gallery often turns away from objects of more ostensible interest, to scan, with a peculiar and affectionate curiosity, the portrait of a youth habited in a plain dark tunic, with a velvet cap upon his head. A broad, clear forehead, eyes lucid, thoughtful, and serene, and rendered touching in their deep tranquillity by the elliptical formation of the upper lid, and that fulness of the orbicular muscle which softens down the shadow of the eyebrow; a nose projecting slightly beyond the statuesque facial line, but curved into a shape of singular grace and delicacy; lips of that exquisite beauty of line, and eloquent freshness, which are among the usual charms of the fairest of sweet-voiced women; with a throat and chin moulded like those of the Apollo, and long brown hair flowing in easy waves upon the neck,—compose an image of personal fascinations such as is seldom seen in the ruder sex. The face is one of the kind which ‘limners love to paint, and ladies to look upon.’ But for its youthfulness, it might almost be considered somewhat too feminine; too bland and gentle for the spring of manly life. But a closer inspection brings to light the inceptive traces, on the still flexile features, of masculine decision, vigour, and self-dependence, and the calm pride of richest intellectual resources. It is the face of ‘one whose heart the holy forms’ of young imagination have kept pure; who lives among high thoughts, and generous ambitions, and beneficent endeavours; one to whom ‘the still, sad music of humanity’ has borne promptings of faith and charity; and whose young soul is astir with grand prophetic impulses, and elevating dreams of power, and nobleness, and virtue. It is the face of that prince of art, that chosen heir of immortality, that child of genius, that great, wise, saintly spirit, the cheerful, placid, brightly and beautifully human Raffaello.

As that face bespeaks him, such was Raffaello; as in person, so in mind, the loveliest of the sons of men. No unhandsome temper, no ugly fancy, no stain of foul or vulgar passions cleaved to him; nothing that was corrupt, or vile, or mean; nothing obscene, or sordid, or contemptible; no jealousies, no poor malignities, no ignominious follies could harbour in his beautiful nature. Ingenuous as the day, he walked along the highways of a dissolute age in modest dignity and freedom. The mire of Italian cities soiled not his garments; the licences of a depraved and faithless generation could not debauch the heart of genial piety within him, or sully the transparent lustre of his calm, large, vivid, and

penetrating intellect. In times when the whole fabric of society was out of joint, and when Popes and Hierarchs, vowed to perpetual temperance and chastity, wallowed in oriental sensualism, the private life of Raffaele was one of exemplary and conspicuous piety. 'His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart,' holding sublime communion with historic sanctities and Catholic traditions, and ever sheltering itself amid things high, and good, and sacred, the excellent, the elegant, the exquisite, the beautiful, and the Divine. This praise justice itself cannot refuse to one, the unrivalled master of an art which has been falsely and foolishly accused, by coarseness, ignorance, and prurient suspicion, of pandering to vice, inflaming the sensuous imagination, and impairing the efficiency of moral instincts which deter men from defilement and dishonour.

Genius is neither more nor less than an intense, capacious, self-expanding, and fertile humanity; the universal manifested, dominant, and procreative in the individual. Whatsoever, therefore, has a lively and commanding interest for the general spirit of mankind, must needs fasten itself upon the sympathies of genius with a distinctness and a depth of impress proportioned to its peculiar amplitude and sensibility. With clearer intuitions, swifter and keener apprehensiveness, a profounder faculty has place of speculation and reflection,—an insight, a quick distinguishing sagacity, and an analytic penetration, to which ordinary minds are strangers. Those finer shades of feeling, obscure as they are volatile, interminglings and transitions unfixable by consciousness, and eluding the most curious introspection that a morbid pietism can institute, are often brought into the light, disentangled, defined, and made intelligible, by the searching vision and the sure touch of genius. How true is this of Shakspeare! How plainly stand revealed upon his page, the prepared susceptibility, and the immediate birth in Romeo, to himself inscrutable, of his love for Juliet; the hidden seed of distrust germinating in the noble bosom of Othello; the first conception, and the half-known after-growth, of crime in Macbeth; the contending impulses of Hamlet, his hindered resolution, his confounding doubts, his pause between two adverse duties, the oscillations of a will distracted by conflicting motives, urged, on one side, by the monstrous alliance of revenge with filial obedience and a præternatural behest, by native honour and moral aversion on the other; the blight of brave affections by suspicions forced into a heart once frank and open as the day; the frequent falling from assumed derangement into involuntary madness; and that shudder of the soul at the Almighty's canon of self-slaughter, and the dread prospect of something after death, which unnerves his suicidal purpose in the grand soliloquy! These disclosures, these minute and transitory traits, are as essential to the absolute individuality of the character, as to the dramatic ex-

pression of that character at the particular instant which they occupy. They are motions of the deepest self, the innermost man, glimpses and shadowings of the sacred life, the element within us of the future, the invisible, and the eternal.

Be it remembered that a picture is, or ought to be, a mute poem, a picture of action, a dramatic poem; and with that thought kept in mind, we cannot fail to understand that the rare and exquisite power which we attribute to Shakspeare, that supreme gift of genius, is not more emphatically his than it is Raffaello's.

We stand on a low island in the middle of a lake, an inland sea, sheltered among the Galilean hills, one of which, rising abruptly from the edge of the water, where it retires into the hollow of the coast, is crowned by the towered walls and lofty edifices of the city of Capernaum. Our immediate foreground is a point of the insular beach, whereon some wild eastern cranes are feeding, the thin marshy soil behind them being fringed with sedge and bulrushes, and sparse aquatic vegetation. The day is not yet far advanced towards noon, the light floating clouds which overcast the sky just parting languidly before the increasing, but still sheathed and softened, brightness of the unseen sun. Large birds of various plumage sail through the silent air, or sport upon the surface of the tide. Over the whole scene is diffused that breathing serenity which to the meek of heart is suggestive of grateful and resigned submission to the will of Heaven. In two small boats, of which one, cast loose, and all unguided, drifts sideways to the hither shore, are some grouped figures that arrest attention by their significant postures and gesticulation. In the nearer vessel, sits at the stern, as if throned, and inclining forward with benignant grace, the very Monarch of those waves, the Lord of all nature. The passing breeze scarce waves the long curled hair that falls majestically upon His shoulders, and stirs His garments only into folds of nobler beauty and more regal elegance. A crystal light shines on the front and the exposed side of the form, and radiates from that countenance, so sublimely calm, so Godlike in its blended benevolence and awful dignity. A smile is on the lips, of that ineffable complacency with which the mother soothes a frightened babe; and while the left arm rests in sovereign ease upon the thigh, the right hand, raised to denote and emphasize the spoken words, seems to command at once, and to uphold, all that you have before your view, and to convey authority, forgiveness, and encouragement to the kneeling suppliant at His feet. As if the Providence which guards and prospers the fisher in his toils upon the deep had suddenly become incarnate in His person, as if some beam from that august and luminous visage had flashed into his soul a sudden recognition of the Son of God made man, Peter, the rude, strong, fervid, and impetuous pilot of the lakes, sinks on his knees before the

author of what he now perceives to be, indeed, a miracle of the Almighty. There is a visible tremor in his whole robust and hardy frame; the lusty arms shake as they are outstretched in terrified petition; the quivering cheek quails, blanched, awestricken, and confounded; the fear, the self-conviction of unworthiness, the intolerable sense of a superhuman visitation, glare from the eyes appalled, but melting back into nascent gratitude, and re-confirmed faith, and devout affection, as the cry of flesh and blood, shrinking from the contest of revealed Deity, *Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!* is rather forestalled and intercepted than replied to by the gracious and sustaining admonition, *Fear not.*

Behind his brother,—balanced, for the instant, in the act of bending down in homage on one knee,—the sedater and less ardent Andrew, who has risen from his labours to look round upon the speakers, spreads out his hands, in thankful astonishment at the prodigious draught which overloads the little barque, checked, awed, subdued, and stricken into calmer adoration by the voice and vision of Omniscience that greet him as he looks. ‘Ah! whom do I behold? It is the very form of Godhead! the promised Son of David, the Lord of life and glory!’ Such is the thought expressed in that reverent and absorbing gaze, and that suspended genuflexion. In the second boat,—part of which is hidden by the prow of the first, as they lie close together, and the retracted foot of Andrew,—a younger figure, slighter and more refined, turns towards the Christ a face so replete with native and prepared benignity, as to offer only a shaded, paler, and purely human reflex of His own infinite compassion. It is an aspect which, with something of the unfixedness, the undecided outline, and the fluxional forms of youth, argues a spirit docile, faithful, tender, and devoted as the loving heart of woman, or the awakening sympathies of childhood. The bright curls cluster round a brow, smooth and free from all trace of care, or guile, or selfish or ignoble passion, and invests the beautiful head with a lambent grace and purity, that makes it worthy to be laid upon the breast of its Divine Friend and Master. As the son of Zebedee stoops to assist in gathering up the net, he has a glimpse of what is passing in the other skiff, and catches from the neighbouring disciples a hint of their emotion, and its cause. One hand withdrawn already, the other nearly relinquishing its hold upon the meshes of the snare, a ray of eager intelligence expands over the features, and glistens in those thoughtful eyes, which, as their owner erects himself to his full stature, will, even before the knee of Andrew can be bent, deepen into a glance of trembling, earnest, joyful, and adoring satisfaction. Beside him, James, a nervous, muscular man, in the early prime of life, with resolved strength and steadiness of character marked on his

powerful limbs and bold, stern forehead, bows his broad shoulders to the fisher's task, not yet aware of the miraculous interposition, or the solemn discovery. The rough, weather-beaten frame of Zebedee himself, seated in the hinder part of the ship, intent only on keeping it in a position convenient for securing the contents of the nets, sets off alike the juvenile gracefulness of the St. John, the benevolent majesty of the Christ, and the profound agitation of the two fraternal Apostles, the interest of the subject declining gradually down to the last figure, which in itself is a picture of ripe and vigorous maturity, honestly bent on its accustomed occupation, and bearing evident signs of the habit of manful labour, and the cautious and adroit sagacity that grows from old experience.

This we conceive to be, however superficial, not an unfaithful account of the sentiment and the ideal purport of the Cartoon which represents the Vocation of St. Peter. But the interest of the design is by no means exhausted in this grand impression. On the further coast, divers companies of people are either engaged in animated conversation on the subjects of the Saviour's recent discourse, or pensively returning to the town. Temples and pyramids, relieved against the horizon, repose in the mild light that rises over them, like a dawn of blessing. The wild fowl seek their food or pastime, unscared and safe in that protecting and parental presence. The very trees are alive with the cool refreshing verdure of the showers of spring. A heavenly peace broods on the wave, and sheds its reconciling softness through the sky. Every thing, too, is in its place. Draw close the floating drapery of the Christ, or reduce the hair to the neck, and the line of the back will come flatly against the sea. Remove the weeds upon the bank, at once there is a hardness, incompatible with the entire tranquillity of the effect. The bill, the neck, the wings, the bulk, and height of the first crane admit of no imaginable alteration. They tame off the harsh, angular projection of the stern of the boat, and repeat, vary, and continue the linear inclinations, masses, lights, shades, and colours of the composition. So do the others; not a tuft of feathers can be spared, transposed, diminished, or enlarged, without material injury to the whole picture. Even the position of their legs is of importance, as you will be infallibly convinced, if, in copying, you attempt to deviate, ever so little, from the lines which they describe. The ripple of the water, and the net partially drawn above, serve to connect the forms, and to preclude a bare space that would vex the sight. The fish heaped together answer a like purpose, and preserve the flowing grace of the delineation. Where an unpleasant vacuity would else appear between the Christ and Peter, you have a bird fluttering on the water; a second between the heads of Andrew and his companion. The out-

spread wings, and the dense plumage, of the larger birds in the air, are required as points of rest and shadow in the midst of what, if they were absent, would be felt, not only as a glaring blankness, but as a glow too vivid to be reconciled to the prevailing stillness, sobriety, and hushed tone of the vision. Every tongue of land that juts into the lake helps to unite the group, and support the individual figures. Let those who doubt the literal fidelity of this description be at the pains to analyse the composition for themselves. They will then be convinced that only too little of the marvellous truth has been told.

If Holloway and Richardson, who are reputed our best commentators upon Raffaele, had not taken the superfluous trouble to vindicate the dimensions of the boat in this Cartoon against the cavils of some minute critics, it would never have occurred to us that an exception so frivolous and futile could have been seriously taken by any candid or reasonable observer. That the vessels of the apostolical fishermen were actually very small ones, is more than probable; for 'they began to sink' under a load not greater than the nets were large enough to enclose. This, however, is a matter-of-fact consideration which has little weight. One writer has well shown, that boats of more ample bulk would, by their mass and prominence, have distracted the spectator's attention from the character and the action represented,—a pertinent and effectual defence. It is not the flotilla of the Lake Gennesaret that we are to see, but a certain transaction of high human concernment taking place upon that Lake. To increase the bulk of the ships would not merely so obtrude them on the eye as to obscure the cardinal intention of the painter and mar the ideal impression, but would, moreover, necessitate the alteration or concealment of some essential details of the figures. Could any further justification be required, it might be found in the effect given by the diminutive size of the boats to the foremost disciples, who appear liable to sink into the depth, but for the very act and sovereign gesture of the Christ, which at once rule and *uphold* the scene.

This picture of the 'Call of Peter' conducts us naturally to the 'Charge,'—the highest, purest, most instructive, in a word, the most faultlessly perfect *design* that the art of painting has produced. This opinion, very deliberately formed, and more than ever strengthened by recent inspection of the work, we pronounce advisedly; neither insensible to the superlative excellencies of the remaining Cartoons, nor oblivious of the beauty of the 'Transfiguration,' which, adding the sunny splendour and rich surface of the Venetian school to the severe and chaste merits of the Roman, and that poetic truth of conception peculiar to the genius of Raffaele, may rightly be regarded as the apotheosis of pictorial art.

The subject of the picture is taken from the narrative of St. John (xxi. 15-19). To that narrative, however, the artist has not rigidly adhered. He introduces not the seven persons mentioned as having witnessed the appearance of our Saviour, (one of whom was Nathanael,) but the eleven Apostles. The number alone is a conclusive proof that such was his intention. Indeed, it is to be supposed that, although the particular incident recorded by the beloved historian of the dialogue with Peter is here put forth, the painter meant to present, in substance, either that final interview of Jesus with the assembled members of the apostolical college, which St. Luke speaks of as immediately preceding the Ascension, or else a general type of those several manifestations to which all the Evangelists allude, with some trifling differences of specific information. The incident itself was, in any case, too plainly the property of art to be omitted by Raffaello. Such is the intellectual wealth lavished upon his works, that whatever of thought, of fancy, or of reminiscence can harmoniously associate itself with their gist and reigning sentiment, may safely be expected to find a place in them. Thus, in the 'Healing of the Lame Man at the Gate of the Temple,' you have the beautiful young mother, with her look of pitying piety, pressing the infant to her heart, as she thanks God that her own sweet offspring has not been born a cripple. So, in the 'Ananias,' there is a female figure, anxiously pondering the weight and tale of the few coins which she is about to cast into the common treasury;—a touching remembrance of the poor widow of the Gospel, with her two mites. How any critic who had not lost one, at least, if not both, of his eyes, could ever have identified that woman with Sapphira, it passes our wit to conjecture.

Some debate there has been, as to the precise period indicated in the picture. Holloway contends, in his 'Analysis,' that it is the period of the first question addressed to Peter, or rather of the first utterance of the charge. 'This time,' he says, 'afforded an opportunity of describing stronger expression among the disciples, as it was the first moment of their arrested attention, and consequent surprise. Upon the second inquiry, Peter would have discovered more emotion; and John could not have been in the act of advancing. *The time of the third cannot be supposed, because Peter's grief was then great*; and it is likely the other disciples would have drawn nearer the Saviour, in order to present themselves to Him, and partake His notice. And the surprise must, at that time, have been changed into assurances of zeal and attachment.' We must profess our astonishment that a living artist of some note should, in his own 'Review of the Cartoons,' have termed these reasons 'ingenious and satisfactory.' Ingenious enough, in all conscience; but as unsatisfactory as their ingenuity is perverse. For, First, none

but the blind can doubt that Peter is *grieved*. Secondly. He awaits words yet to be spoken; namely, the words which succeeded the last admonition. Thirdly. The Redeemer stands prepared to remove from the spot, as soon as He has finished speaking, in accordance with the concluding mandate, *Follow me!* Fourthly. *Surprise* is not, as the closing sentence of our quotation would insinuate, the predominating emotion of the group. How the disciples should have drawn nearer to one whose station, carriage, and demeanour express the prohibition, *Touch me not! for I have not yet ascended to my Father*, we leave those who put their trust in this writer to explain.

The inspired relater of the event explicitly assigns the reason of his fellow-disciple's sorrow. *Peter was grieved because Jesus said unto him the THIRD TIME, Lovest thou Me?* Nor does the original language of the record warrant the distinction sometimes attempted to be drawn. *Ἀγαπάω* is a word denoting warm personal attachment; something of human passion and endearment is implicated with the idea which it signifies. *Φιλέω* imports constancy, devotion, self-surrender, and fidelity. It is a word of reverence and of dedication, involving a profession of continuous service and steady zeal, and therefore has, on this occasion, a special propriety in the mouth of the rebuked Apostle. It is not that he claims to entertain only a humbler love than his Master challenges; but, sensible of the sore transgression which embitters the reproach implied in the demand, he protests, and invokes Omniscience itself to testify, that, in spite of past delinquencies and violated vows, he is still, and now, the repentant, faithful, loving friend and servant of that adorable Lord and Master. And that in this sense his confession is accepted and understood, is clear from the prediction and the command which ensue; amounting, as they do, to a recognition of the truth of the penitent appeal, and an assurance that the faith avowed shall be consummated by martyrdom on earth, and recompensed by an unfading crown hereafter. They who turn over the Bible, not to inhale its spirit of godly wisdom, to respire the air of a holier world, and refresh their hearts with the lively influences of truth and charity, but to cull from its pages textual authorities and corroborations for their own dogmatical figments and pragmatical conceits, are only too apt to miss the ethical tendency of its most gracious lessons, and distort the oracles of heaven into a metaphysic snare. It was in no such temper that Raffaele perused the sacred story. The sincere simplicities of scriptural narration, fraught with the poesy which God Himself has interfused through all the aspects of creation, the dear human vanities, the accredited responsiveness of mute external nature to the moved souls of men, never were lost on him. Few of us can have survived the season of exulting youth, without some experience of the desolation, the bedimmed sorrow,

of bereavement. The light of our eyes has been extinguished, they whom we loved and leaned upon, they whose life was to us as a secret and deeper power of life within ourselves; for whom, for whose sake, *their* delight, their approbation, their rewarding plaudits, their commending satisfaction, we have cast aside infirmity, stood bravely up against a sea of outward troubles, and striven manfully to fulfil *their* desires and expectations, who have gone from us into darkness, apathy, and cold obstruction. The object and the strength of all our efforts and all our endurances has vanished. Whithersoever we may turn, there is a void, a drear inanity, a universal privation, a drifting hollowness, a blind frustration, and a throng of mocking impulses. Our existence has grown purposeless, incomprehensible, and painfully oppressive,—a mystery, a burden, and a misery. If, in addition to these common fruits of grief, a thought should haunt us of some wrong done to the dead,—some unconfessed and unatoned betrayal, some casual but unworthy sin, some cowardly unfaithfulness, which we cannot now bear to think of, and would even die to expiate, to know that it had been forgiven,—how much more poignant, crushing, and insufferable would be our affliction! Baffled, restless, perplexed, and stung, the calls of this world would yet summon us to resume our ordinary pursuits, and to seek in them a diversion from the weariness of despondency and care. In some such mood it must have been, that Peter, sore of heart for the memory of his departed Lord, and still goaded by the sense of his ungrateful and ungenerous denial, said to his brethren, who themselves had forsaken their Divine Leader in the hour of extremity and danger, *I go a fishing*. How pathetically true, true to the nature and feelings of humanity, that resolution, with the half-hinted invitation to join him in the laborious activity which alone can distract their thoughts from the painful reflections that engross them! Participating his convictions, his remorse, his uneasy need of objects and exertions alien from the sorrow which lies heavy and disconsolate on all of them, *We also go with thee*, is the prompt reply of his brethren. None of them can forego the solace of society; united as they henceforth must be by the bond of a common loss, and an equal suffering. Observe now, with what accurate sensibility, what intuitive and sure discernment, Raffaëlle has caught the very tone and *ὑψος* of the evangelical record. All night they toiled in vain. The day broke on that vexed and sleepless crew, still busy at the oar, still searching, all pre-occupied and down-cast as they were, the sterile waves, to them so hallowed by the remembrance of Him who had rebuked the storm, and miraculously filled their nets with spoil. As if in tenderness to the forlorn emotions, in sympathy with the fainting spirits of those unsuccessful fishers, the arising sun seems to withhold its usual effulgence, wrapped in a languid shade that overspreads the sky.

No garish beam breaks through the dusky, but not sombre, uniformity of cloud: no strong ray glitters on the slumbering hills, or tips the spiry heights of the proud city with a discordant gleam. The light that creeps along them is all tempered into unison with mild regrets, and the benign hope which is born of unyielding patience. All is subdued and veiled, quiet, passive, and expectant. The spirit of a breathless calm sleeps on the Lake, and suffuses the dim brooding vapours that shroud 'the innocent brightness of the new-born day.' Once more we look upon the same Sea of Tiberias, with its hanging rock, shadowed by lofty trees, and the proud structures of that Capernaum which was 'exalted unto heaven,' boldly defined against the clouds. The point of view is somewhere nearer to the town, one of those angular projections of the land, which form the borders of a creek running in from the main expanse. At one end of the picture, part of a boat appears, moored at the water's edge; at the other, a few sheep are grazing peacefully, and undisturbed by the proximity of human visitants. In front of them, stands, robed in a simple white garment wound over the right shoulder, leaving the left arm and breast uncovered, a figure which Raffaele alone, of all the multitude of Christian painters, could have conceived and executed. Imagine for yourselves the condition of a departed spirit; holy of heart, sublime in thought, calm in the majesty of eternal peace, reposing from the conquest of death, with all the vestiges of earthly passion purged and done away; filled with the solemn love, and clothed with the ethereal purities, of a heavenly twilight; one not yet glorified, but passed into the precinct of supernal being, and foreshadowing in himself already the 'glory that shall be revealed:'—and a faint, imperfect phantom of the Christ of Raffaele will rise before you. Pallid with 'that still, changeless air,' that serene and colourless transparency which so often lends to the features of the dead a touching and mysterious beauty that is not of this world, the benignant grandeur and spiritual grace of the whole countenance are alike deepened and chastened and softened into a guileless ray, a tranquil and heart-fraught complacency, a relenting gentleness, that invite all sweet and faithful charities to wind themselves about One whose august air of greatness and command might otherwise repress and overawe the sentiment of brotherly affection. Renewed in youth, His rich dark hair sweeps nobly down into the mass of drapery on one side, and, falling in redundant waves upon the opposite shoulder, mingles with the delicate beard, which relieves the lucid paleness of that unfathomable face. The eyes—those awful eyes, sweet as the first stars of evening—are raised, not (as some have conjectured) in abstraction from the scene, but for the purpose of including within their glance those for whom that glance has a peculiar and blest significance. It is a glance of light, that liquid light of pardoning

love which, not content to carry pardon only, gives with it also solace, and encouragement, and honour; the very glance which all of us have seen, perchance only too often, in the eyes of a placable and kindly father. And thus He stands in an attitude as mighty as it is composed, as dignified as it is natural and easy;—His right hand pointing to the keys held by Peter; the other extended towards and over the unconscious sheep, as if intimating His care for them, and shedding even on the dumb creatures of that almighty hand the *tender mercies* which are *over all His works*. Either he is a bad man, or a lamentably thoughtless one, who can gaze on that transcendent impersonation, without feeling how grievous and how base a thing it must be to offend a Being so majestic, so Divine, and withal so unutterably lovely!

We have elsewhere spoken of the *statuesque* character of this unrivalled figure. Had it come down to us in marble, mutilated like so many of the antique sculptures,—the arms broken, and the features half obliterated,—it would probably have become the subject of much controversy. The general action of the uninjured statue having been, as it easily might, colourably ascertained, the question would have arisen, to which of three distinct occasions that action must be referred. The commonest conjecture would probably have been, that the statue represented the Saviour when recognised by Mary in the garden, exhibiting the embracement of His feet by the prostrate worshipper. Against this supposition a learned few would have argued, from the condescending sovereignty and the supernatural mien of the fragment, that it had been designed as a sublime attempt to embody the apparition of the Apocalypse: *And when I saw Him, I fell at His feet as dead. And He laid His right hand upon me, saying, Fear not; I am the first and the last: I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.* Each party to that hypothetical controversy would have had some truth on its side: as far as they went, both would have been right; for of both those passages there is a pregnant intimation in the surpassing form of the arisen Christ in the Cartoon. The former passage is recalled by the sense of a more than mortal sanctity, which restrains the disciples from closing round their Lord: the second, by the authoritative demonstration and the mandatory movement. The fact is, that Raffaello's conception was an absolute synthesis of the two ideas. The unific power of his imagination drew together all characteristic recollections and associative traits, and fused them, and re-organized into one integral and comprehensive type of that truth of which they were the separate exponents. In *character*, this figure is definitively Christ risen from the dead, but not yet ascended

to His Father,—nevertheless Christ, *the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever*,—because, in *expression*, it is Christ, Divine in holiness, human in sympathy, inexorably righteous in reproof and judgment, and at the same time altogether gracious in consolation and forgiveness; upbraiding His disciples for their hardness of heart and unbelief, but prompt to meet, to anticipate, and to reward the effort and self-sacrifice of penitential faith; convincing by His penetrating word, restoring by His act of mercy and deliverance; and proleptic ever of the Paraclete, whom the Father will send in His name.

It is no unusual thing to meet with those whose personal appearance, once familiar, has, from age, from change of health, or physical circumstances, undergone an alteration not always easily defined, but sufficient to prevent their former acquaintances from recognising their identity, until some well-known action, some play of feature, some accent, or peculiar mode of speech, at once restores the past impression, and reconciles it with the present. Some analogous change must be presumed to have taken place in the bodily presence of Christ, between the time of His death and the morning of the resurrection. It was not till the tone of His voice, calling her by name, fell on the ear of Mary Magdalene, that she knew the speaker. Of His two companions in the journey to Emmaus, He was *known* only in the *breaking of bread*, immediately before He vanished from their sight. If you compare the figure of the Saviour in this picture with that of the 'Miraculous Draught,' you will perceive that the great painter has, with admirable skill, contrived to preserve the same person, notwithstanding the conspicuous and appropriate difference. It is younger, more elevated, more abstracted, less warm with fleshly vitality; it has less of the earthly and the sensuous; it brings with it airs from heaven, the calmness of a realm beyond the tomb, and the might of ghostly conquest; but the same figure, as to its conformation and corporeal structure, which, walking on the waves, bade the affrighted seamen be of good courage,—*A spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see Me have*,—and put forth the same merciful arms to snatch Peter from the deep. Of that passage also there is a hint and a *memento* in the figure.

Drawn as near to Him as reverent nature would permit, the Apostles seem to have been standing, when the question, *Lovest thou Me?* repeated for the third time, with a deeper and convictive emphasis, touches the broken heart of Peter, and casts him down, once more a passionate suppliant and confessor, on his knees. Ere the act can be completed, while the foot is still contracted with the unfinished movements; ere the tearful eyes can overflow, or the words of contrite faith and burning love be spoken to the end; the pardoning hand is reached

towards the wounded servant, the gift bestowed, the final charge delivered! Again we have the same Peter as before; fervid, affectionate, impulsive, dignified, and ennobled doubtless, and endued with somewhat of self-mastery and composure by his long and constant association with the Prince of Peace; but the same individual man whom we have seen, bowed, trembling, and astonished before the Ruler of the sea. As if the extended finger of the Christ wrought a fresh miracle in accordance with His word,—as a seal of His forgiveness, and a sensible symbol of His renewed commission,—Peter, clasping his hands in the energy of troubled emotion and expostulating prayer, closes them on the mystic keys, a phantom suddenly grown solid and substantial in his grasp; and, holding them as with a life embrace, as though fain to bind them to his heart, as though no power should henceforth pluck them from him, receives through them, like an electric current, the grace flowing from the lips, along the arm of the Redeemer, into his very soul. People whose polemic sensitiveness prompts them to quarrel with the intrusion of the emblematic keys, overlook the exquisite sentiment conveyed by this method of conducting the eye down from the face of the Christ to the bosom of the kneeling disciple.

With this view of the artist's intention (and with no other) agrees the total impression of the form. For this purpose, amongst others, the light is so arranged as to throw the head of Peter into shadow; a device by which the glance of the spectator is constrained to follow the direction of the Saviour's gesture, without being directed to the agitated face of the Apostle. Relieved against the expanding and smooth surface of the neck, and connected by the nearer shore-line with the head of Christ, that face is eloquent of those transitional and confluent feelings which words are painfully incompetent to reach. While yet the heart-wrung supplication, the appealing vow, hang quivering on the tongue, and glisten in the upturned eyes, the quick sense of reprieve, of consolation, of retrieved acceptance, and restoring favour, mounts to the brain, and mantles, in a blush, from the throat upward to the brow. The shame, the anguish, the sacrificial dedication, the adorning passion, not yet passed away, are at strife with the speechless joy, the silent praise, the rapture-flood of acknowledged love, and the thrilling bliss of restitution, sanctified and deepened into a shuddering awfulness by the recollection of former lapses, and the dread of possible temptation and offence hereafter. That face, with its profound humility, its meek solemnity, its pleading earnestness, its votive gratitude, and its obedient faith, is an epitome of repentant frailties, vanquished errors, conscious reconciliation, and future integrity of virtue.

Taking the figures in the order in which they strike the eye,

the next, behind St. Peter, is that of John,—a figure of such exceeding beauty, as to awaken at first sight thoughts of female gentleness, confiding love, and pure devotedness. Alive to the reproof couched in the last impressive question of the Saviour, and with the kindly instincts of a benignant mind, sympathizing with the distress of his rebuked companion, he starts forward to attest the sincerity of the penitent disciple's declaration, and to intercede on his behalf, urging his own undoubting and unfaltering attachment, his enduring fellowship and intimacy with the Messiah, as the ground and plea of his generous mediation. For this mediatorial office there is an obvious and peculiar fitness in the personal attributes of St. John, who here, as in all the works of Raffaele wherein he is seen, has the appearance of reflecting and embodying, in a softer, feebler, and imperfect incarnation, the benevolence and human tenderness of his Divine Exemplar. The raised hands, and the beseeching look of intercessory affection, regarding both the injured Master and the unfaithful friend, indicate a sensibility, a self-oblivion, and a petitioning disinterestedness, eminently characteristic of him who, beyond all the followers of the Holy One, came nearest to the immaculate Pattern of all long-suffering, forbearance, and considerate charity. The syllables of mercy, bearing with them a new blessing and a high behest, have reached his ears, anticipating and arresting his beneficent desire; and the imploring piety is passing into a deeper awe, a love more intense, but rising into worship and sublimity, with the enhanced conviction of the present Godhead. In this face, too, the past impression has reached that critical point where it meets and mingles with the future.

It might seem that the three personages we have been contemplating form an ideal cycle; and in this view, the sentimental capabilities of the event being exhausted, every additional figure must be impertinent and foreign to a group so rich in expressive compass, variety, and comprehensive unity. But see, in the rear of John, Andrew presses on, with a ruder, less restrained, more vehement and eager sympathy. It is a brother, and an elder one, for whom he would plead; his guide, his leader, his instructor; the partaker of his daily toil, his counsellor, his revered and kindred friend. In the whole picture nothing is more beautiful, nothing more touching, than this fraternal solicitude; nothing more natural than this impetuous warmth of feeling shared by the brother of the fervent and cordial Peter, and excited upon his account. So Peter would himself have acted, had their situations been reversed. As that position scarcely allows him to perceive the entire expression and demeanour of the Christ, his supplicating energy is not, like that of John, mitigated and appeased by a full comprehension of the utterance and the will of their mutual Lord. Thus we have a third modification of the ingenuous sorrow and impassioned entreaty which, with the dif-

ferences attaching to their several characters and individual relation to the passing incident, are developed in both St. Peter and St. John,—a triad of grieved appellants, not unconscious of the Deity, but relying on the human charities of Him who had called them friends, and invoking to their aid the endearing memories of a bygone intercourse, as sacred as it was familiar. We have before adverted to the law of contrast in art. No finer illustration of that law exists than is afforded by the head and half-seen figure of St. James, with those of St. John, on the farther side of whom he is placed, a little nearer to the Saviour. As in the latter we discern a trustful assurance of the very humanity, the real, though mysterious, brotherhood of Christ; so in the former we are struck by the awed and wondering impression of manifested Deity, evinced in the severe and noble features, and the elevation of the open hand. There is something in those features, and in that attitude of stately veneration, which brings to mind the indignant follower, who, when the inhabitants of a village in Samaria did not receive their Divine but unknown Visitor, would, if he might, have called down fire from heaven to consume them, as Elias did. An austere and native grandeur, akin to the spirit of the Mosaic ritual and the missions of the ancient seers, is in this grave and elevated countenance, combined with deep astonishment, consenting thankfully, but lost in the amazing richness of the mercy vouchsafed to the denier of the Son of God.

Partly behind and to the right of James, another head is interposed between those of John and Andrew, which, we persuade ourselves, is that of Philip. But for the exact correspondence of a party of eleven figures with the number of the Apostles, reduced by the defection of the traitor, Judas, we might hesitate to decide that the head in question should not be called Nathanael. The modest simplicity, the pious contentment, the devout regard, are doubtless eminently suitable to the aspect, such as it must be imagined, of *an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile*. The prepared homage, and the absolute belief too, which are discovered in the fixed gaze, and the compression of the under-lip, have an evident propriety, as attributed to the same character. It was Nathanael who, spite of his prejudice against all that came out of Nazareth, no sooner heard the words of Jesus, *When thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee*, than he hailed in the speaker *Him of whom Moses in the law and the Prophets did write*. But the very same characteristics are not at all less applicable to Philip, like him a native of Bethsaida, and a person of congenial temper, who first brought him to see the Messiah, and judge for himself of His pretensions. There is, however, one consideration which, to my mind, seems sufficient to turn the scale in favour of the name which, for other reasons, I prefer to assign to this subordinate, but not unimportant, head. The expression of St.

James, responding, as it does, specifically to the regal divinity of the act and bearing of the Christ, appears to require a proximate and supplementary iteration, a subsidiary and simpler type of adoration, by way of conciliating and attoning it to the humbler natural impulses which affect the neighbouring disciples. Now, the sublime discourse which sanctified the Paschal supper, was interrupted by the unintelligent remonstrance of one who said, *Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us*; to which our Saviour answered, *Have I been so long with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip? He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.* Of that conversation we conceive that Raffaele has preserved a suitable memorial, in the face now under notice. Some injury it has sustained, which causes a degree of obscurity in the drawing of the right cheek; but to our eyes those of this silent and entranced head seem to outspcak the thought, 'I know Thee now! In Thy deportment, all monarchic and paternal as it is, and in the glory and the majesty of this deed of infinite mercy, I discern and feel the presence of the Eternal Father in the Incarnate Son.' On this internal evidence we could be well content to rest our verdict, and defend the designation which we give to the only questionable personage in the picture.

The five Apostles whom we have named compose the principal group, and occupy the central portion of the picture. Then comes an episode so beautiful in itself, and withal so finely linked to the main action of this voiceless poem, that if all other vestiges of Raffaele's genius had perished, the two figures of St. Thomas and St. James the Less would have availed to vindicate his title to be ranked above all other painters. In a line with Peter, but at a considerable distance in the rear, you see the whole profile of a tall, and still young, man, in which you know not whether to admire most the noble proportions of the frame, the elegant contour of the neck and head, the bland and quiet dignity of his deportment, or the sweeping symmetry and rich foldings of the drapery, which, in this case, as in so many of Raffaele's creations, seems instinct with the sentiment, the mind, and nature of the wearer. Such a man, in actual life, would by shrewd physiognomists be taken for one of an unsanguine, melancholy, and desponding temperament, of apt and vivid sensibility, of frank affections and unselfish aims. There is a strain of distrust and imaginative fear running through the lives of such men, which leads them to be ever arguing ill of contingent issues, to calculate on disappointment, to meet disaster half way, and perplex themselves with obstinate doubt, even when reason would pronounce the doubt impossible. These are they who conjure up spectral shapes of misery for their own affliction, and reject the comfort brought to them, while their hearts yearn and thirst for it, lest peradventure it should prove to be delusive, and plunge them into sorrow darker than they have already, and will not

part with. Let a great grief come upon them, and the first solace offered, though it should contain more than a compensating joy, will be angrily, almost resentfully, refused,—flung back as a thing unacceptable and valueless, a mockery and an insult. That there are such men, few of us can be ignorant. Of the class to which they belong, was the Apostle Thomas; and as such has the apostolic painter depicted him.

His eyes, meeting the gaze, alike reproachful and re-assuring, are rivetted upon the face of Christ. With less of bitterness and remorseful agony, he has all the contrite humiliation of St. Peter. The lips indrawn, the chest distended with the breath held for a long-heaved sigh, he stands immovable, rapt in the contemplation of that form which again extinguishes, reproves, and cancels the self-blame of his persisting incredulity. 'Again I see Him, yet again to me He shows Himself,—me who, unworthily forgetful, and dubious of His word, would not believe in His actual resurrection,—and deigns once more to admonish by that restless glance, and to testify even to me of pardon and of love! Verily this is no other than the Christ risen from the dead, *my Lord and my God!*' While he thus ponders, revolving in his conscience these strengthening and renewed convictions, the vigorous and firm-minded saint beside him turns his bold and grand head towards the constrained believer, with a peremptory demand that now all doubt shall cease for ever. Reaching forward his own hand, with an energetic challenge to the diffidence of his associate, he bids him *now* thrust *his* hand into the Saviour's side, and put his finger into the print of the nails; to which Thomas replies only by gathering over with one hand the falling robe, crossing both closely on his breast, as if to still the tumultuous pulses of his heart, to aid the utterance of a prayer, and to hide from his Redeemer's ken that audacious hand which had dared to vow itself to a deed so impious and profane.

The countenance and figure of St. James, the brother of the Lord, are remarkable for the clear, full, prompt, and active faith which they express. The head is one of great and high authority, destined and marked by nature to lead, to rule, and to command. In the inscription of majestic power it is inferior only to that of Christ Himself; while the resolved and self-depending character of the man are more obviously, because more rudely, exhibited, and uncompounded with the heavenly gentleness, the meekness, and ineffable graces of the Saviour. The advanced arm, and the draped mass of the figure, extending over and shutting out of view the body and lower limbs of Andrew, maintain the unity of direction, and the continuous interest of the composition. The front face presented to St. Thomas gives to this subsidiary group its requisite distinctness; at the same time that projection of James's hand, and the steady regard of

Thomas, have the effect of resolving the episodic idea into the general subject.

Next, behind St. Thomas, so placed as to have sight of Jesus, between the heads of the two last-named disciples, is one whom the book carried under the arm proves to be Bartholomew, that being the traditionary symbol of this Apostle, as the keys are of St. Peter. Inferring from that immemorial appendage, in the dearth of authentic information, the studious and meditative habits of the personage thus distinguished, Raffaele has given to him the keen attenuated features, the dilated eye, and the eager look, of an astute, inquisitive, and constant thinker. The very attitude in which he stands is indicative of a present mental exertion, an effort to comprehend some elusive suggestion of the moment. Shorter of stature than his brethren, he has raised himself on tiptoe, to obtain a larger view of Jesus, over the shoulders of those in front of him; the muscles of the instep are even now yielding, as the limb returns to its unstrained position, resting on the heel. The head is only stayed from sinking on the breast, in anxious and abstracted rumination, by the intense, marvelling, and not aweless interest which chains that searching eye to the visage and expressive action of the Saviour. The left hand is replacing the volume, half withdrawn from beneath his cloak; and you foresee that the head will forthwith droop to its customary posture, and the fatigued orbs twinkle with the delight of a beautiful and blessed reminiscence. So plainly is this state of mind represented in the physiognomy of the figure, that we are half persuaded the volume which the Apostle bears about with him, is none other than the Book of the Prophet Isaiah. As he perceives the import of the transaction before him, and notes the allusion to the sheep,—so characteristic of Christ's method of pointing His instructions by reference to familiar objects immediately at hand,—the thought occurs to him that herein, too, is some Scripture fulfilled, some predictive text illustrated; and then, laying his hand upon the record, with a half-formed purpose of seeking the passage, dimly recalled to a memory not all unblunted by the practice of relying upon written aids, there flashes on him the prophetic sentence, *He shall feed His flock like a shepherd*: and the book is returned to its covert under the ample garment, and the apostolic face brightened with the glow of a fresh and grateful satisfaction.

The three remaining individuals are Simon, and Jude, and Matthew. Of the first nothing more than the head is visible,—a bald and venerable head, upturned with an expression of heartfelt praise and willing confidence, anticipating the ascension of the proto-martyr Stephen. It might indeed be hard to determine the identity of this person, were he not so situated in the picture as to appear *bracketted* together with another, who can only be St. Jude. The joint canonization of the two saints was one of those accepted facts of ecclesiastical history which were never over-

looked by Raffaello. If we are asked to what authority the painter conformed his image of St. Jude, of whom so little can be gathered either from evangelic testimony or tradition; our reply is, that he collected the character of that Apostle from his one extant writing,—the General Epistle. Brief though it be, a document more pregnant with the individual mind and temperament of its author is not contained within the sacred canon. The whole tenor of that Epistle speaks of the strenuous virtue of the writer, of his inflexible uprightness and militant obedience to duty: it has a tone of the old Hebrew allegiance to the covenant of the God of Abraham, abhorrent of all deviation from the prescribed rule of truth, intolerant of evil and rebellion, and fired with that indignant intrepidity which fears not to denounce the judgments of heaven against the proudest workers of iniquity. In reading that small portion of holy writ which bears his name, we call to mind the austere fidelity of John the Baptist, warning men to flee from the wrath to come, and the stern heroism of him who slew the Priests of Baal at the Brook Kishon. The thought, the imagery, even the phraseology, are those of the Minor Prophets,—of Hosea, or of Malachi. To all men of great moral strength and constitutional severity, the same class of imagery is congenial. Such was the case with Dante,—such also with Æschylus and Michael Angelo. If we may trust the antique busts of the tragedian, and the portraits of the two illustrious Italians, their several countenances were remarkable for the impending conformation of the eyebrow, and the swell of the corrugator muscle. This, indeed, is the natural effect of contemplations involving much of the superhuman and the terrible, and of those favoured toils of intellect which are thereby impressed and coloured. And precisely this conformation does Raffaello allot to his St. Jude, whose profile so nearly resembles that of the great Buonarrotti, as to furnish some slight pretext for suspecting that Raffaello must intentionally have transcribed the lineaments of his sublime compeer. With those solemn brows intently knit, and the mouth open in his tremulous anxiety to hear, you see from the action of the shoulder that the unseen right hand of this Apostle is laid upon the arm of his companion, whom, leaning back a little to obtain for both a better view of Christ, he draws towards himself, and bids to hearken also to the parting charge and the consummated instruction of their Divine Teacher. Of all that chosen band, none is more deeply thrilled with a sense of the supernatural magnitude of the event, and the effectual power of the commission.

The group is terminated by St. Matthew, whose face the last head hides, leaving only the hair and the outline of the ear exposed. Here, therefore, the individuality of expressed momentary feeling disappears. Not so the individual *character*. All you can see of the instant interest of this Apostle in the current occasion is, that, obedient to the monition of his neigh-

bour, he *listens* earnestly. For this cause it is,—that he may lose no syllable of what is spoken,—that he presents his right ear, and bends his head obliquely towards the Saviour. But the peculiar roundness of the shoulders rising into the neck, which at a glance you will discover, is such as could never be assumed by any other figure in the picture,—argues long use to poring sedentary occupation, and identifies the person of him who was found *sitting at the receipt of custom*. The arrangement of the costume, too, dragged conveniently round him, and thrust out of the way, bespeaks the man of business, accustomed to dispose the cumbrous exuberances of oriental raiment in the mode least obstructive to the brisk operations of his function as a ‘publican.’ His foot is not the foot of a practised and swift pedestrian. Trivial as the remark may seem, there is not a foot in the whole composition which is not instinct with character. Cut out of the Cartoon the lower portion of the Christ, and you will feel what infinite dignity may be expressed by the natural adjustment of bare human feet. Of St. Peter one foot is visible; it spurns the ground as with the fiery step of an Achilles. Of St. John only one; it has the elastic grace and delicate agility of an elegant woman. Of St. Bartholomew one, uncramped by age; it is the foot of a beautiful enthusiastic boy, with his heart full of some dream of ancient poesy, bounding along the sands, as you have seen him after bathing. The sandalled feet of St. Thomas, feeble and irresolute, as you cannot but believe them, are literally *rooted* to the ground. The one foot of St. Jude is planted on the soil, as that of one who must either conquer or die. That of St. Matthew, as nearly œdematous as, without artistic deformity, it can be, and *all but* awkwardly *turned inward*, is the foot of one unused to distant journeyings and physical exertion, *heavy* and unalert.

Beyond the head of Matthew, on the sloping peninsula of the nearer background, is a clump of bushes, which gently leads the undulating line formed by the series of heads, to a point losing itself in the level of the Lake. The inclination of that point is repeated in the projecting piece of drapery, which breaks the perpendicular line of the concluding figure; and again by the boat, which, as Haydon happily observes, ‘carries the composition right out of the picture.’ The main lines of the figures and the draperies are throughout repeated with such subtle variations and impenetrable artifice, that every part of every object asserts its right to be exactly where it is, and proves itself to be indispensable to the completeness and magnificence of the total representation. The oblique masses seem like the recurring theme of a delicious strain of music. The balance of light and shade, and the lineary oppositions, are so perfect, that they might be made,

as if in the way of diagram, to exemplify the abstruse principles of contrapuntal harmony. For purity, propriety, and concord, not the great master of colour, Titian, could have surpassed this chaste and tranquil picture. The handling is of the finest, the composition as unerring as the ideal design is impressively and nobly beautiful. A connoisseur, of that ungenial and heartless school which cants fatiguingly, in technical jargon, of the mechanism of art, once told us that he could detect only one fault in the Cartoon. 'There ought,' he said, looking at a small and indistinct print, 'to be some object, some dark body, between the shoulder of the Christ and the hand of St. James.' Had he only gone to Hampton Court, he might have satisfied himself that, so far from the supposed defect existing, the space referred to includes one of the most exquisite allusive pieces of pastoral and sacred poesy that were ever presented in a picture.

We have done our best, not to expound,—a full exposition would most probably require the space of several volumes,—but to point out the principal topics of intellectual and moral interest in what we hold to be the greatest picture in the world. If any high thought, any fine sympathy, have been awakened, any fresh insight given into the wisdom and the pathos of Christian revelation, by this disquisition, it is due, not to us, but to Raffaelle. It may be deemed by those who are not conversant with art in its grandeurs and ideal wealth, that we have drawn upon imagination for much of the meaning and expression of the several figures in the 'Charge to Peter.' Not at all. With a luminous recollection of the picture in our own minds, we have written with an engraving constantly before us: most conscientiously excluding from our pages all that we could not clearly see and demonstrate in the mezzotinto copy, we have only acted the part of a sworn interpreter—not more inadequate than, to the extent of our knowledge, faithful—of the pure thought of Raffaelle. Imagination, but not ours, there is in the sketches which we have presented; else were they most fallacious and untrue: for,—

'Spiritual love acts not, nor can exist,
Without Imagination,—which, in truth,
Is but another name for absolute power,
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
And reason in her most exalted mood.'

And now, having traced the conception of Raffaelle through one of his immortal remains, let us learn from it the inestimable lesson, to obey, as he did, that Divine precept which was the motto of his existence, *Whatsoever things are lovely, think on these things*. A privilege no less than an injunction, it extends to the natural type as well as to the spiritual reality.

ART. V.—*A Narrative of the Siege of Kars.* By HUMPHRY SANDWITH, Esq., M.D., Chief of the Medical Staff. London: Murray.

SCARCELY two months before this book reached our hands, its author was in the fortress of Kars, ministering day and night to a garrison suffering the last extremities of pestilence and famine. Released from that terrible service by the capitulation, he returned suddenly to his own land, to represent his gallant companions, and tell the tale of their woes and their wrongs. But the impatience of the public scarcely allowed him time to tell it in his own way. It was not enough for him to recount the events of the campaign before public assemblies, and answer in private circles a thousand questions about it: the interest of the nation at large, raised to the highest pitch, demanded his narrative at once through the press. He responded promptly to the demand by giving his six months' experience, in the undiluted form in which it distilled, drop by drop, in his daily diary. His pages have disclosed scenes of fearful horror, and have excited, through the length and breadth of the land, feelings of mingled admiration and grief;—admiration for the bravery and fortitude of the heroic defenders of Kars, and grief for the apathy and neglect which allowed such heroes to be starved into submission.

To criticize the diary is out of the question. The notes which were penned, day by day, during such a failing contest with fate and famine, are simply to be read and felt. But these notes themselves occupy only the latter part of the book, and are introduced by a dozen chapters, one half of which directly pave the way to the great event, and the other are filled with miscellaneous travel, dissertation, and adventure. The work evidently owes its present somewhat disjointed shape to the pressure under which it was put together. Bearing this in mind, no one will be disposed to find fault with the arrangement of the preliminary matter, though much of it may be felt to be obstructive on the way to the tale of the siege, however interesting as read afterwards.

For Dr. Sandwith as a traveller we are sorry that we have, on the present occasion, but brief space. Six months later we should have found many things to arrest our attention in his comments upon the social and political condition of Turkey, in his Armenian sketches, and in the graphic narrative of his personal adventures. They impress us with a very high respect for his character and qualifications. He gives proof of having applied a very acute mind for the last seven years to the observation of the phenomena, physical, social, religious, and political, of the inexhaustible East. He is evidently a scholar and a man of

science; no less evidently a bold and adventurous traveller; and the siege of Kars has shown him to be a high-minded and heroic soldier. His narrative creates a deep interest in the narrator, though this is in spite of himself; for the book derives one of its best charms from its genuine modesty.

Dr. Sandwith left Constantinople, in the fall of 1854, to join General Williams's staff at Erzeroum, before he proceeded to Kars. His voyage along the southern shores of the Black Sea gave him ample leisure to indulge his descriptive powers; and the motley company on board his ship, a crew such as leaves no other port besides Constantinople, furnished him with specimens of almost every Oriental type. But, in the full flow of his graphic vein, the headlands along the shore turn the limner into an economist. Heraclea is the text for some interesting remarks on the coal treasures which the English Government has forced the Turks to turn to account in the present war. The visible relics of the tragedy of Sinope, then recent, give rise to some thrilling information upon that subject. Trebizond, degraded during the last four hundred years from the 'capital of an empire to a small fishing town,' was his port of debarkation; and his observations while there enabled him to throw much interest around this rising seaport in these pages. Its prosperity is dated from the Treaty of Adrianople, at the close of the Russian war of 1829. One clause in that treaty opened the trade of the Black Sea,—'made the Turk sociable in spite of himself; seized him, and adopted him by force as a member of the great human family of traffickers.' From this the transition is very easy to the revolution in Turkish seamanship which these last few years have witnessed; of which, and sundry abortive attempts at road-making and road-mending ashore, we have strange and amusing accounts. The detail of the mineral wealth around Gumush Khané is very striking, and, to most persons, will be perfectly new. Thirty-six copper, silver, and lead mines, in English hands, and worked with all the appliances of European science and invention, would make a province rich. One cannot but sympathize with Dr. Sandwith's wrathful disquisition on the apathy which, in this and countless other instances, turns a fruitful land into barrenness. But, having delivered his disquisition,—like a true Englishman, somewhat savagely,—he gives all his vexation to the free breezes, and gallops, hour after hour, over the bare brown plains which lead to Baiburt, exercising his fancy and his pistol upon the magnificent birds of this wild district.

'Just as the sun is setting, I wind round a hill, and suddenly the town of Baiburt, with its large castle, perched on the summit of a craggy hill, opens out before the way-worn travellers. Baiburt, to my eyes, is the model of an Asiatic town. Here are small grey houses, whose colour blends with the rocks around, from which they

are built, flat roofs, rising one above the other on the slope of the hills, narrow winding lanes, and curious straggling bazaar, in which the large-turbaned Moslem, wedded to his pipe, sits motionless, like a wooden image, with his miserable wares around him, in an open stall. Then those ghost-like apparitions of female forms, gliding silently about, enveloped in white garments, like grave-clothes, and the general stillness of the place, give you the idea of an old-world town, sleeping the sleep of ages, unawakened by contact with the noisy West, and far out of the reach of the turmoil of the real modern world. As we enter, we are pushed to the wall by a train of large Turcoman camels, whose silent step and uncouth forms are all in keeping with the scene.'

The journey to Erzeroum led through an exciting country, and through exciting adventures. Some of the best writing of the book is here, and will match, for spirit and ease, any thing which we have seen for a long time. Many an English sportsman will revel with the author in that first of all marshes, among the bustards and Numidian cranes! Let us take one distant glance—for we shall not reach it quite yet—at the scene of so much future interest:—

'Far off, at the foot of a distant range of snow-capped hills, we could faintly distinguish the spires and minarets of Erzeroum, the capital of the province. It became larger and larger, and its details more distinct. It was not an exception to eastern cities; grand and magnificent in the distance, mean and filthy on closer acquaintance. As our cavalcade advanced, we were saluted by packs of hungry dogs, devouring dead horses on the outskirts of the town.'

Before reaching this agreeable place, however, Dr. Sandwith's track led him, on the very day of its occurrence, to the scene of the barbarous murder of Captain Belliot. It was he who brought the intelligence to Erzeroum, and roused the sluggish Pasha to hunt out, and bring to justice, the marauders who had committed the outrage. He gives us a harrowing account of the treachery of these local administrators of the Turkish Government; of their jealousy of the European Consuls; and of their disgraceful apathy in avenging the blood of the very men who were pouring out their lives like water in the cause of Turkey. The conduct of the British Consul concerned in the matter was most praiseworthy; but the British Consulate generally, and the system by which it is regulated, seems to stand very low in our author's estimation. He devotes a very striking chapter to the subject, a summary of which we shall give in his own words:—

'In these "dark places of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty," what an amount of good might be done by an honest, bold, unshackled Englishman, full of those high-toned sentiments on which we pride ourselves! He, indeed, might show to the Mussulman what stamp of men Christianity can produce. That religion which has

hitherto been associated in the mind of a proud Mahommedan with the figure of a crouching lying slave, kissing his feet, and yet plotting to rob him, would be seen in a far different aspect. The vast importance of consular agency in Turkey seems never to have been appreciated. A clever merchant, or a lawyer, may do very well for European ports; but if we are to reform this disorganized empire, (which, if left to itself, will still cost us millions by its weakness and disorder, presenting as it does an irresistible temptation to the absorbing policy of Russia,) we must take higher views of the mission of a Consul; and with these views, surely we ought not to choose Levantine traders to engraft English civilization on Turkish barbarism. I should like to see the Consuls of Turkey more numerous, better paid, and all well-educated Englishmen. If, for example, the candidates received the same preparatory education that is expected in the candidates for the East India Civil Service, we should have as good a set of men as we could desire. By having a corps of such men spread over Turkey, men with minds trained to acute observation, to the collection of facts, and to logical induction, we should reap the fruits of this measure in a store of useful information which might be turned to good account. Of all nations, the Americans are the most economical in their consular service, and an American Consul in the Levant (scarcely any of whom are real Americans) is synonymous with a rascally Jew trader. Perhaps the Austrians rank next in this unenviable notoriety. The French have by far the best and most efficient corps, which is conducted much according to the plan which I should like to see adopted by ourselves. The names of Botta, Laplace, and other French Consuls in Turkey, are too well known in the scientific world to need further remark.'

The detail of facts and illustrations which precede this statement, speaks loudly for the necessity of reform; and, even if the writer's views have too dark a tinge, and though other instances might be brought to counterbalance those of which he makes such sweeping use, yet enough remains to humble our national pride. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the importance of having the British national character and religion well represented in the East. We are not without hope, therefore, that this chapter will produce its effect in the right quarter.

Dr. Sandwith at length reaches the memorable scene of his future toil. Kars is described as 'a picturesque, mud-built old city, situated at the foot of a cliff, with a fine mediæval castle crowning a craggy hill in the centre, and a river running through the city and through a deep cleft in the hills behind.' He there finds the miserable remnant of a Turkish army, upon which great hopes had rested at the beginning of the war, but which had been ruined by the shameful rapacity of its commanders. Only the winter before, it had undergone misery which it sickens the soul to read of. 'Twenty thousand men were carelessly buried in shallow graves in the frozen earth outside the town, and wild dogs and wolves fed on their remains. No great mortality, however, marked the muster-rolls sent to Constantinople;

for the pay, food, and appointments of the dead men went to fill the coffers of the Pasha and his myrmidons.' To the miscreant who began the ruin of this army, succeeded an imbecile who completed it. The battle of Kurukdéré followed in August, 1854; the saddest and most disgraceful disaster suffered by the Turks in the whole war. Twenty thousand Russians defeated a force of twice that number, and the broken and dispirited rabble made their way at once to Kars.

General Williams soon after entered the city, accredited as British Commissioner; and speedily assumed, or had conceded to him, absolute authority. He saw at once the importance of the position of the fortress; and began a system of universal reform, the details of which are recorded in this book with an Englishman's honest pride. We have seldom met anything which an Englishman may more proudly read, than the narrative of this gallant officer's consummate skill and inflexible perseverance in discharging his duty during this winter. Had the Turkish Government and our own seconded his efforts with any measure of his vigour, or seconded them at all, Russia would have had no Kars to set off as a counterbalance to Sebastopol.

But, after all the efforts of the General and his officers both at Erzeroum and Kars, the state of the army in the spring of 1855 was such as to fill them all with gloomy foreboding. Sebastopol seemed to absorb all the attention of the Allies. The Russian army assembling at Gumri under Mouravieff, one of its most distinguished leaders, was despised or altogether unheeded. In the month of April the supplies were 'astounding from their insignificance.' Becoming convinced that nothing but his own despotic promptitude would save Kars from falling as soon as Mouravieff appeared before it,—a disaster which would have opened the whole empire to the Bosphorus to the ravages of the Russians,—General Williams took the commissariat in his own hands, and contrived by patient energy to supply the town with provisions sufficient till winter.

In January the Turkish Government had been induced to confer upon the British Commissioner the rank of Lieutenant-General in the Sultan's army; Williams Pasha being the first instance of a Christian being recognised by his infidel name in that service. He subsequently procured the appointment of Dr. Sandwith as Inspector of the Hospitals. His Staff, he tells us, consisted of about fifty persons, including physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries. Strange to say, the Turks were the best among these. The hospital supplies were outrageously ill-adapted either to their present or future use. No ambulances of any kind existed; and disorder here as everywhere was supreme. But the same English decision and energy which had reformed the army, and fortified the country round, was soon applied to the hospital preparations for a siege; and the sequel will show how

much its horrors were alleviated by the sweeping reforms which the Doctor, backed by the English Pasha, was able to carry out in this department.

It was on the seventh of last June that General Williams took up his residence finally in Kars, the enemy's intentions being now past all doubt. The Russians were then reported as being within five leagues, 40,000 strong. After all the efforts of the winter and spring, the defenders had but a slender stock of resources in the prospect of a blockade. The fortress itself was certainly strong, and its external defences had been made the most of by consummate skill; but there was in the garrison ammunition for three days only, and, in case of the issue being a blockade, provision for barely three months. A spirit of fiery enthusiasm, however, had been infused into the whole population of the town, civil and military. Unbounded confidence was placed in the English Pasha. The townsmen capable of fighting appealed from their civil ruler to him, crying, 'We are Karshis; we fight for our religion and our harems, not for pay; give us ammunition and chiefs, and show us what to do, and, Inshallah, you will not find a coward amongst us.'

The wretched soldiery, too, who had as yet known nothing but defeat, who were still suffering from fever and scurvy, and degraded to the very lowest point by the mal-administration of their chiefs, began to feel the quickening influence of the British spirit among them. Indeed, nothing in the whole book is more marvellous than the entire transformation which came over the dispirited troops which had been routed at Kurukdéré.

'The troops are certainly full of enthusiasm; and Williams Pasha, or Ingleez Pasha, is already a great favourite. They see him everywhere: he is with the sentries at the menaced point ere the morning has dawned: anon he is tasting the soldiers' soup, or examining the bread, and if anything is wrong here, his wrath is terrible. His eyes are everywhere, and he himself ubiquitous. Each soldier feels that he is something more than a neglected part of a rusty machine. He knows he is cared for and encouraged, and he is confident of being well led. Nor must I omit to say that the Mushir Vassif Pasha, though unused to war's alarms, behaves well, and is only too anxious to follow the advice of General Williams. But the two most gallant leaders among the Moslems are Ismail Pasha (General Kmety) and Hussein Pasha, a Circassian, both of whom would do honour to any army. While seated with the Mushir, begging him to grant some more supplies for the hospitals, a trooper enters the tent out of breath from hard riding. He salutes, and announces that the Giaours are advancing, and are already within three hours of Kars. I gallop off to tell the General the news.'

And this master spirit was happy in having other spirits like his own, re-producing himself at all points, and diffusing their invigoration through all departments. Colonel Lake is noticed

as going his midnight rounds, now instructing officers and men in their duties, now teaching the sentries how to pass the parole. We have glimpses of young Major Teesdale making his *reconnaissance* of the Russian camp with the same cool courage with which he afterwards galloped up to a great gun and worked it himself to complete a rout; and, on the day of the great assault, leaped out of a battery into the thickest hail of grape and musket-shot, to rescue a wounded Russian officer. Captain Thompson is ranging the horizon on the Karadagh from morning to night. These four English heroes were nobly seconded by two gallant Hungarians; one of whom, General Kmety, is a conspicuous personage through the whole narrative, a very embodiment of sleepless vigilance and valour. Nor was the chief of the medical staff wanting in military ardour, though he is too much occupied with narrating his companions' exploits to tell his own. One memorable exception, however, gives thrilling interest to two or three pages. Accompanying Colonel Lake one night on his tour of inspection to the outposts, the author finds himself at early dawn escaping for his life from a whole regiment of Russians. Retracing their steps when the danger was over, they find terrific evidence of the havoc which the Russian sabres had made with their little corps.

On the first of the Bairam the cunning enemy, reckoning on the devotion of the Karslis to their festival, made their first decisive attack. But we must let the Doctor describe this stirring day:—

'The gallant Karslis have slung on their scimitars, buckled on their cartridge-pouches, and shouldered their rifles; and in groups by the dozen, with hearts beating high, and glistening eyes, they are scaling the rocky heights above the city. Fine smooth-faced lads of thirteen or fourteen, armed with some big old musket, or with some dead father's sword, are snatching a hurried embrace from a veiled figure,—a mother or sister,—and then rush to the post of danger and of glory. The women crowd the housetops, and cry to each passing warrior, "God sharpen your swords; remember us; we are praying for you: go, fight the infidels; God speed you!" In a short time each man is at his post; when, looking down from the batteries, we see the dark masses of the enemy steadily advancing over a broad plain of rich meadow-land, covered with brilliant yellow flowers. As they advance, a beautiful living panorama is before us. The enemy throw out their Cossack and Georgian skirmishers of irregular cavalry; these are met by our own Bashi-Bazooks, and a series of tournaments occur in the enamelled grassy space intervening between the stern masses of advancing troops and our breastworks. Two or three regiments of cavalry, regular and irregular, now advance from the Russian lines, and, after a trot of a mile or two, charge our retreating squadrons of cavalry. The rout of the latter is complete; but the Bashi-Bazooks, under a gallant native chief from Damascus, Ali Bey, fight well while retreating. Suddenly puffs of dense white smoke issue from the

Karadagh and Hafiz Pasha batteries, and the screaming balls are seen to plough through the dense Russian masses. The enemy's artillery is now brought up, but their balls glance harmlessly from the dense earthworks. The horsemen of both sides are mingled, and rush for the entrance; but the Cossacks fall under the deadly fire of the batteries; while those on whom our guns cannot play are singled out by our riflemen, who line the rocky sides of the Karadagh. The attempt to rush into our works has failed; after less than an hour's cannonading the enemy retires, while this repulse raises the spirits of our garrison to the height of enthusiasm. The cunning Russians had chosen for their attack the very day, the first of the Bairam, and the very hour, about 9 A.M., when the Turks deliver themselves up to idleness and rejoicing, and when all duty is neglected. Fortunately their propinquity for the last few days had kept us all in a constant state of vigilance. Our loss has been trifling,—perhaps twenty; while that of the enemy must necessarily have been considerably more.'

The next month passed without any marked change in the state of affairs. Several slight demonstrations of the enemy served only to keep alive the vigilance of the little garrison at all points of the defences. The absolute power which had already been conceded to General Williams, was still further confirmed by his summary suppression of a conspiracy which the jealousy of the Turkish Governor had been base enough to instigate. A few ineffectual aggressive manœuvres decided the General to act only on the defensive; and day and night all worked hard at the intrenchments, restlessly watching every movement of the foe.

The following note marks the beginning of a new stage in the siege:—

'July 15th.—We are now fairly blockaded. Up to this time we had been able to receive a few reinforcements in the shape of Lazislan riflemen,—doubtful allies, since they were undisciplined, difficult to manage, and not to be depended on; while their mouths required filling as well as those of our best men. Besides these wild soldiers, we got in our posts over the hills; and the townspeople received dribbles of supplies in the shape of fruit, onions, flour, &c., from the surrounding country. We have now a cordon of Cossacks all round us, and a single horseman runs great risk in passing it.'

From this date the diary becomes briefer and more intensely exciting. Almost every note in it deepens the shades of the picture. The wretched keeper of the stores turns traitor, hides the barley, and Famine sounds his distinct, though as yet distant, alarm. The horses suffer most, excepting those of the Bashi-Bazooks, who ride fast and far for their own forage. Animal food is already almost entirely given up. But at this point the general health is good; one death a day being the average among eighteen thousand men.

On August 7th, another attack is made, and gloriously re-

pulsed ; but this happened during Mouravieff's absence, whose fury, when he returned, cost the unsuccessful leader of this expedition his life. But the light of this day is swallowed up in the darkness of the next. Erzeroum is thought to have fallen ; all its siege guns and ammunition are expected to be turned against Kars, and then three days will end all. Provisions now can only be estimated for two months. Constantinople seems to have utterly given up all care for her best soldiers and most important province. On this gloomy day the author pays the following touching tribute to his four companions in tribulation. We shall insert his graphic sketches, only wishing that one of them could add the writer himself to the list :—

'All looked to the "Ingleez Pasha" for encouragement. No sign of despondency clouded that honest face ; his "good morning" salutation was as cheerful as on the morrow of our first little victory. He was thin, certainly ; he could not well be thinner ; but no wonder, for he never seemed to sleep. Long ere daylight broke he was with the sentries of Tahmasp, the point nearest the Russian camp, and his glass learned every movement ; then he was by the side of the Mushir during the greater part of the day ; anon, he was encouraging the Bashi-Bazooks and settling their differences, or anxiously arranging some plan for feeding the townspeople ; and, in our little confidential gossips on the state of affairs, he would impress on us the duty of maintaining a bright and hopeful bearing, since all the garrison looked up to us for encouragement. Thompson lived altogether on the Karadagh, and his glass ranged the horizon from early morning until night ; nor did he then go to a quiet couch ; for, though he turned in certainly, yet, after an hour's light slumber, he would visit each sentry round the whole works, and no part of our position was better, if as well, guarded as that where this Argus had taken up his quarters. Often have I given him a call at midnight with Colonel Lake, whom I very frequently accompanied on his night duties.

'Teesdale lived with that gallant Hungarian, and first-rate soldier, Kmety, on Tahmasp Tabia. These two had formed a strong attachment, based on mutual admiration : there was the hero of many campaigns, and the young soldier, brimful of courage, hope, and noble aspirations. Teesdale acted as Chief of his Staff, and, besides his graver duties, he was constantly harassing the Cossacks with parties of riflemen, or menacing and attacking the Russian cavalry with a company of rifles and a couple of guns. The state of blockade to which we were now reduced fretted his ardent spirit not a little ; he wanted to attack, almost against any odds ; and had each soldier and Turkish officer resembled himself, I verily believe we might have done so.

'Colonel Lake cannot be found either at Karadagh or Tahmasp ; he, like the General, is doing his best to wear out an iron frame ; his couch is his saddle ; for all day long he is working at the intrenchments, and all night he is visiting the sentries. I doubt whether

more admirable officers are to be found in the English army than the four I have mentioned.'

From this time to September 29th, the siege becomes daily a more terrible reality. Deserters are ruthlessly shot; spies are hung in the market-place. Famine gives token of all his coming unspeakable horrors; though the discovery of an immense depôt of stolen corn, and the bold reaping of certain fields of barley under the very eye of the enemy, defer the evil day for a while. The horses, however, are dying by hundreds; the dogs only have enough. A thousand of the cavalry cut their way through the enemy's lines, doubtless with fearful loss. The remainder of the starved and diseased animals are carried away, and put out of their misery.

A 'glorious day' dawns upon the scene during this interval. Omar Pasha is landing near Batoom with forty thousand men; 'this irksome blockade' will soon end; and, if not, the rations can be made to last till the middle of November, giving the great Pasha time to effect his diversion. On September 23rd a grand salute is fired for the fall of Sebastopol; which the Russian General replies to by a feigned artillery assault, to keep the news from his own men. On the 25th the cholera gives a new horror to the scene, and, having once appeared, swiftly increases its ravages. Our heroic Doctor has now enough to do; this new visitation raises him at once to a level with General Williams himself, as the stay and bulwark, under God, of the miserable fortress.

On the 29th of September took place the ever-memorable assault and repulse of the Russians. The desperation of the attack, in which, 'ever obedient to the dictates of a stern discipline, their columns advanced again and again to the deadly batteries, and were blown from the very mouths of the guns,' and 'their officers,' with wondrous self-devotion, charge in front, and single-handed leap into the redoubts, only to fall pierced with bayonets,' exhibited the valour or obstinacy of the Russians in a style not surpassed in the present war. But here, as everywhere, when confronted with English soldiers, or Turks led by Englishmen, they were routed. The exploits of the Turkish soldiery and the English officers on this bloody day will place their victory side by side with Alma and Inkermann in the annals of the great conflict. For nearly eight hours a half-famished handful of men hurled back from their ramparts wave after wave of the endless hosts of their enemy; and nothing but the want of cavalry, once the glory of Turkish warfare, prevented them from effectually raising the siege of Kars for themselves. The battle is vividly described by one who evidently took more than a Doctor's part in it; but the account will bear no abridgment:—

'I rode round the batteries soon after the action, and seldom had the oldest soldier witnessed a more terrible sight. There were literally piles of dead already stripped of their clothes by marauding soldiers, and lying in every posture; while the plaintive cries of men with shattered limbs arose, from time to time, from amidst these acres of defaced humanity. Every ghastly wound was there,—deep and broad sabre-cuts, letting out the life of man in a crimson flood, limbs carried off by round shot, and carcasses of man and horse torn and shattered by grape. I urged our men to carry off the wounded, but this work proceeded slowly; for the distance to the town was nearly three miles, all or nearly all our horses and mules were dead, and our ambulance corps thereby rendered useless. The night closes in upon us long ere we had removed the Russian wounded from the battle-field. God help them! After lying naked in a scorching sun, with shattered limbs and burning thirst, they are now exposed to a frosty night.'

On the next day we find a singular Sunday entry: 'Some pious Mussulmans of Kars declare they saw a sacred band of ten thousand men, all clothed in green, the Prophet's colour, fighting with our troops. These heavenly warriors disappeared when the Russians retreated.' And another still more noteworthy: 'Yesterday and to-day the cholera has ceased,—a singular phenomenon, occasioned, I presume, by intense moral emotion.' The same solution will doubtless explain both.

But it was the doom of this gallant band of men to be shut up to their own resources. All human sympathy and aid is as unsubstantial as that of the celestial spectators of their valour. The Russians do not leave their 6,300 to be buried, and retire; on the contrary, they deliberately proceed to hut themselves for the winter. Within a week of the great victory there are forty deaths from cholera alone in twelve hours. Eleven ounces of bread, with some two ounces of nutriment disguised in soup, are the daily sustenance of the garrison. Cholera, after having cut off 1,000 of the troops, and committed still greater ravage among the townspeople, begins, through God's mercy, to disappear. But a worse enemy—it is the Doctor who speaks—takes its place. Bread-and-water diet emaciates the ranks; the hospitals are filled with men whose only disease is exhaustion; though even then many poor fellows sell half their rations, and inevitably die in consequence. The Military Council scheme to eke out their little stock; the starving people dig up the roots of the grass, at the risk of being half poisoned by roots of henbane. Vultures hover over the lines, preying on corpses dug from their graves by dogs. At this stage horseflesh becomes a luxury, only accessible to very few. Women scrape up the dust before the doors of the flour depôt; and famished children are thrown down by their famished mothers, who can only gasp, 'Take them! we can give them nothing.' But even in the midst of these horrors, tokens that famine will soon be absolute,

military discipline is unrelaxed. The quick shot is constantly heard which tells the doom of the deserter; while, on the other hand, sentinels on guard over their few days' provisions are never known to touch a single biscuit.

'With hollow cheeks, tottering gait, and that peculiar feebleness of voice so characteristic of famine, the troops yet cling to their duties. I have again and again seen them watching the batteries at midnight, some standing and leaning on their arms, but most coiled up under the breastwork during cold as intense as an arctic winter, scarce able to respond to or challenge the visiting officer; and, in answer to a word of encouragement or consolation, the loyal words were ever on their lips, "Long live the Sultan!" It would seem that the extremity of human suffering called forth latent sparks of a loyalty and devotion not observed in seasons of prosperity.'

A terrible account lies against those who miserably repaid such loyalty and devotion!

During these starving weeks, the soldiers see the Russians establishing their warm huts, and observe the convoys which enter their lines with provisions. At this time there were two thousand men in the Kars hospital, and more than a hundred deaths daily. The soldiers lie dead and dying in every part of the camp. Some of the citizens exhume the carcasses of horses, which they devour. In their despair they cry, 'Let us go out and fight; why remain here to die?' And the writer, witnessing these accumulated miseries and sharing them, finds holy words to express the common feeling: *They that be slain with the sword are better than they that be slain with hunger; for these turn away stricken through for want of the fruits of the field.*

Relief from Omar Pasha seems now to have been despaired of; the only hope is in Selim Pasha, now no further than Erzeroum. He was to have left for Kars on the 16th. But 'in our watching we have watched for a nation that could not save us.' Two notes come from Erzeroum, one being a dispatch from Selim to the Mushir. Whatever that document contained, it was accompanied by a cipher from Mr. Brant: 'Selim Pasha won't advance, although Major Stuart is doing his utmost to make him. Omar Pasha has not advanced far from Soukhum Kalé. I fear you have no hope but in yourselves; you can depend upon no help in this quarter.'

The bare sustenance of the feeblest spark of life could only now be calculated on for two days; and the inevitable capitulation closed the sad story.

'Nov. 27th.—General Williams and his Aide-de-camp Teesdale ride over under a flag of truce to the Russian camp. They are well received by Mouravieff. The General tells his chivalrous enemy that he has no wish to rob him of his laurels. The fortress contains a large train of artillery, with numerous standards, and a variety of

arms; but the army has not yet surrendered, nor will it without certain articles of capitulation. "If you grant not these," exclaimed the General, "every gun shall be burst, every standard burnt, every trophy destroyed, and you may then work your will on a famished crowd." "I have no wish," answered Mouravieff, "to wreak an unworthy vengeance on a gallant and long-suffering army, which has covered itself with glory, and only yields to famine. General Williams, you have made yourself a name in history, and posterity will stand amazed at the endurance, the courage, and the discipline which this siege has called forth in the remains of an army. Let us arrange a capitulation that will satisfy the demands of war without outraging humanity."....."And," here exclaimed General Mouravieff to the Secretary drawing up the terms of the capitulation, "write that, in admiration of the noble and devoted courage displayed by the army of Kars, the officers shall be allowed to retain their swords, as a mark of honour and respect."

General Williams and his Staff were treated in all respects honourably. The spirit as well as the letter of the capitulation was strictly observed. General Mouravieff, who is described as a fine and vigorous old man, feasted his prisoners of war, allowed them to inspect his camp, and did all in his power, as did also his Staff, to redeem the Russian character. But as soon as the tidings of the capitulation reached the ears of the soldiery and citizens, their rage passed all bounds. Most fearful curses upon the Government, the Pashas, and even the Sultan himself, were poured forth without restraint. But when their English Pasha appeared among them, they crowded round him, kissing his stirrup, and praying for blessings on his head. 'Let us go with you; we will follow you,' was the universal cry.

Our two Hungarian heroes had prudently retreated from the scene, with the fear of Austria before their eyes. The three English officers prepare cheerfully to go as prisoners of war to Gumri. Dr. Sandwith receives his unconditional liberty from the generosity of the Russian General; takes his leave of his old commander, and, mounted on a living skeleton, turns his face towards the west. His personal trials are not over, however. He does not reach Batoom without much danger of life; considerable scientific and literary accumulation is lost in a stormy passage of the Allah Akbar Mountain, besides other valuable memorials of seven years in the East, of which the reader knows nothing. The 'Diary' was safe in the holster of his riding horse: the former part of this book was recovered afterwards from the marauding Kurds, who had emptied his saddlebags, but thrown that aside as useless. Had the Kurds robbed us of this treasure, the author must have given us his 'Diary' alone; and his book of travels would, we presume, have followed it at a leisurable distance.

The last chapter, however, of this work was written at home, and gives us the author's reflections upon the glorious calamity

which closed the campaign in Anatolia. It is written without bitterness, and without partiality, though with some reserve. That the fall of Kars 'is a blot on a year otherwise successful for the arms of the Allies,' it is useless to deny; but we can scarcely agree with the author's estimate of the injury which it has inflicted upon the prestige of England. The fall of Sebastopol, and all the brilliant successes to which almost every creek of the north-western shores of the Black Sea bears witness, cannot surely fail to vibrate through all the countries affected by the present struggle. Nor can the wandering dervishes and fakirs from the regions of Central Asia, who publish everywhere the fall of Kars, represent any European or English army as having succumbed before Russia.

Nevertheless, it is equally true that the very first question which an honest Englishman feels himself irresistibly impelled to ask is,—What responsibility rests ultimately upon the English Government, or more directly upon its representative in Turkey, in relation to this great failure? Dr. Sandwith gives us no express answer to this question; waiting, doubtless, like ourselves, for the full investigation of the matter at the proper time and place. It would be premature to speculate upon the character of that investigation, and the results which will be distilled from the interminable mass of talk and counter-talk which will rise out of it. But a few plain facts, to which Dr. Sandwith's book gives incontestable evidence, will never be talked out of the minds of those who have read his grievous tale. The English Government certainly did take the struggle into its own hands by sending General Williams as its Commissioner; by securing for him the rank and authority of a Lieutenant-General in the Sultan's army; by prompting him to take aggressive measures, not in the name of the Turk, but of Great Britain and France; by cheering him, through Lord Clarendon, with 'strong words of encouragement;' and by never giving him the slightest hint that he must entirely depend upon the Turkish Government. Communication between the abandoned garrison and Constantinople, between Constantinople and London, was never suspended. There were ten long weeks between the fall of Sebastopol, with the relief which that event afforded to our care and resources, and the fall of Kars. The question arises,—one more added to the many damning questions with which this mismanaged war has pierced the honour of England,—How is it that during these six months, so full of mortal agony and disaster, not the slightest practical help was sent by our Administration to this gallant and overstrained band of famishing Englishmen?

The answer to this question does not at all affect the author's strictures upon the military measures of Omar Pasha and Selim. Dr. Sandwith's opinion is entitled to great weight; and it is his

judgment that the Turkish Generalissimo might have effectually relieved Kars by making Trebizond instead of Soukhum Kalé the base of his operations. The folly of his movement seems to have been observed upon by Mouravieff; but Omar Pasha's previous fair fame demands that we take into account the absolute bankruptcy of his military finances, the distrust of his own subordinates, which made him adopt the tactics of retreat before the well-appointed Russian force, and other circumstances possibly yet to be revealed. Selim Pasha's little force could never have availed; but his mendacious encouragements had the effect of preventing General Williams from executing his cherished design of cutting his way through the enemy's lines, till the emaciation of his troops rendered this extrication impossible even to men in despair.

We trust that the gallant defence and honourable capitulation of Kars will be the concluding act in the present war. In itself a disaster, we believe that when it takes its place in the general history of the conflict, all its dishonour will be lost in its glory; for it will then come to be regarded as a whole. The surrender, enforced by famine, will be viewed as the inevitable close of a siege distinguished, on the part of the defenders, by all that is grand and sublime in human valour and endurance. General Williams, and his forsaken little band of English officers, and the little army into which they breathed their own spirit, covered themselves, by their victories over the Russians, with all such glory as war can give, before they were conquered, not by the Russians, but by famine. Their exploits, even if in the end ineffectual, had all the grandeur of success. And their exploits, though worthy to be written on the same page as those of their fellows on the opposite shore of the Black Sea, were surpassed by their unbending fortitude and endurance. If, through God's mercy, the history of the present war closes with the capitulation of this well defended city, all Europe will agree with us that the noble beginning of Alma had an end worthy of it in Kars.

The English nation will have especial reason to think so; for all the military glory and all the moral triumphs of the siege of Kars belong to a little band of our own officers. They, at least, maintained unsullied the British honour. They exhibited in perfection before the world all those high qualities which have gained for our own race the ascendancy over the races of the East; and unimpaired by any of those vices which have dishonoured that ascendancy. Whenever they come before the bar of the public, it will be to receive unmixed approval. One of them, worthy to be their representative, is already before it; and all the people of England give him their thanks.

- ART. VI.—1. *First Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the State and Condition of the Cathedral and Collegiate Churches in England and Wales.* London. 1854.
2. *Appendix to the First Report of the Cathedral Commissioners.* London. 1854.
3. *Third and Final Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners, &c. With an Appendix.* London. 1855.
4. *Religious Worship in England and Wales. Abridged from the Official Report made by Horace Mann, Esq., to George Graham, Esq., Registrar-General.* London. 1854.
5. *The Clergy List for 1856.*

WE have combined the above-named books at the head of our article, because we consider that they mutually throw a light one upon another. It is true that the Reports of the Cathedral Commission, and the voluminous Appendix of Evidence and Suggestions, inasmuch as they extend over upwards of a thousand pages of folio Blue Books, would afford more than sufficient materials for an article, and have more than sufficed to weary our temper in their perusal. But in estimating the value of the recommendations of the Commissioners, it is most necessary to recollect the actual religious condition of the country. The fearful want both of accommodation in places of public worship and of Ministers of religion, has been made very extensively known through the Census of Religious Worship, published by Mr. Horace Mann. As this appeared in 1854, whilst the Final Report of the Cathedral Commission was issued in 1855, we may fairly conclude that the latter was drawn up in a full knowledge of the facts which the former reveals.

It would be equally curious and instructive to inquire into the history of the Commissions that have preceded so many of our modern reforms. It has generally been something of the following kind. Flagrant abuses, that have been long borne with, at length overpower the public patience; complaints, inquiries, questions in the House of Commons, press inconveniently upon the existing Government. After every excuse and palliation has been exhausted, after every pretext for evasion or delay has been employed, a compromise is effected, the royal mandate is issued for a Commission of Inquiry, and the public sinks back into a satisfied apathy, or commences an attack upon some fresh game.

It was in some such sequence of events, we imagine, that the Cathedral Commission attained its existence. The necessity of increased energy and activity on the part of the Established Church had long been admitted, and in some places acted on. Immense deficiencies were laid bare, vast districts were found

totally unprovided for. Hence arose inquiry into the Church's finances, and the large endowments connected with our cathedrals made them a prominent object of attention. It was notorious that, in many instances, the revenues which might have been applicable to religious extensions were wasted by mismanagement, or had been prodigally bestowed on some favoured individuals. The cause only wanted a champion, and it found one of the highest character and of no little ability in the Marquis of Blandford. When his annual motion for reform had been several times repeated, and supported by able and telling speeches, further resistance was felt to be hopeless, and the warrant for the Cathedral Commission was published. Few subjects of inquiry are surrounded with an equal amount of interest, literary, political, historical, and sacred. The cathedrals of this country, in their extraordinary beauty and variety of style, rival the finest churches of the Continent; and in one respect they greatly excel them. Whilst the stately pile of Antwerp is disfigured by mean houses and dirty shops built up against its sides; whilst the highly decorated west front of Amiens is surrounded by the filthiest buildings of a filthy town; the ancient minsters of England are, for the most part, placed in far more favourable situations. From the midst of the narrow and crowded streets of those cities which are still the seats of a flourishing commerce, or from the deserted and decaying thoroughfares of a town where the great church of the diocese was placed in the centre of a trade which has long passed away, a striking change is observed on entering the cathedral precincts. No sooner have you passed under the gateway leading to the minster yard, than large and substantial houses, each embowered in its garden of roses and geraniums, meet the eye. With enough of ancient archway and battlement to make them picturesque, with enough of modern improvement to make them luxurious, few more charming abodes can be imagined than the residences of the Deans and Canons. A solemn silence reigns through the sacred enclosure, undisturbed by the rude noise of traffic or the harsh sounds of labour. With abundance of polished and educated society, with a high position, and under the dignified shadow of the episcopal abode, *How amiable are thy dwellings!* might be applied to them in a sense very different from that intended by the royal author.

It is a great pity that so pleasing a picture should be marred by a strong and painful contrast. Whilst the dignitaries of the minster are so well housed and provided for, the parochial Clergy of cathedral towns are notoriously as badly endowed. Thus side by side there have sprung up two classes, presenting the worst inequalities. On the one hand are a body of men with great interest, large revenues, and light labour; on the other are a body very differently situated. To the anxious and exciting

labour of ministerial duties is superadded the painful care of providing for their families, and maintaining their rank as gentlemen, with little more than the income of a mechanic. The natural consequences have ensued. The cathedral Clergy have become a distinct body, holding themselves aloof from their poorer brethren, and mixing only with their fellow dignitaries during their short period of residence in the city itself. The parochial Clergy are looked down upon as an inferior class. The drones fatten on the honey, and despise the working bees.

That these establishments should have escaped for so long a time, would cause astonishment to one unacquainted with English caution, and the time which it takes to inoculate the public mind on any subject of less than general interest. Outrageous abuses were known to exist, and for some of these a remedy was provided by a law which prevented the future union of two benefices of more than a certain value. Instances may still be found in the 'Clergy List' which show the necessity of such enactments. At the present time, two of the Prettymans hold between them two Canonries, one Chancellorship, one Precentorship, and six livings: of their value we cannot speak accurately, as they are not returned in the 'Clergy List' for 1856. We can easily imagine the reason for this omission,—it is not conscious innocence that hates the light. Two other brothers, who are also sons of a late Bishop, are equally fortunate, and more candid; they both hold Canonries in Ely Cathedral. One, who is also Chancellor, has two benefices which produce £2,633 *per annum*; the other holds two Rectories of the united value of £2,694. We remark, by the way, that the latter had all this preferment heaped upon him in the short space of three years. These are fortunately specimens of abuses whose recurrence is now impossible. But the injury they have inflicted on the Church of England can scarcely be estimated. Not to consider their moral effect, even the figures we have named would not in all cases convey an idea of the full amount of income derived from the Church's property. Sinecure offices, registrarships, and similar posts, and leases of Church estates on favourable terms, were often added. And, as might be expected, whilst the funds of the Church were thus perverted, her most important duties were neglected. The Rector's relation to his parish could not be maintained in all his benefices at once, and was commonly observed in none. We recollect an incident in proof of this, which occurred about twelve years ago. The inhabitants of an agricultural parish were attracted by a large *cortège* passing through the town. Servants and luggage, led horses and several carriages, formed a cavalcade so large, that they inquired what nobleman's suite it was; when they were told in reply that it was their own Rector, who was on his way to another living. Although the parish brought him £2,000 a year, he

was quite a stranger to them, and very few even knew him by sight.

These are examples of a system whose doom is now sealed. It is not, however, to be supposed that the holding a plurality of benefices is by any means confined to past times. There are now no less than fourteen Deans who think the duties of a parish not incompatible with their cathedral offices. Some of these, it is true, hold small livings; but they are quite exceptional cases. The Deans of Bangor, Wells, Chester, Gloucester, Lichfield, Norwich, Ripon, Rochester, and Worcester hold livings of an average value of upwards of £650 *per annum*. And a little closer inquiry into dates reveals a yet stranger state of things. The Dean of Lichfield holds the living of Donnington, worth £673 *per annum*, although the Rectory of Tatenhill is annexed to the Deanery, making the latter office worth £1,524 a year. Not content with these emoluments, he is also Succentor and a Prebendary of York. As the Dean of Norwich has been in possession of his office since 1828, we are surprised that the Archbishop of Canterbury should present him with a living of £600 a year in 1852; whilst the Deans of Chester, Rochester, and Wells owe their benefices to the Chapters to which they belong, or in other words presented themselves. In two of these cases we have a graver charge to make than that of holding a plurality of benefices. Amongst the measures passed in the present reign, is one (cited by the Commission in their First Report, page 13) which 'restricts a Dean from holding a benefice, except in the cathedral city, and not above £500 *per annum*.' In the face of this prohibition, which was passed before 1844, (as the 6th and 7th of Victoria is the most recent of the statutes quoted by the Commissioners,) the Dean of Norwich in 1852 accepted a living of £600 in Kent,—thus plainly violating the *spirit*, although, from his previous appointment to his Deanery, it might be admitted by the letter, of the law. But the Dean of Wells, who, by the way, is a Reformer, has not even this excuse. He came to the Deanery in 1854, and in the following year took the living of St. Cuthbert's in that city, which is returned at £830 *per annum*.

Nor is it only this particular class that enjoy so large a share of the Church's property. The Bishop of Exeter holds a valuable stall at Durham; the Bishop of Gloucester is also a Canon of Westminster; and the late Bishop of Carlisle was also a Prebendary of St. Paul's and Chancellor of Salisbury. Nor are the Canons slow to follow the example thus set them by their superior officers. Two at Canterbury, Archdeacon Croft and Dr. Russell, both hold rectories producing more than £2,000 a year. For the Canons of St. Paul's there is more excuse. Indeed, the stalls there are generally bestowed on laborious men, holding large metropolitan parishes; but we must protest against uniting

in one person the Mastership of the Charter-House, the Arch-deaconry of London, a Canonry of St. Paul's, and the spiritual charge of St. Giles', Cripplegate, with a population of ten thousand souls. At York, two of the Vernon Harcourts hold two livings, the one worth £1,900, the other £1,100, besides their stalls. It is quite impossible to enumerate the whole list; their name is Legion. Despite Mr. Villiers' amiable protest as to the way in which capitular patronage is bestowed, it is sufficient to say, that in addition to the instances we have already named, there are thirty-eight Canons who hold benefices varying in value from £1,770 to £525 a year, and averaging upwards of £865 *per annum*. In this calculation we have taken no account of Arch-deaconries connected with Canonries, nor of any benefice of less than £500 a year in possession of a Canon.

It does not require any comment to point out the great injustice of such a state of things. Our objection to it is not by any means the common cry against the vast wealth of the Established Church. Our argument is derived from the very contrary premises. It appears that there are about 450 benefices, averaging £850 a year; and we think it most unjust that an eighth of the whole number should be held by the Canons of cathedrals, who, as such, are already better provided for than nine-tenths of their fellow labourers. But we shall be told that it is necessary to have valuable prizes, that men of ability and learning may be tempted to enter the Church's service in hopes of reaping such rewards of their exertions. Our answer is, that with very few exceptions these prizes are *not* so bestowed. Let any one take the Clergy List, and cast his eye over the names of the Deans and Canons, and we assert that he will find the majority of them quite unknown for literary or any other eminence. A more respectable body of men it were impossible to find. Scions of noble houses, connexions of statesmen, sons and sons-in-law of reverend Bishops, relatives of Lord Chancellors of every degree, may be enumerated; men of most polished manners and irreproachable character, no doubt; but these qualities are not all that is necessary, whilst a vast mass of the people of this country are in a state of worse than heathen ignorance; whilst church accommodation and religious instruction are wanting to almost half the population; whilst in the midst of our Protestant Christianity, like dark spots on the sun's disc, there are so large a number untaught even in the rudiments of the truth, without hope and without God in the world.

Before proceeding to the consideration of particular points, we will present our readers with some general statistics, either stated in the Reports and Appendix, or deduced from them. It appears that the revenue of twenty-six cathedrals and two collegiate churches (Bangor has no corporate property, and Christ Church, Oxford, as a College, is exempted from making a

return) was, on an average of seven years, from 1846 to 1852, £295,984. 4s. 6½d., whilst in 1852 it amounted to £313,005. Of the separate Chapters Durham is by far the richest, its income in 1852 being £57,800. Next to this comes Westminster, with a revenue of £30,600, then Canterbury, with £25,000, Winchester, £22,800, Windsor, nearly £20,000, and Ely, £16,000. The rest are all much poorer. Of the whole £313,000, £160,713 was paid in stipends to Deans and Canons, £40,000 in stipends and pensions to other officers, £18,313 was expended in repairs, and £42,827 was handed over to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. We are anxious, by the way, to know how the latter body lay out the sums which come into their hands, as they had on the 1st of April, 1854, already received upwards of £400,000 on account of changed or suspended Deaneries and Canonries.

If we turn our attention to the result produced by this expenditure, we shall find ample reason for believing that a very great alteration from the present state of things is loudly called for. The Deans and Canons, whose duties are the lightest,—the former exercising a general supervision, which is not too burdensome, as we have seen, to be united to parochial duties,—the latter residing for three months in the year, and preaching on the Sunday during that period,—these are by far the best paid of the cathedral staff: we may take £1000 a year as the average income of a Dean, and £500 as that of a Canon. Besides these there are Minor Canons, who have to perform the daily service, choirs for the sacred music, and Grammar Schools, in many cases connected with the original foundation. How they fare in the general distribution will appear from the following extracts from the Appendix.

First, for the Minor Canons. Those of Canterbury receive a stipend which, from 1846 to 1852, never exceeded £90 a year. Strange to say, in the latter year, being that in which the Cathedral Commission was revived, two new Minor Canons were appointed, with the stipend of £150. Of this sum of £90, part is derived from the sale of wood growing on the property of the cathedral, concerning which the following representation was made to the Commission:—

‘It was an ancient practice of the cathedral to allot a certain number of acres of underwood, growing in the woods of the Church, annually, to the clerical members of the cathedral. The wood was divided, as is usual in this country, into pieces containing an acre each. These were numbered, and a value set upon them, by which the Dean and Canons were enabled to select the best acres for themselves. After the Dean had chosen four, each Canon two, and other officers made their selections, six acres came to the Minor Canons, who divided them by lot. The acres thus obtained became the sole property of each individual, to be disposed of as he thought best. By

this means a check was put upon the Surveyor; for if he had valued it much below its worth, we should have found him out, as it was so important a part of our income, sometimes producing more than one sixth part of our stipend.

'In 1836 the Dean and Chapter requested each of the Minor Canons to sell them his acre of wood. In 1837 they resolved to take them from us, not offering us the average amount which we had received during the last seven or ten years, but giving such a price as their Surveyor might think fit. Notwithstanding our objections to this change, it was the pleasure of the Dean and Chapter to enforce it. The anticipated result took place: the value set upon the acre of wood gradually diminished, till it was less than one third of the real value. Representations and complaints were made in vain, till, fortunately for our interests, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners observed the very inadequate sum allotted for the wood acres belonging to the suspended stalls, and expressed their dissatisfaction. The result has been, that the wood has been sold by auction, according to the general custom of the country; and of the two years we have received, the first was nearly, the second more than, three times the sum awarded us for our acres two years before.'—Page 654.

We refrain from commenting upon this picture of capitular fair dealing; it speaks for itself, and would gain no additional force from the harsh epithets we are tempted to employ. At St. Paul's the average income of the Minor Canons was £33; at Chichester for 1852 they received £33. 19s. 7d., at Worcester £60. At Lincoln,—

'They are paid by houses of residence, without any assistance from the cathedral to keep them in repair, subject also to heavy dilapidations, being very old, and by various small money payments from the cathedral, amounting to £19. 6s. each *per annum*, and by fines, &c., making together, upon an average of the last seven years, an annual income of £42. 1s. 3½d. for each Minor Canon, after deducting outgoings, rates, and taxes, but not deducting the Income Tax on the houses of residence, of which the Minor Canons are reputed owners, and are charged accordingly. At the same time and of necessity they hold small benefices with cure of souls, maintaining Curates, and paying for assistance when they cannot officiate themselves. The provisions of the 3rd and 4th of Victoria have not been applied to them in any way, either as respects their number or emoluments.'—Page 673.

In order that our readers may understand the allusion contained in the last sentence, we will quote the words of the Abridgment of Statutes of 3rd and 4th of Victoria, cap. 113, sec. 45: 'The stipend of each Minor Canon hereafter to be appointed shall not be less than £150 *per annum*; and that arrangements may from time to time be made for securing to any Minor Canon, not otherwise competently provided for, such annual sum as shall make up to him an income as Minor Canon

not exceeding in any case the said sum of £150.' This Act, be it observed, was passed *thirteen* years before the date of the letter from the Minor Canons of Lincoln.

We fancy the Commission must have soon discovered that they were occupied with a very melancholy labour. Painful as are the replies from the Minor Canons, we imagine they anticipated a more encouraging account from the organists and choir managers with respect to the cathedral service. With a trained body of choristers and singing men constantly employed on Church services, with a body of gentlemen acquainted, at any rate theoretically, with the principles of the art, one would have supposed that a taste for music would have been formed, and that gratuitous assistance might have been obtained. But to an inquiry of this kind the answers are almost universally in the negative. The smaller cities, where we should have looked for the greatest results, because the efforts of the cathedral musical staff would be more concentrated, are, without exception, '*not musical places*.' As to the condition of the choirs themselves, here are the testimonies of organists and Precentors. York is too small and underpaid; Carlisle is 'inefficient'; Chester is 'thin and meagre'; Chichester 'has to be strained to produce the effect of chorus'; Ely 'is quite unequal to the building'; Exeter 'would be adequate, if all the members were efficient, but such is not the case'; Gloucester 'requires greater musical power,' as also do Peterborough, Bristol, and Manchester; Hereford 'has only the smallest number capable of performing cathedral duty'; Lincoln is 'insufficient'; Llandaff has no other choir than the parish school, nor has Ripon, nor St. Asaph, nor St. David's; Norwich 'wants the means to pension off faded voices'; Oxford 'wants a much larger number even for ordinary daily service'; Rochester 'produces meagre effect with great labour'; Salisbury 'is utterly below what is required.' In short, we are led to believe, with the eminent organist of Winchester, 'that musical art has now, perhaps, reached perfection; but the musical arrangements and discipline of a cathedral are, in some respects, less orderly than they were at the date of cathedral foundations.'

But let us turn to the Grammar Schools. Of these there are about sixteen; and passing over Westminster and the dispute as to the proper application of its funds, we will give short extracts from the Appendix as to the state of two-thirds of the rest. At Wells, £25 a year is paid by the Dean and Chapter for teaching the choristers in a school-room over the cloisters. The master has no residence provided. At Carlisle a most efficient tutor, a Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, with a school of eighty-eight boys, presents the following balance-sheet of Receipts and Expenditure for six months:—

EXPENDITURE.

	£.	s.	d.
Second Master's Salary	65	0	0
English " do.	30	0	0
Stationer's Bill.....	69	16	7
French Master	17	17	0
Drawing	12	10	0
Prizes	15	0	0
Bad Debts.....	11	3	10
Drill Sergeant	4	4	0
Servants' Wages	3	5	0
Coals, &c	2	10	0
	<u>£231</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>5</u>

RECEIPTS.

	£.	s.	d.
Dean and Chapter	14	10	0
Bishop Smith's Estate	47	0	0
Quarter Pence.....	268	12	8
Total Receipts	330	2	8
Deduct Expenses	231	6	5
Net Receipts for Half Year ...	<u>£98</u>	<u>16</u>	<u>3</u>

Thus the Head Master has for eighty-eight boys,—a school whose large numbers are due to his own ability and exertions,—not quite £200 *per annum*. Meanwhile, the school estate is so badly managed, that a farm of one hundred and sixty acres produces but a net rental of £94. At Chester the salary of the Head Master of the King's School is £150 a year; but this is all expended in fragments to a second and assistant masters, although he believes that the statutes recognise the former. 'Provision is made by the statutes for four exhibitions from the school to Oxford or Cambridge, but I am not aware that any appointment has been made to these of late years.' The school has consequently fallen, so that the Head Master's emoluments from payments of day scholars and profits on boarders, amount to something less than £150 a year. At Gloucester the Head Master of the Cathedral School receives £20 a year, and the second £10, instead of the statutable allowances of £92 and £69 respectively, and make what they can out of the boarders. The Dean and Chapter allow the Head Master a house, *but it is not large enough to accommodate boarders*, and is let by him for £28 a year. At Bristol the Head Master receives £60 a year from the Dean and Chapter, and pays the same sum to his second out of his own pocket, which is replenished by the profits from twenty-eight boys. At Hereford the Head Master has only £30 a year, and a house for boarders; but a number

of exhibitions attract pupils to the school, and enable him to pay £420 a year from his receipts to assistants. 'The salary of the Master of the Cathedral School, Oxford, is £80 *per annum*; of which sum £60 is paid by the Chapter, and £20 (as is supposed) by the choristers. Out of this stipend the Master defrays the expenses of the school, amounting to about £96 *per annum*. The available income of the Head Master is derived from the day scholars, of whom there are at present five, each paying £10 a year.' At Rochester the Master's house is insufficient, and he has been obliged to erect one for himself, at a cost of £2,500, as the statutes require him to teach 'all whatsoever flocking to the school for the sake of learning grammar.' The statutes contemplate a house for the Second Master, and provision for scholars on leaving, *but both are withheld by the Chapter*. The founder made school-membership a preferential qualification for an exhibition, yet the Trustees make it a positive disqualification. At Salisbury the Master has no salary, and the house is inadequate either to accommodate the Master and his family, or to receive boarders; he has to pay his assistants. At St. David's the Master has no house, and is paid £20. 10s. for teaching the choristers, 'although there is little doubt that the tithes of Lilian were appropriated for that purpose by Bishop Morgan; the learned Leland expressly says so, and he was a contemporary of this Bishop, and was employed by King Henry the Eighth in examining into cathedral property, its uses and trusts.' (Page 752.)

We should weary our readers, if we prolonged our list of dry statistics, and were to set forth other grievances complained of by Bedesmen, Poor Knights, and others. Yet we think enough has been said to show the urgent need of an immediate reform. In some instances, indeed, and more especially at Durham, whose ample revenues suffice to meet the many demands made upon capitular property in a satisfactory manner, the present system may appear to work well. In such cases, whilst we have no doubt that the money might be better employed, we should be content to see the surplus applied to the augmentation of poorer benefices, and to the spread of Christianity among the poor. But in many of the cases we have cited, it is quite hopeless to attempt to patch up the old cathedral system. The funds which are now so vainly expended, might, in the hands of an active parochial Clergy, alleviate some of that spiritual destitution which has been made so painfully manifest. Indeed, it is one special misapprehension on this point that seems to lie at the root of the mistakes we conceive the Commissioners to have made in their recommendations. By the terms of their Commission, they were instructed to make their inquiries 'with a view to the suggestion of such measures as (regard being had to the purposes for which such Cathedral and Collegiate

Churches were originally founded) may render the same more efficient and useful in promoting and extending the means of public worship and religious education.' They accordingly have had an especial regard throughout to the *manner* rather than the *purpose* of the original foundations, and have recommended alterations which will involve a radical change in the existing constitution of capitular bodies; but not, we think, the best adapted to the wants of the Church of England at the present time.

There are, however, existing claims of the most urgent kind which have a right to be heard, before any other plan is adopted for the appropriation of cathedral revenues. For these revenues are very largely derived from the tithes of distant parishes, and thus a double evil is caused. The sums designed for the spread of the Gospel among the poor, are diverted into the pockets of those who do not require them, whilst the Minister of the parish whence they spring is often very inadequately paid. We have marked some instances which, we confess, astonish us, although we did not look for great liberality from these ecclesiastical corporations. Take the following. The parish of Seasalter, in Kent, pays £305 a year to the Chapter of Canterbury, whilst the Vicar receives £163 from the small tithes, and £13 from Queen Anne's Bounty,—£176 in all, for the spiritual charge of 1,242 souls. Bramford, in Suffolk, brings in £1,064. 12s. 6d., yet the Chapter thinks £120 a year and a house a sufficient payment for the Vicar, although there is a population of 1,104, and two churches have to be served. This latter fact, we remark by the way, is conveniently omitted from the Schedule, although a special column is devoted to the purpose. If we pass from Canterbury to St. Paul's, we shall find the Chapter receiving £681 from Kingsbury, whilst the Vicar has but £89; and other cases in proportion. In order to show how numerous these cases are, we have drawn up the following Schedule, in which they may be seen at a glance; the Impropriators being in each case the Chapter of the Cathedral named in the first column, whilst the third and fourth give the incomes derived by the Chapters and the working Clergy respectively.

Impropriators.	Parishes.	Value of Tithe or Glebe.			Value of Vicarage.			Population.	Patron.
		£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.		
Canterbury	Seasalter	305	0	0	176	0	0	1,242	Dean and Chapter.
Ditto	Westcliffe	402	15	0	34	0	0	129	Ditto
Ditto	Bramford	1,064	12	6	124	0	0	1,104	Ditto
St. Paul's	Kingsbury	681	0	0	89	0	0	650	Ditto
Ditto	Willesden	1,281	0	0	163	0	0	2,928	Ditto
Ditto	Barling	231	0	0	198	0	0	326	Ditto
Ditto	Horndon	296	0	0	177	0	0	600	Ditto
Ditto	Mucking	266	0	0	176	0	0	236	Ditto
Ditto	Kensworth	544	0	0	173	0	0	1,033	Ditto
Winchester	Durrington	780	0	0	130	0	0	...	Ditto

Improprietors.	Parishes.	Value of Tithes or Glebe.			Value of Vicarage.			Popu- lation.	Patron.	
		£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.			
Winchester	East Chalio	423	0	0	80	0	0	...	— Ferard, Esq.	
Ditto	Littleton	115	0	0	76	0	0	...	Dean and Chapter.	
Bangor	Llanidloes	290	0	0	151	0	0	4,261	Bp. of Bangor.	
Ditto	Llyslyn	100	0	0	100	0	0	995	Sir W. W. Wynn.	
Ditto	Bodaioch	76	0	0	166	0	0	1,853	Lord Mostyn.	
Wells	Lovington	235	0	0	71	0	0	239	Dean and Chapter.	
Ditto	Stoke St. Gregory ...	408	0	0	153	0	0	1,499	Ditto	
Chester	St. Oswald, Chester..	258	10	3½	155	12	0	7,970	Ditto	
Chichester	Appledram	364	0	0	64	0	0	317	Ditto	
Ditto	Burpham	300	10	0	145	0	0	267	Ditto	
Ditto	Chidham	478	6	0	190	0	0	308	Rev. H. Smith.	
Ditto	Eastdean	250	0	0	86	0	0	368	Rev. T. W. Cogan.	
Ditto	Funtington	980	0	0	120	0	0	1,079	Dean and Chapter.	
Ditto	Subdeanery, Chi- chester	416	5	6	120	0	0	...	Ditto	
Ditto	Willington	310	0	0	158	0	0	678	Ditto	
Ditto	Bapchild	435	5	0	192	0	0	355	Ditto	
Bristol	Churchill	613	0	0	98	0	0	970	Ditto	
Ditto	Puxton	224	0	0	60	0	0	162	Ditto	
Ditto	Iale Abbots	352	10	0	104	10	0	413	Ditto	
Ditto	Drayton	362	10	0	97	0	0	469	Ditto	
Ditto	Barrington	396	0	0	84	0	0	531	Ditto	
Ditto	Broadwoodwiger	527	0	0	148	0	0	1,337	Ditto	
Ditto	Holt	260	0	0	150	0	0	1,044	Ditto	
Ditto	Runney	195	0	0	45	0	0	305	Ditto	
Ditto	Marshfield	178	0	0	27 acres of Glebe.	48	0	0	503	Ditto
Ditto	Norton	400	0	0	55	0	0	427	Ditto	
Ditto	Churchdown	1,076	6	8	88	0	0	999	Ditto	
Hereford	Breniton	210	0	0	109	0	0	362	Bp. of Hereford.	
Lichfield	Cannoch	1,217	6	0	182	10	2	3,081	Dean and Chapter.	
Lincoln	Ailsby	592	0	0	73	0	0	201	Ditto	
Ditto	Glentham	435	0	0	90	0	0	477	Ditto	
Ditto	Hameldon	1,308	0	0	180	0	0	768	Ditto	
Ditto	Normanby	399	0	0	88	0	0	471	Ditto	
Ditto	Skillington	508	0	0	126	0	0	434	C. Turner, Esq.	
Ditto	Scredington	245	0	0	80	0	0	364	Dean and Chapter.	
Norwich	Aldeby	735	0	0	120	0	0	496	Ditto	
Ditto	Sprowston	730	0	0	150	0	0	1,235	Ditto	
Ditto	Westhall	498	11	6	185	0	0	445	Ditto	
Ditto	Wiggenhall	336	16	2	120	0	0	624	Ditto	
Rochester	Rolvenden	794	0	0	155	2	4	1,500	Ditto	
Salisbury	Stratford Sub-Castle.	656	17	3	100	0	0	352	Ditto	
Ditto	Stourpaine	307	18	9	180	10	0	637	Ditto	
Worcester	Warton	964	6	7	187	0	0	2,209	Ditto	
Ditto	Old Radnor	1,164	0	0	180	0	0	1,744	Ditto	
Ditto	Quinton	346	11	8	70	0	0	666	Ditto	
Ditto	Thornton	390	13	0	193	0	0	1,138	Ditto	
Westminster	Otford	720	0	0	172	8	8	798	Ditto	
Ditto	Mathon	839	16	11	166	0	0	716	Ditto	
Windsor	Ambrosebury	959	10	0	141	0	0	1,171	Ditto	
Ditto	St. Germans	1,615	0	0	186	0	0	2,843	Ditto	
Ditto	Plympton St. Mary..	1,800	0	0	150	0	0	2,757	Inhabitants.	
Ditto	Saltash	1,450	0	0	170	0	0	1,422	Ditto	
Ditto	Sutton Courtney ...	1,292	0	5	180	0	0	1,378	Dean and Chapter.	

Long as this list may seem, it does not include half the instances in which Vicarages under the Chapters named in it are of less than £200 annual value, nor are *all* the cases cited in it the very worst that could have been selected. There are eighty other such livings, of which the large tithes are impropriated; besides those under the Chapter of Ely, of whose value no return is given, and those belonging to York and Carlisle, which have been handed over to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

Now, we hold that it was peculiarly incumbent upon so well endowed a body of patrons as the members of a Cathedral Chapter, to take care that the parishes were well provided for, from which their ample revenues were derived. Had the latter been much smaller, we should have expected some amount of self-denial from men devoted to the Christian ministry, and that every effort would be made to legalize such augmentations as they felt called upon to make. Unfortunately for their reputation, it has been the will that was wanting, not the means or the way. This we shall proceed to show.

So long since as the reign of Charles II. attention was called to this subject, and an Act was passed (29th of Charles II., cap. 8) for 'confirming and perpetuating augmentations made by ecclesiastical persons to small Vicarages and Curacies.' By this Act it was enacted, that 'all and every augmentation granted to any Vicar or Curate, by any Archbishop, Bishop, Dean, &c., or any ecclesiastical corporation, so making the said reservation out of any Rectory impropriate, or portion of tithes belonging to them, should be deemed and adjudged to continue, and be and should for ever thereafter continue and remain.' A power was even granted to those to whom the grants were made of recovering them by distress, or action of debt, upon the Rectories impropriate, and that even after the continuance of the term, or estate, upon which the augmentations were made. One limit was imposed, namely, that the augmentation should be limited to one moiety of the clear annual value, out of which it was granted. These enactments showed the conviction that such additions were urgently needed, and were to be carefully guarded when once obtained.

Further facilities were afforded by an Act of the 1st and 2nd of William IV., cap. 45. The powers already quoted were extended to colleges and hospitals. The sources from which such augmentations might be made were no longer confined to Rectories impropriate, or portions of tithes, but were extended to any lands, tenements, &c., belonging to them in their ecclesiastical capacity; a portion of the rent might be granted where such hereditaments were in lease, and a power was given of apportioning augmentations on future leases, a special clause being introduced to insure that the portions so assigned should be a

competent security for so much of the augmentation as they were intended to produce. Another clause (the eleventh) permitted the annexation of the tithes to any church or chapel in the parish in which the Rectory lies or from which the tithes arise; and the twelfth gave power to annex lands, tenements, or hereditaments held by them to any church or chapel under their patronage, provided the benefice did not exceed £300 a year in value, and was not raised to more than £350 a year, or £300 a year, exclusive of surplice fees.

We have thus shown that every facility had been afforded to the Cathedral Corporations for augmenting the small Vicarages, from which their revenues were derived. And the twelfth clause quoted above enabled them to make a more becoming provision for any other benefices under their patronage; and in the parishes of cathedral towns there were plenty of such cases which called loudly for their aid. In the cities of Canterbury, York, Durham, Carlisle, Chester, Chichester, Ely, Exeter, Gloucester, Bristol, Hereford, Lincoln, Llandaff, Manchester, Norwich, Rochester, Salisbury, St. David's, and Worcester, there are seventy-eight livings in the gift of the respective Chapters of the cathedrals, which have an average income of £168. 17s. 6d., with an average population of upwards of 4,090 souls. Nor have we here again made out the worst possible case, as we have in this estimate included *all* the livings of which the Chapters hold the patronage in those cities. Of the whole number fifty-six have either insufficient houses, or else none at all. What then has been done by the Chapters under the powers thus given them for the relief of these poor city parishes? *In thirteen instances out of nineteen, nothing whatever.* At Durham, where the endowments are nearly double the amount of the rest, a considerable sum has been expended in church-building, and endowing a newly formed parish. Rochester has provided two, and Salisbury one residence, out of the twenty-two parsonages which these seventy-eight livings share between them. Salisbury, Ripon, and Llandaff each pay £10 towards the maintenance of a Curate; whilst Ely has afforded more substantial assistance towards promoting the spiritual welfare of the people immediately around the cathedral. There is, as far as we have been able to discover, only one instance in which a Canon holds one of the city parishes above named. St. John's Redwardine, Worcester, has a member of the Cathedral Chapter for its Rector. Where shall we look for an explanation of this singular fact? Is it that, although the whole seventy-eight benefices average, as we have said, less than £169 a year, this one is worth £635?

It seems, however, that the cathedral bodies have generally looked upon the city parishes as having no claim upon their bounty, because they do not contribute anything to the Chapter revenues. Accordingly, Exeter (with nine miserably endowed

city parishes in its gift, none of which have parsonage houses, and for which nothing seems to have been done) says, 'The Chapter have seen no occasion to provide additional Curates for their livings, they being for the most part Vicarages completely endowed, and requiring no such aid out of the Chapter funds.' (Appendix, p. 194.) Of course this applies only to the Improper Rectories. The Commission, however, took the same view; for it was under the heading of Appropriate Rectories that they made the inquiry, 'Have any and which Vicarages or Perpetual Curacies been augmented under the powers of 1st and 2nd William IV., cap. 45? and to what amount?' Some of the answers to this question are worth recording.

In honourable prominence under this head stands the Chapter of Durham, which has granted augmentations amounting to £4,425 a year. So that the value in fee of the property transferred by them to Improper Rectories may be calculated at about £133,000. Three grants have been made to other benefices, worth £5,250: besides occasional sums amounting to more than £8,000. Exeter has granted perpetual augmentations worth £720 a year, and proposes to give £105 annually in addition. Carlisle has given up £385. 5s., Rochester, £254. 9s., and Gloucester, £135, in perpetuity, to increase small vicarages. But what shall we say to Canterbury, which out of an income of £25,211 gives one solitary augmentation, which raises the Vicarage of Bramford to £124 a year? Not that they think this sum sufficient. In a long letter to the Commissioners, they *suggest* that Bramford should be raised to £400 a year, and that other Vicarages should receive additions amounting in all to about £1,070. The question immediately suggests itself to us, Why, gentlemen, have you not put into practice what you propose? It appears from the Analysis of Expenditure for 1852, that the Dean and Canons received £11,024. 18s. 8d.: most of them were already amply provided for. Why not then apply the tithe of your own receipts, without hurting the Minor Canons, or encroaching upon the Fabric Fund, to placing the Incumbents of thirteen parishes in a comfortable and decent position? But we pass on to the rest. 'The receipts of York Chapter have been too variable' (be it remembered that the Vernon Harcourt are Canons of this cathedral) 'for any uniform augmentation,' although there are in its patronage fifteen livings averaging £144. 11s. 3d., in value, with upwards of 1,000 souls each. St. Paul's has granted four augmentations, one of which is *an acre of land*. Two answers strike us as peculiarly fitted to illustrate the rate of cathedral progress: Norwich and Lincoln have each a negotiation for one augmentation in hand; in the case of the former it has since been completed, whereas the enabling Act was passed thirteen years before. Llandaff has given one of £20 *per annum*; St. Asaph, two amounting to £50.

Winchester and Salisbury are much more liberal. Of the remainder we read,—Wells, none; Bristol, none; Manchester, none; Peterborough, none; Ripon, none. So much for the liberality of Cathedral Corporations.

We think that most of our readers will agree with us that this is a very melancholy list. We therefore turn to the Final Report of the Commission, feeling confident that so crying an evil must have been deeply pondered by them, and a remedy devised. The object of its appointment was to render cathedrals and collegiate churches more available for promoting the high and holy purposes for which they were founded, and for further extending the efficiency and usefulness of the Established Church. What could better tend to promote its efficiency, than securing a suitable provision for so many of its hard-working town Clergy, and removing the stigma which these miserably endowed Vicarages have so justly fastened upon its name? Almost every one is acquainted with some instance in which an important parish is neglected, because the value of the incumbency compels its Minister to unite some other employment with the cure of souls, whilst the money paid from the parish for Church purposes is ample. The justice of applying a part of that money to pay the man who bears the whole burden and heat of the duty, has been long since recognised; but the experience of the last fourteen years has shown that, except in a few individual instances, an Enabling Act is quite nugatory. Here then is the summary of the recommendations of the Commission on this subject:—

‘That, on the renewal or expiration of a tithe lease, provision be made (if necessary and practicable) for permanently augmenting the Vicarage.

‘That the Chapters be empowered, with consent of the Estates Commissioners, to assign portions of funded property, as well as lands, in augmentation of Vicarages, or towards building of parsonage houses.’

Could any thing more disappointing have been conceived? The first clause merely re-affirms the principle, which had been legalized by the Act of Parliament of 1st and 2nd of William IV. The second proposes that such augmentations should be allowed to be made out of funded property, as well as from lands and hereditaments. A more frigid and more unsatisfactory conclusion could not have been arrived at. Is it to be supposed that corporations which have been so insensible of the wants of the Vicarages under their control, whilst they could only relieve them from lands and tithes, will suddenly become aware of their responsibility, and eager to assist them, when empowered to use funded property for that purpose?

It is time, however, that we turned our attention to some other of the recommendations. The Commission acknowledges

the need of reform. 'The original purpose of a Cathedral Church was of a missionary character; the Bishop living together with his associated Clergy; maintaining the constant worship of Almighty God; educating the young in the faith of Christ; and sending forth preachers of the Gospel into all parts of the diocese.' The Dean and Canons were bound at first *to continual residence*, with the allowance of a hundred days' absence to the Dean and eighty to a Canon in the year; but 'in process of time the statutes relating to residence were relaxed, in such a manner that the time allowed for *absence* in the year became the term prescribed for *residence*.' And after remarking that circumstances have rendered the instances in which cathedrals have provided for men of learning, and laborious Ministers,—less numerous than they might have been,—they add their conviction that *the full efficiency of cathedral bodies* cannot be secured, without a return to the spirit of the ancient rule with respect to residence.

Now, it would take more space than we can devote to this part of the subject, if we were to quote the passages which prove that, in the view of the Cathedral Commission, *the full efficiency of cathedral bodies* can only be maintained by a return to the old system in all its minutest branches. We accept gladly the recommendation that Canons should be compelled to reside for nine months in the year, because, as it is coupled with a prohibition from holding any benefice more than two miles from the city, there is some chance of a better provision for the poor parochial districts. But from almost all the other suggestions we are obliged to withhold our assent. There is a long scheme for uniting honorary Canons with the Bishop, Dean, and Canons Residentiary, into a Diocesan Chapter, to be held once a year, or oftener, as the Bishop may deem it expedient. New statutes are to be drawn up, larger salaries paid to Minor Canons, Organists, Bedesmen, and Choristers; the choral service is to be maintained in its present or increased efficiency. And lest, as we suppose, they should not have time for the important duties of selecting the church music and disciplining the choir, the Archdeaconries which, in obedience to the recommendations of the Ecclesiastical Commission, have been united to Canonries, are at the recommendation of the Cathedral Commission to be severed from their stalls. 'The Archdeaconries so severed to be endowed by attaching them to sufficiently endowed benefices,' probably because it is less important that the latter should be neglected. The Grammar Schools are to be improved, and scholarships founded. Theological Colleges are to be established, and diocesan inspection of schools set on foot. Lastly, the incomes of Deans and Canons are to be raised, so that none of the former are to receive less than £1,500, none of the latter less than £750 *per annum*.

Some of these suggestions, it must be owned, are not a little calculated to alarm quiet members of the Church of England. What can they expect from the synodical meetings of the great Chapter, but either useless ceremony or a fruitful source of evil? The comprehensive character of the Establishment unites men of very different views in its communion. If the Synods are to discuss disputed questions, there will be much difference of opinion, opposing decisions come to by the Chapters,—in short, confusion worse confounded. If they are unanimous in their decrees, on whom will they be binding? and what advantage will have been gained? It is not many years since, when travelling on the coast of Devonshire, we met with a Cornish Clergyman who was going to attend the Synod held by the Bishop at Exeter. He came very unwillingly, he said, but the Bishop had given him a living, and he felt obliged to comply; but he added that he should kill two birds with one stone, as he had written for his sons to meet him at Exeter on their way from school, and he should take them home with him when it was over. A few days afterwards, on reaching Exeter, we found the hotel full of country Parsons, and amongst them our Cornish friend with his two boys. He greeted us warmly, said he had enjoyed himself immensely, had met many old friends he had not seen for years, had heard some very good speeches, and had got the Bishop's permission to return home, although the Synod was not yet over. Our friend's case was that of most of his brethren. They had held a large meeting, agreed to what none of them before disputed, and then separated. They had not gained over many dissentients; for *they* did not attend. The whole assembly was one-sided in view, and therefore peaceful in deliberation. Nothing could be more decorous, or for any practical result more useless. Such, we imagine, will be the result of these Synods, regarded in the most favourable light. If they are harmless, it will be because they are inoperative.

But another item appears to us to be fraught with much graver evil. It was stated by the Commission in their First Report, 'that one of the main purposes for which cathedrals were founded, was to impart Christian instruction to those under training for holy orders.' And they accordingly declare their opinion in favour of forming a certain number of Theological Colleges. Now we are astonished to find the Commission grounding this recommendation on the evidence they have received, because on referring to this we find it to be directly in opposition to them. In order to gather the opinions of those best qualified to judge of such a scheme, a paper of questions was forwarded to each of the Bishops, and to the heads of Colleges and the various Theological Professors at Oxford and Cambridge: and of these a very large majority were opposed to the establishment of Theological Colleges. After looking carefully through

their replies, we find five in favour of the proposition, four undecided or neutral, and thirty-six against it. Those who were in favour of the plan, are almost all men of kindred views, and those of an extreme character, the Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Pusey, and the late Dr. Mill, being of the number; whilst the majority almost unanimously agree in the opinion of the Professor of Pastoral Theology at Oxford, thus expressed:—

‘Should institutions for clerical training be multiplied, the text-books and tone of instruction at one College would invariably differ from those of another; and the uniformity of opinion and of feeling, desirable to be found in the whole body of the Clergy of a national Church, would thus become liable to be infringed in a manner, and to a degree, far beyond what the nature of the case renders inevitable under existing, and, indeed, under any supposable, circumstances. Serious, however, as this inconvenience might prove, it would be nothing in comparison with the disastrous and truly deplorable results that would ensue, if peculiarities of doctrine and of ritual observance, various and even opposite, were to distinguish the several Colleges from each other; and the candidates for holy orders of one diocese were to be trained to profess tenets and to follow usages, which those of another would be taught to regard and to denounce as grave errors and superstitious practices. Of the likelihood of so sad and so mischievous a condition of affairs I confess that I cannot doubt, when I reflect upon the temper of our times, and mark the effects and consequences, now beginning to disclose themselves, of plans that have been adopted, and of experiments that have been already tried, or are in course of trial, under auspices apparently favourable to their success.’—*Appendix*, p. 797.

A further subject for the consideration of the Commission was, how far Cathedral revenues might be ‘available in aid of the erection of new Sees, or of other arrangements for the discharge of episcopal duties.’ And they have accordingly, in their First Report, presented a Table of the Dioceses in England and Wales, with the area and population of each, and have added extracts from a French Commission on the Episcopal Sees. From this it appears that France has one Bishop or Archbishop for each 400,000 souls; Bavaria, one for each 375,000; Austria, one for each 385,000 Roman Catholics; Spain, one for 203,000; Portugal, one for 113,000; Sardinia, one for 110,000; the two Sicilies, one for 106,000. Sweden, with a population of three millions, has 13 Sees. Greece, with a population of less than one million, has twenty-four Bishops. The Protestant Episcopal Church in America numbers 1,800 Clergy, and thirty-two Episcopal Sees; whilst England and Wales, in 1851, had but twenty-eight Bishops, each Diocese having an average population of 645,383. The Benefices, in England and Wales, are 11,728; the number of Clergy, about 18,000. (First Report, page 41.)

From this it is plain, that English Dioceses are very much

larger than those of other European countries: but the great hindrance to any increase of the Episcopate is found in the vast endowments which they are supposed to require, and the cumbersome machinery with which they are surrounded. To divide the labours of those Bishops whose Dioceses are most populous and extensive, and to find for the newly erected Sees an endowment of £1,000 or £1,500 a year, would fully meet the requirements of the case. Probably something might have already been effected, had not the monstrous expenditure of nearly £150,000 on the palaces of ten Prelates greatly shocked public opinion, and prevented any further movement for increasing the number of Sees. But the plan proposed by the Commission seems equally calculated to thwart any such extension being carried into practice. 'In no case,' they say, 'should a new See be erected, unless a sufficient income, with a suitable residence, be provided.' What the amount of the former should be, or the cost of the latter, they do not say. But they evidently contemplate the formation of Chapters, with their Deans and Canons, or with Canons only, in connexion with every such freshly formed Diocese: for, whilst lamenting the suspension during the last fourteen years of so many ecclesiastical dignities, they add, 'Some remedy for this evil would be provided by the increased number of Chapters which will accompany the erection of new Sees.' Whilst touching on this part of the Report, we will add, that one valuable suggestion has been made, which will tend to remove the scandal now seen, of two Dioceses under the spiritual charge of one Bishop, in consequence of the physical infirmity of the rightful Diocesan, namely:—'That a general Statute be framed, enabling the Queen, after due inquiry by the Commission specially appointed for that purpose, to recommend a person to be elected Coadjutor, *cum jure successionis*, to a Bishop, in case of a Bishop requiring such aid and relief, by reason of advanced age or protracted infirmity, and being ready to surrender a portion of his episcopal income in favour of such Coadjutor.'

Before concluding, it may be well to remind our readers, by two short extracts from the 'Census of Religious Worship in England and Wales,' what the actual state of the country is, and what are the existing wants which it should be the aim of any Church reform to supply.

'The summary of the inquiry with respect to accommodation is, that there are, in England and Wales, 10,398,013 persons able to be present, at one time, in buildings for religious worship. Accommodation, therefore, for that number (equal to 58 *per cent.* of the population) is required. The *actual* accommodation in 34,467 churches, chapels, and out-stations, is enough for 10,212,563 persons. But this number, after a deduction, on account of ill-proportioned distribution, is reduced to 8,753,279, a provision equal to the wants of only 49 *per*

cent. of the community..... There is therefore wanted an additional supply of 1,644,734 sittings, if the population is to have an extent of accommodation which shall be undoubtedly sufficient. These sittings, too, must be provided WHERE they are wanted; *i. e., in the large town districts*; more especially in London. To furnish this accommodation would require the erection of about 2,000 churches and chapels; which, in towns, would be of larger than the average size. This is assuming that all Churches and sects may contribute their proportion to the work, and that the contributions of each may be regarded as by just so much diminishing the efforts necessary to be made by other Churches.'—Page 83.

'Probably, however, the grand requirement of the case is, after all, a multiplication of the various *agents*, by whose zeal religious truth is disseminated..... For many reasons the churches in large towns are constructed of considerable size, and rarely with accommodation for less than 1,000 persons. Under present circumstances, a congregation which should moderately fill an edifice of such dimensions, must be drawn from a neighbourhood containing 4,000 or 5,000 persons. But it evidently is impossible for any Minister, compatibly with the severe exertions which the present age imposes on him in respect of pulpit duties, to perform with reference to any large proportion of these 4,000 or 5,000 persons that perpetual visitation which is necessary, first to gather, and then to retain, them within the Church's fold. The choice, then, seems to be, either the much minuter subdivision of existing districts, with the erection of much smaller churches; or (if large churches are to be retained) the employment, in each district, of a number of additional agents, as auxiliaries to the regular Incumbent.'—Pp. 97, 98.

This latter is emphatically *the* want of the present time; and the great mistake, in our view, of the recommendations made by the Cathedral Commission is, that they have not kept this want in view; that they have regarded rather the past history of cathedrals than the present condition of the country; and that they have suggested a series of measures which will swallow up considerable sums of money, without yielding any adequate return, or producing a corresponding benefit. We perceive in their Report the same rigid adherence to system, the same dread of innovation, the same timidity in acknowledging and grappling with patent evils, that have so long impeded the Church of England's usefulness, and crippled her energies. The spirit of the times is totally opposed to the existence of sinecure offices, to the union of considerable revenues with ill-defined or light duties, and to the assembling of a large and well-paid staff around the Cathedral, to join in daily celebration of Church music, and in daily repetition of Church prayers, with a few Choristers and Bedesmen. What is wanted is an active, energetic parochial Ministry, carrying the Gospel to the houses and hearts of the poor, visiting the sick and destitute in their wretched dwellings, assailing the strongholds, in our large towns,

of infidelity and immorality, teaching both by precept and example a pure evangelical Christianity. Whilst, according to the estimate made by Mr. Mann, the Church of England alone, if she is to maintain her relative position with other Christian communities, requires, at the present time, 1,100 additional churches; whilst, in immediate connexion with cathedral bodies, there are nearly 100 miserably endowed large city parishes, and upwards of 150 more dispersed through the country; a Commission headed by the Primate has declared that fitting men cannot be expected to perform the duties of Deans and Canons, (when prohibited from holding benefices at a distance from the cathedral,) unless their incomes are raised to £1,500 and £750 respectively. It is the old mistake of estimating influence by the amount of endowment conferred with it. Never, according to Macaulay, had the country Curates greater power over their flocks, than when they sat submissively as inferiors at the Squire's table, and generally chose a wife from the servants' hall. It is not large emoluments, it is force of character and consistency of conduct that gains command over the minds of others. With all the wealth that interest could pour into their laps, few of the Cathedral Clergy have exercised so wide an influence as the Ministers of our large towns, whose income is rarely considerable. The best income for a Clergyman is that which relieves him from undue care about the maintenance of his position in society, without raising him too high above his people.

Nor is it consistent with past experience to hold that the ablest and best men will be deterred from entering the Ministry, or that parents will be discouraged from educating their sons for it, because the number of sinecure offices is diminished. It is true that whilst gentle bleeding may relieve the system, too severe an application of the lancet may cause the death of the patient; and, therefore, it is not safe to argue that, because a suspension of many Canonries and sinecures has not affected the numbers of the Clergy, a total suppression of them would have no evil effect. But it is a striking fact that, whilst sixty Canonries have, during the last fourteen years, been suspended under the Ecclesiastical Commission, the number of Clergy is increasing at the rate of three hundred annually.

It has been alleged, on the opposite side to that we are enforcing, that the appropriation of these revenues would not suffice for the Church's wants; and it was curiously argued in the Edinburgh Review, that as the whole sum, if divided among poor benefices, would only provide an insignificant addition to each, matters had better be left *in statu quo*. We cannot imagine that any such division was ever seriously suggested; but to show what *might* be effected, we may remark that, if the whole income of capitular corporations were applied to the pur-

pose, there would be at once an endowment of £300 a year for each of the 1,100 churches which are at present needed. Of course so sweeping a change is out of the question; we merely show what *might* be done. Or if any further illustration were required of the possible good that might be effected, it will be found in the circumstance that the revenues of these Chapters exceed the incomes of the Church Missionary, Propagation of the Gospel, Church Pastoral Aid, Additional Curates' Fund, Promoting Christianity among the Jews, and Colonial Church Societies, all together, by £10,000; that is, of all the great agencies of the Church of England for evangelizing the Heathen at home and abroad.*

It is indeed easier to criticize than to devise; to find fault with the plans of others, than to recommend a practicable scheme. But we cannot think that the problem proposed to the Cathedral Commission was one that admitted of no better solution than that which they have given. Setting aside the suggestions about Synodical Meetings and Theological Colleges, and leaving the erection of additional Sees to the better management and the division of episcopal estates, there remains the question of Deans and Canons, both Residentiary and Minor, of the choral and scholastic establishments, and of the Poor Knights and Bedesmen. It must be remembered that there are pressing wants,—that the Church is called upon to economize,—that there are more claims than it well knows how to meet. What, then, is the course which prudence suggests? The first step should be to unite the incomes of the Canons to the poorly endowed city parishes; the second, to do away with the expense of the choral service, except in those cases in which it is already efficiently maintained; and to apply the sums thus set at liberty, with the addition of others derived from the improved management of capitular property, to the augmentation of small Vicarages. By some such plan the cathedral body would be made efficient, the Deaneries would be retained as prizes for men of learning, relief would be afforded for the spiritual destitution of city parishes; and where no such destitution existed, the stalls would be annexed to Archdeaconries and Professorships at the Universities. The addition of a few scholarships of £40 a year, and a sufficient residence for accommodating boarders, would attract good masters and abundance of pupils to the cathedral schools, as at Hereford and elsewhere; whilst, in some cases, as at Carlisle, a single expenditure in improvement of the school estate might be all that was necessary. The stipends of the Poor Knights and Bedesmen should be maintained inviolate in their due proportion to the whole income of the cathedral; there will not be wanting an abundance of deserving poor to enjoy them.

Some such plan, varied according to the circumstances of

* See M'Conkey's 'Letters on the Cathedral System,' p. 62.

each cathedral, would have seemed more suitable to the present age. How greatly the recommendations of the Commissioners have fallen short of the requirements of the Church, as estimated by her best advisers, is seen in the significant omission of the signature of the Marquis of Blandford to the Final Report! We agree with him in failing to see a needful reform in the frequent meeting of Diocesan Synods,—in the inspection of schools already fully provided for by Government,—in the increased incomes of the higher dignitaries of the Chapter,—or in the performance of exquisite chants and florid anthems. We would not speak lightly on the latter subject; but the religious destitution, which we all acknowledge and deplore, is not to be removed by the sweetest sounds resounding through the spacious aisles of a cathedral. We believe the rudest singing at the cottage lectures of City Missionaries and Evangelical Ministers in the courts and alleys of our crowded towns, to be more in harmony with the harps of the celestial choir.

We have only to add, in conclusion, that our remarks have not been prompted by any enmity to the Church of England. The unfavourable estimate we have formed of the recommendations seems to be confirmed by the verdict of public opinion; the few notices that we have seen of the Report agree in the main with our judgment; and no measure that we are aware of has been introduced into Parliament to give these suggestions the force of law. When they come under the notice of the great national council, may they be so adjusted as will best promote the spread of genuine Christianity among our fellow countrymen!

ART. VII.—*Minnesota and the Far West*. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT, Esq., late Civil Secretary and Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs in Canada. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. 1855.

ONE of the earliest events in the reign of our gracious Queen was the Canadian rebellion. A long period of mismanagement and apathetic indifference on the part of the Home Government had roused the irritable Colonists to resistance. The two Houses of Assembly refused to grant supplies until their demands were complied with, or, at least, taken into consideration. The tone thereupon assumed by the British Cabinet provoked the threat of an appeal to arms; and several arrests on the charge of sedition brought matters to a crisis, and fanned into a flame the slumbering embers of revolt. It was, however, evident from the first, that there was no implacable hatred towards the mother country. Insurrection was unwillingly resorted to, and was not sustained with enthusiasm; there

was not unanimity of feeling, much less unity of action. It was, therefore, speedily quelled by the military authorities; and the conciliatory measures of Lord Durham, who was immediately sent out, invested with extraordinary powers, soon calmed the troubled atmosphere, and the storm-cloud seemed to have passed away. But it soon re-appeared with dark portent. Lord Durham had succeeded in re-establishing friendly relations with the United States, some of whose citizens had joined the ranks of the insurgents. He had conciliated the French settlers, whose grievances were the most serious, and whose sentiments were the most hostile; and thus prepared the way for a federal union of the provinces, which was shortly afterwards accomplished. So far as the Colonists were concerned, it was the evident change of policy, indicating a new course of action, and more liberal concessions, which pacified them, rather than the value of the benefits actually obtained; and therefore, when Lord Durham was recalled, and things returned to their former course, these anticipations were disappointed, and the discontent was deep and universal. Popular feeling inclined rather towards America than England; and the cry was loud for annexation to the one, or independence of the other. Party spirit ran dangerously high, and the Legislative Assembly was torn by factions,—split up into small divisions, that neutralized each other's influence, and crippled the whole machinery of government. Perpetual feud existed between the Upper and Lower Canadians from motives of jealousy; between the French and English settlers from hereditary antipathy; between the Irish Catholics and Protestants from religious antagonism; between the English Radicals and Conservatives from political rivalry; and between the Governor and his Council on questions of prerogative. So bitter was the hatred between the natives of the two provinces, that a scheme was on foot to obtain the repeal of their union. So violent were the Irish settlers, so complete was their organization, and so perfect their understanding with secret societies in New York and Dublin, that a fresh outbreak was expected from day to day during the whole of the dangerous crisis in Ireland, in 1842 and 1843. It was a time of suspense, fear, and anxiety.

But now every thing is completely changed. Among all classes there is a feeling of perfect and even enthusiastic loyalty towards England. Political animosity is so far subdued, that a coalition Ministry is in power, and has hitherto worked harmoniously and well. The bitterness of religious hatred has been abated by the abrogation of exclusive rights, and the enactment of wise and liberal measures. The antipathies of race exist no longer, and co-operation has succeeded to isolation and mutual jealousy. Intellectual and moral progress is equally remarkable. The condition of education is admitted, by the Americans them-

selves, to be as satisfactory as in their most favoured States, and the Canadian system of education to be superior to their own.

There are other points in which a comparison between the two countries is in favour of Canada. In the one case, we see confusion in every department of the State; the Cabinet bidding recklessly for a little temporary popularity, and over-reaching its own aims; the Legislature lost in the excitement of an unseemly party strife, and postponing for weeks the consideration of vital questions; the North and South becoming more and more estranged from each other, and rapidly tending to an open rupture; while a feeling of discontent and disgust manifests itself throughout the Union. In the other case, there is every evidence of health and vigour. While we write, the new Session is being opened, and the legislative programme indicates a state of rapid advancement. The Governor offers his congratulations on 'the increasing wealth and prosperity of the country,' and the 'satisfactory state of the finances.' The topics of his speech seem appropriate to an old, rather than a new, country. A system of provincial police, measures of legal reform, the questions of gaol discipline, public education, the reformation of juvenile offenders,—such is the class of subjects now engaging the attention of the Canadian Parliament.

These results are due to a judicious change in our entire system of colonial policy. The tone of the Home Government is no longer haughtily reserved, or coldly indifferent. The time is past when every contemplated change involved the writing home for instructions; when every dispatch navigated half the globe; and, before the cumbrous machinery of routine could creak its dreary round, a new state of things had arisen, requiring bolder measures and prompt legislation. The requirements of all these colonial dependencies are too various, and the state of society too diverse from our own, to be fairly treated, or even comprehended, from a home point of view, and under the influence of home prejudices. Here, where society presents, between its very highest and lowest ranks, gradations as regular and distinct as a series of geological strata, how is it possible to conceive justly of communities possessing no aristocracy, and, in our sense of the term, no pauperism? Amidst our ancient institutions and settled mode of life, in which order is almost an instinct, and obedience a habit; where the tracks are plain, and every one walks in the old paths,—how is it possible to provide for a state of things where precedent has no place, and political economy is yet an experiment? It might well be a noble ambition in a Secretary of State to control the destinies of rising empires, and virtually to sway the sceptre over territories more vast, and subjects more numerous, and resources more varied, than any European Sovereign can boast; but it was simply impracticable, and the prolonged attempt to do so resulted in

serious evils. The rapid progress of those Colonies which have enjoyed the benefits of self-government, has astonished even the most sanguine advocates of the change. So far from their assuming a tone of self-sufficiency, and an offensive attitude toward the parent country, the bonds of union have been drawn closer, and made more secure, because their interests are seen to be identical, and are so acknowledged.

A nobler country than Canada does not exist. Its climate, scenery, and water communication; its forests of pine, maple, and birch; its virgin soil, its unlimited mineral treasures, and its contiguity to a perpetual and eager market, offer equal temptations to the agriculturist and the trader, and prefigure for it an exalted destiny. How long it will remain an appanage of Great Britain is an enigma which only the future can solve; but, peopled by her sons, governed by her laws, and endowed with the rich inheritance of her freedom, whenever the severance may be formally effected, the offspring will still reflect the characteristic features of the parent, and England will behold herself invested with the glories of a second youth.

The increase of some of the Canadian towns has been equally rapid with those American marvels of progression, which were supposed to have gone far ahead of the rest of the world. There is Ottawa, which, in 1830, had but 140 houses, and has now 10,000 inhabitants; and London, the population of which has increased in twenty years from 1,000 to 10,000; and Hamilton, which, in 1845, had a population of 6,000, and, in 1854, of 22,000; and Toronto, which, in 1830, scarcely contained 5,000, and is now peopled by 50,000 souls, while its assessed property is four millions sterling. The gross population of Upper Canada has increased, in six years, from 800,000, to 1,400,000; but it is dispersed, rather than concentrated, and there are comparatively few important towns.

The extension of railway communication is even more remarkable. In 1849, there existed but three lines, which together scarcely exceeded fifty miles in length; and the stock of two of them was held at a depreciation of sixty or eighty *per cent*. The provinces are now intersected by something like eight hundred miles of railways already completed, and which have cost in their construction ten millions sterling; while numerous extension and branch lines are either in contemplation or are already begun. In 1855, 250 miles were opened to the public, and it is expected that the present year will see an addition of 250 more. At Montreal, where several important lines converge, the St. Lawrence will be crossed by a tubular bridge a mile and a half in length, supported on 24 piers or towers; the distance between the two centre piers will be 330 feet, and between the highway and the water level a clear space of 60 feet will allow the

passage of the largest river craft. The total cost of this colossal structure is estimated at a million and a half. The traffic is certain to be enormous. It will be the one connecting link, which must bear the weight of the whole chain of communication between two great countries. The commercial relations of Canada with the United States, always considerable, have increased enormously since the passing of the Reciprocity Treaty, by which all goods on either side are admitted duty free. Even in the seven years between 1847 and 1853, both the imports and exports were more than doubled; and between 1847 and 1854, the gross revenue was increased fourfold, or from £300,000 to £1,200,000. That this prosperity is not fictitious, but real and substantial, and that our own capitalists consider the future prospects of the Colony to be most promising, is shown by the fact that debentures which, in 1849, were refused again and again at a serious depreciation, now command a higher price in the market than any other description of American security; that the railway stock before spoken of, which about the same time was unsaleable at half its nominal value, now stands at a considerable premium; and that capital is freely offered for the development of new projects.

It is not, however, our intention to treat of Stock Exchange speculations or speculators, or of thriving cities, or the thriving citizens who dwell therein; but to follow Mr. Oliphant in a somewhat lengthened journey which he took, by way of the Canadian Lakes, through the North-Western States of America. It is one thing to travel with all the advantages and appliances of civilization, and a very different thing to do so Indian fashion. Mr. Oliphant and his friends, in performing a voyage of six hundred miles in a bark canoe, through a savage country, accomplished a far more adventurous undertaking than those fast young gentlemen who descended the Danube in a Thames wherry, or the mariner in holy orders who made two Baltic cruises in a tiny yacht.

Mr. Oliphant and his friends left Toronto by railway for Grass-point, a village upon the shores of Lake Simcoe, and thence went by steamer to the Indian settlement of Rama, which was their real *point de départ*. Here they prepared to descend the river Severn, which flows through a district entirely uncleared, and is scarcely ever navigated. In consequence of its numerous falls and rapids, it is only navigable by the native canoes, so that there was the treble excitement of romantic scenery, intricate navigation, and a novel mode of transit. These canoes are ingeniously made of strips of bark carefully stitched together, and coated at the seams with a sort of varnish. They draw little water, are easily repaired, and are light enough to be carried when rapids are too dangerous, or when, by a short cut across a neck of land, a devi-

ation of several miles can be avoided. From one cause or other these changes are frequent, and the 'portage,' as it is called, saves a large amount of time at a small expenditure of extra labour.

The party consisted of four persons; and as the canoes are small, it was necessary to engage two of them, and four Indians to manage them. These were of the Chippeway tribe, rejoicing in most sonorous names, respectively signifying, 'Thunderbolt,' 'Triumphant,' 'Snow Storm;' and the fourth, a son of the latter, 'as an exemplification of the effect of civilization over the elements,' called himself simply 'John Storm.' With a stick for a mast, and an insignificant blanket for a sail, and a fair breeze to fill it, each canoe glided swiftly through narrow channels, and past beautifully wooded islands, until in a few hours they entered the sea-green waters of the Severn. On either bank rose trees of many kinds, whose massive and richly tinted foliage bent over, until the river rippled among the branches. Occasionally they had wilder scenery, when the steep banks shut out everything but masses of rock in the bed of the river, and foaming rapids threatened the destruction of their little craft. Like all Canadian waters, the river abounded in fish:—black bass, which is somewhat larger than trout, and most delicious eating; pickerel, weighing from five to ten pounds; and largest of all, the maskegonge, sometimes weighing twenty-five pounds,—a powerful fish, and very difficult to 'tackle,' especially when the angler must squat uncomfortably on his hams, and, at all hazards, maintain his equilibrium, so that his attention is painfully distracted between his body, his boat, and his booty.

It was but a short trip to Georgian Bay, but it served to initiate our voyagers in a new mode of life, and they suffered very little from its inconveniences and exposure. Arrived at the head of the Bay, where no other dwelling was visible than a wretched cabin dignified with the name of an inn, they waited for the steamer. In sheer despair of finding either amusement or rest in such a miserable place, Lord Bury and our author resolved on having a comfortable bathe. As the shores were low and marshy, and the water both shallow and muddy, it was necessary to take the canoe out some distance, and jump out of her.

'But then, to our dismay, arose a difficulty which, from our inexperience of this sort of craft, we had never calculated upon. It is a very easy matter to jump out of a bark canoe, but it is a very different thing getting into her again. The slightest pressure from without tilts her right over; and, apart from the inconvenience, which such a catastrophe must have entailed, of depriving us of our clothes, we were so far from shore that the prospect of a voyage thither in an undressed condition, astride upon the bottom of a canoe, was anything but agreeable. In vain did we endeavour, one after the other, to slip nimbly in, first over the bow, then at the side, then at the stern;

we only succeeded in letting enough water over the side to wet our clothes at the bottom, and we were beginning to swim round and round in despair, when we thought that a united effort might possibly be successful. Swimming to opposite sides of the canoe, we each carefully seized it at the same moment, and, bringing first an arm, then a leg, over, made the final spring. Alas! it was not simultaneous, and we fell sprawling back, just in time to save the canoe from upsetting altogether. It was evident, in order to get the other leg in, the utmost precision in our movements was requisite, and it was therefore arranged that I should give the time,—*one, two, three*: accordingly, having arrived without difficulty at the same stage of affairs as before, we brought our chins over the gunwale, and I had got as far as *two*, when the intensely grave and anxious expression of my companion's countenance appearing above his naked leg and arm, the absurdity of his whole attitude, and the consciousness that my own corresponded exactly to it, presented to my imagination a tableau so exquisitely ludicrous, that, instead of uttering *three*, I rolled off the canoe in such a fit of laughter, that I was almost incapacitated from ever trying to get into it again, from the quantity of water I swallowed. By this time we had both become so exhausted that it was no laughing matter, and I never felt more disposed to be serious in my life than when, once more in similar graceful attitude, I gave the word *three*. It was followed by a well-timed spring; and although the canoe was half full of water, we put on our dripping clothes with the greatest possible satisfaction.'—Pp. 64, 65.

Among tarry-at-home travellers, ideas of distance must be extremely vague; and very few who know the outline of the Canadian lakes and their relative positions merely from studying the map, suppose that in this Georgian Bay, which is but an arm of Lake Huron, there are not less than 2,700 islands, the largest of which is more than a hundred miles in length. Some of the European seas are inferior to these lakes. The area of the Sea of Azof is about 14,000 square miles; the area of Lake Superior is 32,000 square miles. The Sea of Aral is 200 miles in length; Lake Huron is 250, Michigan, 262, and Erie, 230. Our English idea of a lake is a sheet of water locked in by sheltering mountains, its glassy surface glistening in the sun like burnished steel, or fanned by a gentle breeze that passes like a smile over its face, which is scarcely dimpled by the tiny wavelets, as they languidly chase each other to the margin, and do not strike, but kiss, the pebbly shore; while the silvery music of their ripple falls softly like a dying echo on the ear. It is the very image of unconscious loveliness;—a sleeping child is not more gentle, the queenly moon is not more fair. Very different are the features of the great Canadian lakes. Some of them abound in scenery which is nowhere to be surpassed,—as Lake Huron, with its thousand islands; high,—twelve hundred feet above the water-level,—rocky, and picturesque; or low, with a grassy sward reaching to the water's edge; or well wooded, and

gay with flowers. The views towards the mainland present a succession of bays and indentations irresistibly tempting to an explorer, and backed by a bold range of hills forest-laden. Others are more grand and less beautiful, as Lake Superior. Even when at rest, the vast expanse of water excites a feeling of awe which chastens the emotion of pleasure. No heaving tide with ceaseless ebb and flow breaks the monotony of its dead level. It is a sea without its grandeur,—a lake without its beauty. Its shores have no gently undulating outline, but are abrupt and craggy. Instead of our purple hills, are scarred mountains, towering in Alpine grandeur, their sides clothed, not with the feathery birch, or drooping willow, or the silver foliage of the stately ash, but with dark masses of mountain pine. The islands which dot its surface are too low to furnish harbours, or even temporary shelter to the shipping, and indeed only serve to increase the intricacy of the navigation. Exposed to the full fury of the elements, the Lake is soon lashed into a storm, and is then more feared by mariners than the open sea. Yet the suggestion is a good one, of a yacht voyage from Liverpool to Fond du Lac, and a summer spent amid the romantic scenery of the upper lakes. Here would be 2,000 miles of inland navigation, with an endless variety of scenery and excellent fishing, with the option of visiting some of the numerous settlements, always interesting in themselves, besides furnishing abundant supplies at all times.

On the large island in Georgian Bay is the Indian settlement of Manitowaning,—an experiment of Sir Francis Head's, who offered the natives every inducement to settle there, removed from all interference, and the evil influences which seem invariably to attend their intercourse with the white population. He provided them with teachers, and every educational advantage, and expected that they would gradually abandon their savage customs, and acquire not only the outward habits of civilized life, but attain some degree of intellectual development. The scheme was creditable to the head of Sir Francis, but the result has shown that civilization is not to be taught and acquired like a fashionable accomplishment, in private lessons at so much per quarter. At the time of Mr. Oliphant's visit, some thousands of Indians from all parts of the country had assembled, in order to receive the annual Government grants in compensation for their relinquishment of lands. They presented a miserable appearance, ill clad, and worse fed. They seemed cowed and dispirited, as though the loss of their independence had involved the loss of their self-respect. Verily, the romance of Indian life is gone. The noble qualities of the savage, of which we once heard so much, have given place to cunning and cruelty; his creed, which was lauded for its sublime simplicity, is but a vague and indefinite idea; and his traditional rites, now that they

are stripped of their mystery, are childish and imbecile. Cities have arisen upon his ancient hunting-grounds; steamboats plough the stream where his canoe once idly floated; his council-fires pale, flicker, and die out, one by one; and the work of extermination hurries to its close.

In striking contrast is the appearance of activity and prosperity which characterizes all the white settlements. One of the most cheerful of these is the Sault Ste. Marie, situated on the narrow channel dividing Huron from Superior. It is the advanced post of civilization, and enjoys a reputation proportionate to its expectations and pretensions, rather than its present condition. Viewed from the river, it certainly has a very imposing appearance; for the houses seem to stretch away to a great distance, and to be more substantially built and carefully finished than is customary in these remote regions. The American flag floats gaily over the various hotels, and a neat stockaded fort crowns an eminence in the rear. But, unfortunately, this brave display proves to be in a great measure fictitious,—a pleasant optical delusion; the houses are low and poor, and a single street contains them all. In summer, the Sault is at once a commercial emporium, and a fashionable watering-place; thus affording extraordinary facilities for combining pleasure with profit. In winter, it is completely isolated, and the settlers must depend upon the stores which they have previously accumulated. In cases of necessity, as when supplies run short, journeys have to be made in dog sleighs upon the ice, sometimes as far as Detroit and back, a distance of more than six hundred miles.

This would seem to be an out-of-the-way place for the execution of extensive engineering works; and yet, in spite of every difficulty, a ship canal has been recently made here. The river Ste. Marie, which connects the two lakes, is twenty-five miles in length, the whole of which is navigable, except about a mile, where the rapids occur. The vast amount of traffic, chiefly mineral, which passes through this district, and its extraordinary rate of increase, rendered the formation of a canal a work of absolute necessity; and the undertaking has been perfectly successful. The preliminaries of such works are thus settled. All land in the United States belongs originally to the Federal Government; so that an Act of Congress is necessary to allow the State engaged in the undertaking a right of way. An additional quantity of land is at the same time granted by Government, and subsequently sold by the State interested, in order to provide the necessary funds for the execution of the work. In the present instance, 750,000 acres were allotted to the State of Michigan, to be selected by the Governor's own agents. The canal is nearly a mile in length, is a hundred feet wide, twelve feet deep, and contains two locks, each three hundred feet

long, and capable of receiving the largest lake-craft afloat. The sides are faced with stone, brought, at a vast expenditure of labour, a distance of three hundred miles. The entire cost is estimated at a million of dollars; and had the expense been even greater, it would have been justified by the enormous traffic which must pass by this route. In 1851, the value of the imports which passed the Sault was a million of dollars, and the exports 700,000; but as the population on the southern shore of Lake Superior has nearly trebled since then, so doubtless has the traffic.

The rapids which here interrupt the navigation are by far the most attractive feature of the place; and the fact that the operation of 'shooting' them, Indian fashion, is attended with danger, constituted an immediate and, in Mr. Oliphant's eyes, an irresistible inducement to make the attempt.

'We were more than an hour forcing our canoe up the rapids, which are nearly a mile in length; and it was only by dint of great exertion, and taking advantage of every backwater, that we managed to creep along the banks of the little islands with which the river is dotted. It was my first experience of the sort; and unless I had actually witnessed it, I certainly should not have considered feasible the ascent, in a boat, of a torrent which was so rapid that it would have been impossible for a man to stem it on foot. Indeed, nothing but the most dexterous punting on the part of our experienced boatmen would have enabled us to succeed.....Then, seating ourselves steadily at the bottom of our frail bark, we allowed it to be sucked into the foaming waters,—a voyageur at each end of the canoe, with quick eye and strong arm, prepared to steer us safely upon a voyage which certainly, to the uninitiated, did not seem altogether devoid of peril. The surface of the river, over an extent of at least a mile square, presents at this point one unbroken sheet of foam. The waves are so high that they dash into the canoe, which would inevitably be upset, if, by bad steering, it were allowed (in nautical language) to get into the trough of the sea. We were just beginning to acquire a fearful velocity, when, as if to harmonize with the tumult of waters amid which we were being so wildly tossed, vivid flashes of lightning burst forth from the black clouds, followed by loud peals of thunder, and rendered the descent of these rapids, which is always exciting, grand, and almost appalling. In about four minutes we were in smooth water again, having in that period accomplished a distance which it had taken us an hour to traverse in our upward course.'—Pp. 98, 99.

Occasionally fatal accidents occur. It was but a short time previously that two Americans ventured to descend, and were upset. How one of them was saved, and why, the narrator shall tell:—

'As the accident took place immediately opposite the town, many of the inhabitants were attracted to the bank of the river to watch the struggles of the unfortunate men, thinking any attempt at a rescue would be hopeless. Suddenly, however, a person appeared

rushing towards the group, frantic with excitement. "Save the man with the red hair!" he vehemently shouted; and the exertions which were made in consequence of his earnest appeals proved successful, and the red-haired individual, in an exhausted condition, was safely landed. "He owes me eighteen dollars," cried his rescuer, drawing a long breath, and looking approvingly on his assistants. The red-haired man's friend had not a creditor at the Sault, and, in default of a competing claim, was allowed to pay his debt to nature.'—Page 100.

In due time our travellers found themselves, with three hundred others, on board a large steamer, bound for the western extremity of the Lake. She appeared to English eyes a comfortable, roomy vessel, but was pronounced by a native critic to be 'tarnation old, and shaky some.' Her passengers, chiefly new settlers and intending settlers, were even more eager, restless, and speculative than the men of the cities. Two engrossing topics occupied general attention. Those who were connected with the numerous mines talked of shares, lodes, shafts, and levels; those who were not speculators in mines were speculators in land, and talked of 'clearins,' acres, and lots; and as every body talked of dollars and cents, the conversation was of a decidedly commercial character. The arts of whittling, spitting, and slang, which in the Far West attain an astonishing degree of perfection, agreeably diversified the incidents of the voyage. These accomplishments were, of course, purely masculine. There were passengers of the other sex on board, but their accomplishments were not so easily studied, as they enjoyed privileges of seclusion, and retained them jealously. Their personal appearance is described as most captivating; and in paying a tribute to the beauty both of the women of Canada and those of the Western States, Mr. Oliphant only re-echoes the admiration which every traveller through these countries never fails to express. He takes an early opportunity of introducing both himself and his readers to a very choice specimen of nature's handiwork.

'The most propitious time for ingratiating oneself with our fair passengers was at the evening dance, the band being composed of niggers, who officiated during the day as barbers. There was one lovely girl, with a noble, thoughtful brow, black hair and eyes, perfect features, and a most irresistible smile, with that clear, transparent complexion, which is never to be met with out of America, to whom I had from the first ardently desired an opportunity of being introduced; and I shall never forget the thrill of pleasure which I felt when, upon the two guitars and a fiddle ranging themselves along the bottom of the saloon, and striking up a lively tune, this fair creature, near whom I happened to be standing, artlessly remarked, "that she had a mind to take the knots out of her legs;"—a piece of information on her part which I interpreted to mean that I was at liberty to offer my services to assist her in this proceeding, and I accordingly

solicited the honour of being her partner, and "annexed to her right away."—Pp. 134, 135.

But to return to other and more engaging beauties. The south shores of Lake Superior exhibit some peculiar phenomena. About seventy miles from the Sault, a range of sandstone bluffs rises precipitously to a height of 200 feet, and for a distance of five miles the rock has been worn by the violent action of the surf into singular shapes,—caverns, grottoes, supported by columns both massive and slender, some fantastic as the creations of a sick fancy, others regular and well-proportioned as the work of a cunning hand. One excavation is called the 'Chapel,' having a mediæval-looking pulpit, with a flight of steps leading up to it, a sound-board above, a desk in front, and an altar below. Beyond this is the Grand Portal,—an archway 100 feet high, and 168 feet wide at its base,—leading into an immense cavern, which extends 600 feet into the cliff; a chamber, dim, vast, and tenantless, with a pavement of liquid emerald, and a roof of crystal spar, which no sunlight ever reached, and which for ages echoed to no sound but the wild music of the sweeping wind, and the moan of the breaking waves. Still more extraordinary are the numerous colours distributed over these cliffs, and which have occasioned the name of 'Pictured Rocks.' The report made by the Government surveyors is to this effect: 'The prevailing tints consist of deep brown, yellow, and grey; burnt sienna and French grey predominating. There are also bright blues and greens, though less frequent. All of the tints are fresh, brilliant, and distinct, and harmonize admirably with one another, which, taken in connexion with the grandeur of the arched and caverned surfaces on which they are laid, and the deep and pure green of the water which heaves and swells at the base, and the rich foliage which waves above, produce an effect truly wonderful.'

Some eighty miles further up the Lake, is the pretty village of Marquette, lying embosomed in a wood which reaches down to the water's edge. There are numerous iron mines in the neighbourhood, the ore of which is unprecedentedly rich, both as regards purity, and the large masses in which it is found; but as no coal has yet been discovered, it is shipped in the raw state, and conveyed to Cleveland, on the south shore of Lake Erie, to be smelted. An expensive journey of 450 miles is thus involved, rendering the undertaking a doubtful source of profit. The mineral treasures of this district are various as well as valuable; indeed, the whole of the Keewenaw peninsula is intersected with metallic veins, chiefly of copper. At the Cliff Mine, perhaps the richest in the world for copper, they were raising, at the time of Mr. Oliphant's visit, a mass of pure metal, estimated at 160 tons in weight! This mine has been prosecuted with energy since 1845; but there are

traces of mining operations having been carried on in the neighbourhood centuries ago, in times anterior to the remotest Indian traditions. In one of the trenches, 18 feet deep, a block weighing upwards of six tons was discovered, supported on a cobweb of timber. Since this was left by the miners, whoever they may have been, gigantic trees have grown up, some of which are pronounced to be 500 years old. Stone hammers, mauls, and other implements have been found; but they furnish no clue either to the date or the race of the craftsmen who wielded them. The veins of rich ore extend westward along the shore of Michigan State; and on the borders of Minnesota is a mine, some lodes of which are eight feet wide, and little inferior to those of the Cliff Mine itself.

Ontonagon is the chief port for mining cargoes in this district, and is a thriving place, although yet in its infancy. Stumps still stand in the principal street, and only such trees and brushwood are, from time to time, cut down as were positively in every body's way. If the builder meets with a particularly straight fir or pine in an uncleared space, he makes it do duty for one of the uprights of his house,—if possible, for a corner one; on the other hand, if lucky enough to obtain a cleared space, he builds upon half a dozen stumps, though they raise the dwelling several feet above the ground! These huts are, of course, more picturesque than convenient, but are readily sold in a place where four sides and a roof constitute 'all that eligible mansion situate' so and so. In many cases the householder is also a storekeeper, and is described as a shopman on the ground-floor, and a lawyer up-stairs, besides keeping a bowling-alley and a bar-room at the back; and when these various branches of trade are dull, he occupies his leisure moments in the practice of medicine. The place contains about a thousand inhabitants, and a first-class hotel, 'certainly more comfortable, and upon a grander scale, than the Adelphi at Liverpool!' The proprietor, albeit an enterprising man, has been recently outdone by a Yankee editor, who, penetrating into the interior of Wisconsin, first cleared a couple of acres of forest land, then built himself an office, and at once issued his weekly sheet, though his nearest neighbour resides more than a mile away, and is the only one even within that distance.

Early on the third morning after leaving Ontonagon, there was an unusual scuffling on the deck of the steamer, partly in consequence of a violent gale of wind rendering the navigation more dangerous than usual, and partly from the fact that the westernmost extremity of the Lake had been reached, and the vessel was entering the river St. Louis. The view from the deck was inspiring. There was what would be called, but that it is fresh water, a surf on the bar, adding wildness to a scene suffi-

ciently imposing in itself. On the right is a deep bay, backed by a lofty range of hills. A spit of land more than a mile long, on which is a grove of tall limbless pine trees, separates the river from the lake. Near its extremity were pitched a number of Indian wigwams, with a row of upturned canoes in front of them. Straight ahead, and upon the further shore of a broad lagoon formed by the St. Louis, stood, or was said to stand, the city of Superior. But as the steamer swung round to her anchor, it became evident that 'one lofty barn-like shed, surrounded by an acre of stumps,' represented the future metropolis of this fertile district. The barn was, of course, the hotel, before the door of which a large group collected, in order to watch the proceedings of the new 'arrivals.' On all sides were ingenious contrivances for temporary shelter, but there was no other substantial dwelling to be seen. No one offered to render the slightest assistance to the passengers who were landing, and who had the greatest difficulty in obtaining information, or even an answer to any question that was put; so while his friends stayed with the baggage, Mr. Oliphant set off to reconnoitre.

'Striking along a swamp, and balancing myself upon the pine logs that served as a pathway, I observed a white sheet fluttering among the bushes, and, upon approaching, found that it was a tent formed of some sheets fastened ingeniously together with bark, and to which there was no visible entry. At last I discovered a part where it was not pegged down, and, poking my head under, perceived—lying in the centre upon the hard, damp ground, like a chrysalis in its cocoon—a huge mummied figure, wrapped in a blanket, above which gleamed a pair of spectacles. The only other article in the tent was a carpet-bag, which served as a pillow to the prostrate occupant: the keen wind was whistling under and through the thin cotton sheeting; the moisture oozed up through the damp soil; and as it was the middle of the day, I thought some serious malady was the occasion of so uncomfortable a proceeding. A pair of round eyes goggling at me through the spectacles relieved me from any apprehension of waking the sufferer; so I asked him if he was ill.

"No, Sirree; guess I'm only lazy."

"But it will be very cold to-night."

"Wal, don't reckon on its being colder than it was last night."

"Then, do you mean always to live here?"

"Ah, shouldn't wonder. I have got a house building on hill, 'ull be the finest in the city for a spell. I 'll make it a saloon, and there will be a room 18 by 25. The rent is only two hundred dollars a year; if you've a mind to it, go up by swamp half a mile and see it, and come back and tell me what you think of it. I ain't one of your darned picayunish coons, and 'll hold on to this hyar fixing to oblige a stranger; but if you're nosing about to no good, wal, put!" This latter hint was given with such emphasis, and the eyes looked so threatening, that, as I had no design upon the saloon, I "put" forthwith, or, in less concise terms, took myself off, carefully avoiding my friend's fixing during the remainder of my stay at Superior.—Pp. 148, 149.

The accommodation subsequently obtained at the hotel was scarcely better than that enjoyed by the choleric gentleman in the spectacles. Everything was in confusion, no part of the house was even finished. Hammers and saws plied unceasingly; and as the rooms were only divided by lath partitions without being plastered, the noise was perfectly deafening. No stairs were yet put up, and each story was reached by a series of primitive ladders. Beds of shavings covered the floor of the upper room, and in addition were numerous stages or cages, supported on wooden posts, like so many expanded pigeon-cotes. These also were roosting-places, which the occupants were only able to reach by 'swarming' or climbing up the several posts,—really a most healthy exercise, much to be commended at all times, but especially after a heavy supper. Besides the advantage of good company, consisting of a room full of snoring fellows, there was another, arising from the landlord's anxiety to provide his customers with well-aired beds; for the wind whistled keenly through numberless gaps and holes in the walls providently left for the purpose. Sleep under such circumstances was impossible, but there was much to divert a wakeful observer. Thirty or forty men lay around in every conceivable attitude; an eager party of gamblers—returned gold-diggers—sat over a rickety table, playing 'faro' by the light of a candle stuck in an empty spirit-bottle; their lank hair, unshaven chins, and haggard features lighted up with the excitement of the game, formed a picture such as Teniers or Ostade would have delighted to paint; another set were wrangling in the land-office, and looked angry and mischievous; while at all hours entered the garret lodgers, making the rickety posts creak ominously, especially if the aspirant was some broad-built, heavy-ended Dutchman, who with many slips and slides clambered laboriously to his resting-place.

There was diversion out of doors as well as in; especially in drawing comparisons between the real and the ideal, and in witnessing the development of the imaginative faculty under unfavourable circumstances. Hanging up in the offices of certain agents in Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, and even New York and Boston, are certain plans of the city of Superior, with its endless succession of streets, squares, terraces, market-places, and churches, presenting an appearance imposing enough in more senses than one. It was a matter of curiosity to know how much of the land had been actually surveyed; so, setting out with a guide to view a particularly eligible 'lot,' situated near the wharf, and nearer still to the principal bank, in fact, quite in the heart of the business part of the town, they found 'Third Avenue,' or the fashionable quarter, to be still forest-land; 'West Street,' the bed of a rivulet; and the principal square, a hopeless bog. The attempt to reach the Fleet Street and Cheapside of this promising capital would have involved

such an immense expenditure of strength and woodman's labour, that it was prudently given up. Mr. Oliphant very truly says:—

'The blind confidence which induces crowds of utterly destitute people to emigrate to comparatively unknown, and altogether uncivilized, regions, with the intention of living there permanently; the cool presumption with which crowded steamers start for cities which do not exist, and disgorge their living freights upon lonesome and desolate shores to shift for themselves; and the very remarkable manner in which they do shift for themselves, first, by building an hotel, then a newspaper office, then probably a Masonic Lodge, or something equally unnecessary, then saloons and places of public entertainment, and finally shops and ordinary dwelling-houses; are amongst the most novel and characteristic experiences of a traveller in the Far West.'—Page 159.

We in the old country have no idea of the rapid increase of population in the West. Our census returns show little, if any, decennial increase. We throw off our superfluous population, and act as feeder to our own Colonies and the American States; they, on the contrary, receive their supply of labour from every part of the world. There is scarcely a vessel which arrives at an American port that does not number among its living freight English, Irish, Germans, and Norwegians; and, in addition, there is a constant stream of native Americans moving westward, of whom no accurate account is kept. In 1838, the State of Wisconsin contained, according to the official returns, not more than 18,000 souls. In 1854, the Governor of the State declared the population to have reached more than 500,000,—the result of sixteen years' emigration. In 1849, the town of St. Paul contained something less than 200 inhabitants; its present population is not correctly known, but is upwards of 7,000; and it contains four or five hotels, half-a-dozen handsome churches, meeting-houses in proportion, good streets, warehouses, wharves, at which upwards of three hundred steamers arrive annually; and also four daily, four weekly, and two tri-weekly papers in this town of six years old.

How to reach this place was now the question. Four different routes were proposed; each had promoters and opponents; and in the consequent multiplicity of opinions and confusion of ideas lay the safety of the counsellors, and the danger of the counselled. Moreover, there was a frightful amount of 'liquoring up,'—a process analogous to our custom of 'treating,' and one of the most ancient and sacred institutions of the country! It was finally resolved to proceed by the St. Louis and Mississippi, involving a canoe voyage of about a month, and much troublesome preparation. In due time everything was ready,—provisions, ammunition, camping utensils, and sundries were all collected,—and on a lovely morning in the August of 1854, a large canoe, with four Englishmen and two natives, started from

Superior, and slowly paddled up the waters of the St. Louis. Like all the rivers in this part of the world, it is on a large scale, and is here about two miles wide; but is sluggish and full of obstructions. A few miles further up, the rapids commence, or rather end, after extending over nearly six miles, in the course of which the river falls 389 feet. The scenery throughout is grand in the extreme. Sometimes enormous walls of rock, thirty feet high, project from either bank, and nearly meet, running across like huge dams, the river rushing through the narrow opening with the fury of a cataract; at others it glides over inclined layers of slate which crop out edgeways; and, again, it falls over a series of cascades of exceeding beauty. The river, thus hurried and driven from barrier to barrier, is lashed into boiling foam, and the effect of the turmoil is visible for miles after it has resumed its even flow. The principal drawback to travelling in this part of America is the entire absence of game, though this is a line of country rarely traversed even by Indians. It was in vain that the most seductive flies were tried on the St. Louis,—there was nothing to catch; and rifles proved to be a useless encumbrance, for there was really nothing to kill: so the disappointed sportsmen ate ‘damper’ on an improved principle, drank concentrated essence of green tea, ‘strong enough to float an axe,’ and dreamed of more sumptuous fare.

The current of St. Louis is so strong that rapid progress is impossible; and, after ascending about eighty miles, our voyagers were very glad to turn off into a small tributary, scarcely ten yards wide. The change was, in some respects, agreeable. On either side rose lofty trees, with branches arching overhead, whose varied foliage formed a grateful screen from the noon-day heat. Thick underwood and long coarse grass seemed most desirable shelter for game; but there was no sign of any living thing; and not even the twitter of a bird among the trees, to break the painful silence. In the matter of progress nothing was gained; for the channel was frequently choked up with fallen trees, driftwood, and tangled weeds. Sometimes it was necessary to lift the canoe over some obstruction, or to press it under logs or branches; and, in place of strong currents and pointed rocks, was the not less formidable peril from ‘snags.’ Proceeding wearily for miles, meeting with nothing noteworthy, except traces of Indians, the little party found themselves in a labyrinth of channels, winding among long rushes and wild rice, ten or twelve feet high, and almost impassable. This was the Great Savannah swamp. The prospect was limited to a few feet on each side, and the instinct of the two native voyageurs was their only guide. The poles got continually imbedded in the mud, and were extricated with difficulty. Sometimes the canoe would stick fast altogether; and it was only the most violent

and united exertions that saved them from being doubly swamped.

'It was upon one occasion, while thus engaged, and unable to see three yards in any direction, that we suddenly found ourselves face to face with a naked savage, alone in a bark canoe, who, glowering at us through the rushes, looked as if he was some amphibious animal indigenous to the swamp, and whose matted hair, hanging over his shoulders, was no improvement to a hideous face, daubed over with ashes, and which displayed some terror at so unexpected a *rencontre*. His first impulse evidently was to escape; but that was impossible; and as we looked amiable, and addressed him through one of our Indians, he seemed re-assured, and told us he had returned from an expedition against the Sioux; that he was now on his way to Fond du Lac, to revenge the death of a relative who had been murdered there, and for whom, he said, pointing to the ashes upon his face and head, he was then mourning. So we left this wild man of the lakes and forests to proceed on his solitary mission of blood and vengeance.'—Page 183.

It is truly a delectable region, where Cording's waterproof garments, or, better still, a diving suit complete, would be invaluable. The channel soon became so shallow that it was necessary for every one to get out and wade, or rather flounder, through the mud, which reached up to the waist, and in places even up to the neck. While camping for the night in the midst of these discomforts, no wonder that gloomy views prevailed. After being a week *en route*, they had not been able to procure an ounce of fresh meat by their guns; their supply of salt meat was exhausted; much of the flour was wetted and spoiled; there was a long portage of sixteen miles for the following day; in the Little Savannah, where the canoe was again to be launched, there was scarcely any water; and the two Indians, who had been engaged at Fond du Lac, resolved to return, as they were approaching a hostile country. St. Paul was declared to be five hundred miles distant; already symptoms of ague were manifesting themselves; while every one was more or less affected by contact with the poisonous ivy. Fortunately their difficulties were nearly at an end. After passing the Savannah the country improved, and, indeed, appeared to be everything that a settler could desire,—hills thickly wooded, valleys well watered, and grass land rich in the extreme. At intervals are forests of red pine, 'where no underwood impedes one's progress, or spoils the effect of those straight lofty columns, which shoot upwards to a height of forty or fifty feet, and then, spreading out their evergreen capitals, completely roof in one of nature's grandest temples.' They soon reached one of the small tributaries of the Mississippi; and now, instead of punting and paddling laboriously against an overwhelming current, or forcing an opening through tangled sedge, or, in despair, tramping, overweighted, through mud and

water, they glided swiftly down the Prairie River, all the more pleasantly that their course was now easterly and homeward. At an Indian village the appearance of a large canoe, with eight paddles, created no small excitement, the more so when it was found to contain four pale-faces. There was also something quite novel in the style of paddling, for the natives never attempt to keep time; and now, after such severe training, every one was in first-rate condition; and with a 'give way all,' they dashed past the village to the landing-place 'in a style that would rather have astonished the "Leander," much more the unsophisticated Chippeways of Sandy Lake.' A Missionary, unexpectedly met with here, informed them that most of the men were on the war-path against their hereditary enemies, and that there was some probability that the Chippeways, or the Sioux, or both, would be met with in strong force during the voyage. One of these warriors is thus vigorously sketched:—

'He was the most perfect specimen of a Chippeway "brave" that I had yet seen: a magnificent fellow, standing proudly erect under his plume of hawk's feathers, that betokened a warrior who had taken in his day many a Sioux scalp. His red blanket, worked with many devices, was thrown gracefully over his shoulder; his belt was garnished with tomahawk and scalping-knife, and in his hand he held a handsomely mounted rifle. His feet were encased in richly embroidered mocassins, with fringed leggings reaching to the thigh. Altogether his costume exhibited a combination of ribbons, feathers, beads, and paint, which was wonderfully becoming. Near him, in a respectful attitude, stood his attendant, likewise armed to the teeth, and carrying a formidable and curiously shaped war-club, such as I had never seen before, and a red-earth pipe, with a long flat stem, ornamented with coloured hair.'—Page 218.

The Chippeways are now reduced to some eight thousand souls; they are the most civilized of the Indian tribes, and are invariably friendly to the white man. Notwithstanding their disparity in point of numbers, and the wide extent of country over which they are scattered, they have invariably distinguished themselves in their interminable wars with the Sioux, or Dakotahs. These latter are estimated at twenty-four thousand, and are the most numerous, as well as the most savage, of the various races. They are gradually relinquishing their territories to the United States Government. The last cession was completed in July, 1851, and a pecuniary compensation accepted of about 2,800,000 dollars. They have moved to the banks of the Minnesota River, and are never seen on the eastern shores of the Mississippi. The Winnebagoes, of whom there are not more than two or three thousand, have a very bad character both among friends and foes. They are hostile to the whites, and sometimes commit frightful outrages; on the other hand, they cleverly maintain friendly relations with

their warlike neighbours, by siding with each in turn. They have many curious customs, and a few peculiar virtues; but are also dishonest, drunken, treacherous, and cruel. The course which the American Government is pursuing towards these various tribes is certainly injudicious:—

‘As soon as the existence of an Indian population is found to interfere with a white settlement, they are moved just far enough west to be beyond the influence of a really civilized community, but not far enough to escape the contaminating effects of contact with those unscrupulous adventurers who hover like hawks upon the outskirts of civilization, and who, under the plea of being Indian traders, or “squatters” looking for claims, lose no opportunity of fleecing their victims of their annuities, which are paid to them in money, of the value of which they are ignorant; and of encouraging those vices, the existence of which affords them a fruitful source of profit, in a manner which, in a more eastern community, would not be tolerated. The constant change of location which this system involves, must, moreover, exercise a most injurious effect upon the prosperity of a tribe. Had the Winnebagoes been allowed to remain at Green Bay, where there is now an extensive and thriving white community, there can be little doubt that their population would have been greater than it is at present, subjected as they have been, within the last few years, to so many successive deportations. No sooner do they begin to receive some moral and religious training, and to acquire, from intercourse with civilized men, some knowledge of agriculture, than they are moved *en masse* for some hundreds of miles to the western prairies, where the young men may have an opportunity of learning to hunt the buffalo for the first time, and of forgetting all they were taught before.’—Page 233.

Mr. Oliphant contrasts this system with that pursued in Canada, where the Indians are treated as minors, the Government acting as guardian or trustee. Every thing is arranged for them. Their annuities are not paid in money, but in stock, agricultural implements, clothes, &c.; some portion being applied to the erection of dwellings, churches, and schools both for agricultural and intellectual training. No *individual* is liable for debt, all claims being made against the department. The sale of lands, the management of funds, the appointment of Chiefs, &c., all devolve upon the British authorities. Without admitting the perfection of the system, or that it is free from very serious abuses, or that the results have been at all proportionate to the expectations generally formed of it, there can be no doubt that it is much the better of the two, and that the objections are not so much to the scheme, as to the manner in which it is worked.

But to return to our adventurers. It was near the settlement of Sandy Lake that they suddenly entered a deep and rapid stream, evidently the Mississippi itself, which here, 2,500

miles from its mouth, has an average breadth of a hundred yards, and a most impetuous current. Indeed, when the river is high, the rapidity with which canoes descend it is almost incredible. A hundred miles have been accomplished in eight hours; and in the present instance, although the water was unusually low, eighty miles were accomplished between sunrise and sunset. But there are serious obstacles to the navigation, and no vessel can ascend higher than the town of St. Paul. This place they at length safely reached, and met with a characteristic greeting on their arrival.

"Wal, gentlemen, you seem flush of camp fixings, anyhow," said one of a group of tall Americans who were lounging at the bar of the hotel, when we entered and deposited upon the floor sundry kettles, gridirons, bags of provisions, &c. "Just come in from the *peraras*, I reckon; but as there ain't been a steamer in from St. Peter's for a week, guess you must have tramped it."

"No; we have come from Superior in a bark canoe."

"And where are you bound for?"

"For Chicago and the East."

"Then, of course, you'll take the cars from Rock Island?"

"Well, we think of leaving the Mississippi at Galena, and going by rail from thence,—a route at least a hundred miles shorter than by Rock Island."

"Ah! take you a tarnation longer time though, and cost you a steeper lot of dollars,—that's a fact!"

"As this was manifestly absurd, we vouchsafed no reply; so he went on another tack. "Liquor up, gentlemen?" We bowed. "Let me introduce you to some of the most highly esteemed of our citizens." We bowed again. "Now then, Mister," turning to the man at the bar, "drinks round, and cobblers at that." We all indulged in long sucks at the seductive reeds; then "a highly esteemed citizen" ejaculated, "Britishers?" I nodded—"And pretty smart ones too," said our entertainer; "there ain't many men in St. Paul that's made your journey. I'm the agent of the Rock Island Railway, and I'll tell you what—I'll trade tickets to Chicago for the hull four of you against your canoe, this hyar gun, and them fixings, right off; and if you've a mind to do the thing cheap, don't think twice about it, for you won't get such an offer from the 'coon over the way.'"—Pp. 249, 250.

Then followed eager inquiries on all sides as to the nature of the soil, the appearance of the country, the quality of the timber, and the condition and prospects of certain localities. For the citizens are much given to speculate in land, and are ever seeking information from explorers. Generally speaking, the information so obtained is worthless, being studiously falsified until the adventurer shall have had time to complete his own operations. Our friends, having no private ends to serve, told all they knew with the utmost frankness, thereby entailing far greater suspicion upon themselves, and greater perplexity upon their inter-

locutors, than if there had been any attempt at mystification or concealment.

In 1847, this place contained a score or two of huts, and a hundred and fifty inhabitants. In 1849, an enterprising editor started a paper, which in its turn started the town, and both have gone ahead ever since. It has now nine competitors, but holds its own against them, and has 'advocated Minnesota, morality, and religion, from the beginning,' and apparently to some purpose; for the inhabitants are a Sabbath-keeping, church-going public, and in this respect contrast favourably with most of their neighbours, who describe Sunday as 'just like any other day, or, indeed, rather more so.' The rapid rise of St. Paul is only surpassed by that of Chicago, the population of which has increased within the last three years from 38,000 to 75,000; while, instead of being the terminus of a single railway forty miles in length, there now pass through it nearly twenty different lines, with an aggregate length of 2,500 miles; and a hundred and sixty trains arrive or depart daily.

Progress so rapid is almost incomprehensible. How much is healthy action, and how much feverish excitement? Where the population is continually changing, what guarantee is there for stability and permanence? Trading communities are never deeply rooted to the soil, and newer localities, with promise of larger gains, may offer attractions not to be resisted. It remains also to be seen what effect will be produced by the check lately given to emigration from Europe; whether the old States will suffer or the new; and whether the vast human tide which still surges westward will leave no void upon its eastern shore. Into these matters Mr. Oliphant does not enter. He confines himself to facts, and does not theorize. He is instructive without being tedious, though the smartness of his style suggests a suspicion that something is sacrificed to effect, and that occasionally he indulges in a little pictorial exaggeration. But he is a shrewd observer, a graphic writer, and a lively companion; and after these life-like sketches of 'nature and human nature' in the Far West, we shall gladly welcome other pencillings and different scenery from his free and skilful hand.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Religion in Common Life: a Sermon.* By the REV. JOHN CAIRD, M.A., Minister of Errol. Published by Her Majesty's Command. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1855.
2. *Things Secular and Things Sacred: a Lecture.* By the REV. LUKE H. WISEMAN. Nisbet. 1856.

CHRISTIANITY has been distinguished from the first by its imperious claims upon the whole man, upon the inmost thoughts and affections of the soul, and upon every expression of the outward life. Its *commandment is exceeding broad*, not in the ordinary sense of latitude or licence, but as it is comprehensive of every faculty and privilege of his nature, and lays all under the obligation of a Divine law.

But it has been distinguished by more than the mere assertion of this claim: it has proved its claim to be righteous and authentic by realizing in the hearts and lives of its converts a thorough disposition and entire devotedness to the religion of the Lord Jesus. So great, so evident was the transformation it effected, that the attention of mankind was arrested and fixed more by these moral results than by the miracles which had lately ceased; for, in truth, they spoke no less distinctly of a supernatural power. Thus the lives of Christian converts became the most striking testimony of the Christian faith. After drawing one of the darkest pictures of human depravity and degradation, the first Apologist could say, *Such were some of you: but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.*

Such moral transformations enabled the early defenders of Christianity triumphantly to contrast the inefficacy of all other moral teaching with the immediate results of their Gospel preaching. 'Give me,' said Lactantius, who himself had been a heathen philosopher, 'Give me a man who is choleric, abusive in his language, headstrong, and unruly; with a very few words,—the words of God,—I will render him as gentle as a lamb. Give me a greedy, covetous, parsimonious man, and I will presently return him to you a generous creature, freely bestowing his money by handfuls. Give me a cruel and bloodthirsty man; instantly his ferocity shall be transformed into a truly mild and merciful disposition. Give me an unjust man, a foolish man, a sinful man; and on a sudden he shall become honest, wise, and virtuous. So great is the efficacy of Divine wisdom, that when once admitted into the human heart, it expels folly, the parent of all vice; and in accomplishing this great end there is no occasion for any expense, no absolute need of books, or deep and long study or meditation. The benefit is conferred gratuitously, easily, expeditiously; provided the ears and the heart thirst after wisdom. Did or could any of the heathen philosophers accomplish such

important purposes as these?' The common people could understand such appeals. Facts with them are demonstrations; and they saw that before these first preachers of the Cross the world was a wilderness, while behind the line of their progress it was as the garden of the Lord. This proved the divinity of the creed; for such results were not the fruit of long-continued cultivation; they were emphatically a new creation. In kind, degree, and certainty, the virtues of these sudden converts were far beyond the finest morals theoretically set forth in the schools. If converts were not changed in common life, they were not changed at all to the apprehension of the mass; for any difference in their creed or worship would only be considered a new superstition; and, so far as it attracted their attention, would only secure their ridicule.

It is the same now as in the primitive days of the Church: her light is in herself; she witnesses her own celestial origin. The most powerful testimony which the religion of the Cross can offer is this: while it makes the highest possible pretensions, it effects all that it proposes. Not yet in the world; not yet even in the visible Church. But the Christian man is a member of Christ's mystical body; and the power of religion may be fairly estimated by the tenor of his life and conversation. The world does not deny the reality, the influence, the beauty of such a character. It acknowledges the true Christianity in railing against its counterfeits; in denouncing hypocrisy, formality, simony, fanaticism, and superstition. It is not satisfied with conventional virtue: it cannot trust eccentric impulses, even when they happen to be benevolent in tendency as well as motive: but the renewed and humble Christian has a rule of life which society is learning to appreciate and trust. The most amiable will frequently acknowledge a root and vigour in Christian virtues, which in their own human morality is wanting.

If a nation were thoroughly Christian, and combined in purpose, laws, and action, influenced only by Christian principle, it would be the most powerful nation upon earth. Let us imagine such a community of virtuous men. None would gain or seek office by violence, or fraud, or favour, but only by talents and merit. All envy and heartburning would be dismissed; each would cheerfully yield to his fellow; and all would submit to authority. Vice, corruption, flattery, and the arts of self-seeking would be unknown. Probity, industry, prudence, temperance, benevolence, peace, would prevail, both by law and the moral sense of the people. The throne would be established in righteousness; the magistrates would be just, ruling in the fear of God; law would be honoured, wars would be unknown, commerce would be equitable, and benevolence would be universal; poverty could not enter, punishment would

be unnecessary, and social life would be adorned with every virtue; each would enjoy the fruit of his own labour; mutual confidence and esteem would knit society together; and the nation would be happy, free, and prosperous. So virtuous a nation must be the most powerful in the world; and would unavoidably, in the course of time, become the mistress of the whole earth.

Now, the influence of religion in common life,—the influence of diffused and active practical religion,—is just the power which society wants to regulate the whole of its movements, political, social, and moral. That power is applied where, and where alone, it can be effectual. What is wanted to make a happy or successful community? Many external things might be considered necessary or desirable. But as no external advantage can compensate for the want of virtue in a nation, so no external disadvantages avail against the prevalence of virtue. It will impart and sustain the moral force which overcomes all obstructions, and secures success. Talent is the great leverage of individual prosperity; but talent only lasts a short time, if virtue, probity, and prudence be wanting. In the long run, character is sure to win. It takes time to build up a reputation on a firm basis; yet 'all the building rises fair.'

But all virtues, like all talents, are personal, and must have existence in individual minds. And they must grow in clusters, like the grapes which depend from one common stalk. Justice cannot be severed from truth, nor truth live without honesty. Discretion and prudence are more the result of sound moral principles than men are generally aware; and industry and economy are ever the immediate fruits of personal religion. The virtues which lead to individual advantage are precisely those which are most for the benefit of society.

The increased prevalence of personal Christianity alone can cure the evils under which political governments and social life labour and groan; since thus evils are eradicated, and virtues are formed by principle. Religion converts men individually; it pervades their *whole* character, and not their devotions and offices of religion only. It renews them in the spirit of their mind,—or it does nothing. It implants principle rather than excites passion,—or it does nothing. There is not a single virtue which adorns and blesses social life, or is a bond of security in commerce or politics, which it does not enjoin and implant. The true Christian is the only man on whom all may uniformly depend; the more Christian he is in principle and spirit, the more trustworthy. The surprise and upbraidings of men of the world, at the inconsistencies of professing Christians, show that religion in common life is expected at their hands. Its vital presence alone can furnish a morality that

will stand against all kinds and degrees of temptation; and the world has not seen the men who could *never* be scared or bought, but where religion had a vital hold upon the whole man.

Yet by many who would not be thought irreligious, religion is deemed an obtrusion, a tax, an inquisition, an encumbrance, in the transactions of the exchange, and counting-house, and shop. If men were urged to abstract so much time regularly from the best portion of business hours for direct purposes of religion, this objection might seem to have some force; yet, even here, we are quite sure that the intermingling of the duties of devotion with the excitements and corroding cares of worldly engagements would give immense relief and energy to the mind, and would repress many of those passions which, for want of religious restraint, too often lead men astray from rectitude and prudence. Whether the time will ever come when better periods for public worship shall be abstracted from the claims of Mammon, than hours when men are wearied, and seek their homes and slumbers, rather than the invigoration of the worship of God, we cannot tell; but this is not the practice or present claim; and Commerce has certainly no ground of quarrel with Religion for the theft of hours that might be deemed her own.

But the objection well put by Mr. Caird is, that religion is so separate an affair that it should not be pressed upon common life.

‘In our own day the more common device, where religion and the world conflict, is not that of the superstitious recluse, but one even much less safe and venial. Keen for this world, yet not willing to lose all hold upon the next,—eager for the advantages of time, yet not prepared to abandon all religion and stand by the consequences, there is a very numerous class who attempt to compromise the matter, to treat religion and the world like two creditors whose claims cannot both be liquidated, by compounding with each for a share of their time and thought. “Every thing in its own place!” is the tacit reflection of such men. “Prayers, sermons, holy reading,”—they will scarcely venture to add, “God,”—“are for Sundays; but weekdays are for the sober business, the real, practical affairs of life. Enough, if we give Sundays to our religious duties; we cannot be always praying and reading the Bible. Well enough for Clergymen, and good persons who have nothing else to do, to attend to religion through the week; but for us, we have other and more practical matters to mind.” And the result is, that religion is made altogether a Sunday thing,—a robe too fine for common wear, but taken out solemnly on state occasions, and solemnly put past when the state occasion is over.”—Page 5.

Now does this mean that its precepts should be excluded? Is there a code of commercial morality distinct from the morals of religion? It is not so declared, although it may be implied. What is that rule of commercial morality that may be compared with the true morality? Is it the practice of men?

That is extremely variable, while the most honourable is most applauded, if not most imitated. But the practice of men can be no law; for it has no authority, and really leaves every man to do that which is right in his own eyes. Is it public opinion? By its fluctuations and uncertainty, it sanctions to-day what yesterday it forbade. Is it the custom of trade and commerce? This is a law notoriously one-sided, unjust, and oppressive, hurting the consciences and interests of the many for the advantage of the few, until the burden becomes intolerable, and the moral nuisance is got rid of. Is it private advantage? Then any wrong may be justified, and all boundaries of morality are swept away at a stroke. Only the precepts of religion will serve for common life, as authorized, universally obligatory, truly just, and alike for the good of society and of the individual. Those principles are tacitly recognised and approved in the commercial world. The aim of all commercial legislation is, avowedly, to make the laws equitable. The basis of all friendly adjustments is the rule of right. No one would dare to avow, as the principle of any commercial treaty or agreement, any other law than that of an equal regard to all interests. The outcry and scandal upon unfair dealings, however shrouded by cleverness, or sheltered by the letter of law, is a proof that the rules and principles which Christianity alone ever made general in any State, are those which are desired and are necessary for common life. And when men have been unable to meet the claims of their creditors, the practical acknowledgment of rights which law could no longer enforce in the payment of the remaining portion morally due, has been deemed justice, and not generosity. While we deplore the fact, that commercial morality is fearfully defective, both in its standard and in practice, we see the principle of equity recognised; and it only needs that it should be fully applied, to make commerce safe to men's consciences, and the source of more general and certain gain to all. It cannot be that the laws proclaimed by Him who is Just and Good, can be otherwise than good for man, in every relation and duty and interest of common life.

No walk of life more needs the thorough influence of religion than worldly commerce. Here, emphatically, is the scene of trial. Here most readily what is wrong appears with the better reason: and all that to our corrupt nature seems desirable, is a standing temptation, always in sight of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Constant resistance to most seductive temptations is the condition of a religious life. All vigorous virtues are active and militant; secluded virtues are cowardly, dwarfish, and sickly. 'The school for learning the art of being and of doing good,' Mr. Caird truly observes, 'is not the closet, but the world; not some hallowed spot where religion is taught, and proficients, when duly trained, are sent forth into the world;

but the world itself,—the coarse, profane, common world, with its cares and temptations, its rivalries and competitions, its hourly, ever-recurring trials of temper and character.’ Here interests clash; industry has often long to wait for the harvest; and integrity is tempted to say, *Verily, I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency.* This, therefore, is the proof-house of religion: if it passes here, well: if not, it ought to pass no where. It is a callow virtue that cannot conflict with the temptations of selfish and pecuniary interest: that is full-fledged and vigorous, which can triumph over all commercial temptations. The moralities which, springing from Christian principle, adorn commercial life, are among the most fruitful and lovely. *The trees of the Lord are full of sap.*

The views we were wishful to express on the influence of religion upon commerce, have been so well set forth in the valuable Lecture named at the head of our article, that we transcribe some of Mr. Wiseman’s remarks; and recommend especially to our commercial readers the perusal of his entire Lecture, as well as a small but admirable volume, formerly noticed in this journal,—‘Religion, in its Relation to Commerce, and the ordinary Avocations of Life.’* Mr. Wiseman says,—

‘Regard your business, then, as a part of your duty to God. It is an important part of that life-service which you ought to render to Him. The pure in heart see God in all things. Trade and merchandise are ordinances of God as truly as winter and summer, or as day and night. The effect of genuine piety,—that piety which has its seat in the heart and in the soul, as distinguished from that external pietism which has its place only in the church or chapel,—the effect of genuine piety will be to give to you, as a man of business, energy, buoyancy of spirit, elevation of moral standard, presence of mind in difficult affairs, and caution when tempted by flattering, but morally doubtful, speculations.

‘Why is it that we so frequently hear of disgraceful failures in business in men who have made a religious profession? Why is it that we sometimes hear of “a religious man” being ruined by some gambling speculation which an honest man would never have entered into? Why is it that we hear of religious men launching out far beyond what their capital would allow? Why is it that we hear of religious professors living in an expensive style, when they must have known that their creditors would have to pay for it? Because the religion of these men—if indeed any thing they had ought to be called religion—consisted only in doctrines, and ordinances, and ceremonies, and did not influence their daily conduct. It was a Sunday religion only, not a seven-days-in-the-week religion.....But what is all this without justice, mercy, and truth? What is mere temple-religion without sound morality? What is faith without works? What is that religion worth, which thinks of nothing as

* A Course of Lectures delivered by Wesleyan Ministers, in Jewin Street Chapel, in the City of London.

sacred but what is ecclesiastical, and loosens the bonds of veracity and righteousness ?

These sentiments are most just and reasonable; and we cannot imagine any one offering the semblance of objection to them, who is not implicated in the practices here condemned. Surely it cannot be that any one should deem religion to be obtrusively urged, when it is demanded that all the concerns of life should be imbued with its spirit; for which portion of its affairs is no part of our moral trial? Which of its actions is not matter of law? Which of its scenes is not fraught with temptation and danger? Which of its proper actions may not be taken up and formed into an integral part of religion? What duties of life are not comprehended in religious duty? In which need not the Great Lawgiver be regarded? and what sacrifice, rightly offered, is too small for His notice, or too mean for His regard? The grand characteristic of piety is, that it may pervade every duty, and that it hallows all it touches. Men of large, complicated, and onerous commercial engagements, have passed through the din and distractions of their turmoil with that collectedness of spirit which is both strength and wisdom, because in these things they were *fervent in spirit, serving the Lord*. Statesmen, amidst all the profound cares that weigh so heavily upon the spirits, and totally absorb the soul, have felt the serenity of that religious calm which is like an infant's slumber. And even soldiers, valiant for their country, have, in the midst of carnage and death, maintained a Divine peace, and found heavenly raptures. These have made common life a living sacrifice, acceptable and accepted. Says an admired author of our day, 'The lightning which shivers the Alps can gather itself in to the width of a golden wire:' and religious principle is an element as subtle and as strong—it animates the springs of humble daily duty, as well as inspires the joyful hope of martyr and confessor.

Were it not so grave a subject, it would be amusing to see persons referring religion to acts of devotion only, confining its duties to prayer, and generally meaning only public and Sabbath-day worship. All may offer such prayer; but if this be considered the whole of religion, the difference between Christians and others is obliterated. The rest is but a question of natural temper, of education, and habit; of things affecting only the exterior, or what is in the power of all without difficulty to assume or do. Those who pray, and confine their religion to this duty, have the same solicitude for gain; the same gusto for worldly pleasure; the same devotion to fashion, in dress and gaiety, and state and equipage; the same fondness for diversions and levities; and the same prodigal expenditure of time and money, with the most irreligious votaries of the world. This is not Christianity,—to be devout at prayers, and in busi-

ness and pleasure to be like the rest of the world ; but it is this which makes religion a jest and a by-word. It is not fair, either for such persons to set up for Christians, or for the profane to take advantage of the solecism. Christianity repudiates and condemns the inconsistency.

And, further, the virtues and graces of devotion are the virtues and graces of common life. In the one they are principles operating chiefly through emotion, by which they are refreshed and invigorated, as with the dew of Hermon ; in the other, those principles are active, and push out vigorous stems, and bear golden fruit. A truly devout man must be good. It is impossible for him to be contrite before God in the confessions of the sanctuary, and habitually commit the same offences in common life ; or to be sincere in asking help against temptations which he the while seeks and rejoices in as a plea for indulgence ; or to have the spirit of prayer in his closet, and an unforgiving spirit when he mingles with the world ; or true gratitude for mercies daily enjoyed, and no compassion for those who are destitute of them. No man can really deplore the slightest departure from truth and uprightness in those confessions which he delights to pour into the ear of the Omnipresent, without carrying into all his commercial transactions the very same principles and feelings. Devotion *cannot* be a thing apart ; in contact with no facts around us, influencing none but ourselves and Him whom we worship. The nature of devotion and the nature of man alike forbid it ; and true devotion is but the more private exponent of that religion which holds intercourse with every-day life ; as true religion, the religion of common life, is the public exponent of the quality of those religious exercises which the Sabbath, the sanctuary, and the closet chiefly witness.

The argument derives the highest illustration from the nature of religion itself. If it were merely a superstition of which we speak, it would naturally confine itself to what is absurd,—would believe without evidence, and do those things which are not, to the neglect of those which are, commanded. A false religion engenders a false worship, and attaches the idea of sanctity to times, and places, and actions, rather than dispositions and habits of life. But religion and piety, in the New Testament,—our symbol of faith and code of morals,—is of the mind, in the disposition and habit of the soul ; a change of desire, enjoyment, spirit, principle,—of all that is of the essence of morality. It is not an isolated action or duty, or a series of such, fitted to an occasion ; but a change of the whole man from disregard and forgetfulness of God, to reverence, love, and obedience. It is neither an abstraction, nor a mere dry truth, nor an ethereal element which never mixes with the ordinary elements of human life ; nor a mere habit suited to one particular day, or appropriate only to a

particular place. Religion is not truth alone, nor action alone, nor sentiment alone, nor emotion alone,—but principle also. Like the constituents of the air we breathe, all are blended to form that which is vital to man; while love to God, like the oxygen of the atmosphere, is the support of life,—its stimulant, and its strength. That love is a principle, and therefore not dependent on circumstances, or of uncertain action; it is a practical principle, having its seat in the heart, and influencing the whole life: *This is the love of God, that we keep His commandments.* The majority of the written precepts have an aspect towards man rather than towards God, because religion was intended to be visible as well as to be felt, and to recommend itself by all that is lovely and of good report, by what is tangibly beneficent rather than by that which is purely spiritual. Men can understand practical justice better than abstract disquisitions on the theory of virtue; and can appreciate beneficence, when they cannot understand the philosophy of its obligations. The great Teacher intended His religion to be influential where its influence may best expound its nature,—in common life. It is not a moral sentiment, but practical good-will to man; not an idle pity, but, like His own yearning compassion, full of affecting activity. Its precepts are to form graces, and to lead to the conferring of benefits. Its prohibitions are directed against what is evil to man and to society. Its action is the diffusion of the highest good in the highest possible degree. The great Exemplar has shown what would be the effect of diffusing religion through common life; and there was no even ordinary action that was not part of His high business on earth,—to do the will of His Father in heaven. Who can study the example of the Divine Son of God, and suppose that His religion will not blend with any honest calling or necessary work? Had He two sets of duties, one for this world, and one for heaven? one for man, and another for God? Was prayer insulated from the ordinary occurrences of life? Was not every part seasoned with salt, and made a spiritual sacrifice? ‘Who will say that the work of that carpenter’s-shop at Nazareth was not noble and kingly work indeed?’ He who was a living embodiment of the law has taught us that the duties of the second table are of universal and constant obligation, like unto the first, and not of temporary and occasional force; and constant obedience to all these commands, without exception or preference, is the fruit which attests the goodness of the heart, and the reality of our discipleship.

Not to introduce religion into all the arts and acts of common life is, therefore, to mistake its nature and use altogether. It can only be religion when thus operating. Is he a truly sober and honest man who is only occasionally sober and honest? Is

honesty a partial and temporary virtue? Is a man only obliged to be honest on the Sabbath day? Is not honesty as truly and necessarily a week-day virtue? and does it not belong as really to the nursery, and parlour, and shop, and exchange, as to the sanctuary and the Sabbath? And religion, the root-principle, must be of as extensive obligation as its ever-needed fruit. 'Either reason and religion prescribe rules and ends to all the ordinary actions of our life, or they do not: if they do, then it is as necessary to govern all our actions by those rules, as it is necessary to worship God. For, if religion teaches us any thing concerning eating and drinking, or spending our time and money; if it teaches us how we are to use and condemn the world; if it tells us what tempers we are to have in common life, how we are to be disposed towards all people, how we are to behave towards the sick, the poor, the old, and destitute; if it tells us whom we are to treat with a particular love, whom we are to regard with a particular esteem; if it tells us how we are to treat our enemies, and how we are to mortify and deny ourselves,—he must be very weak that can think these parts of religion are not to be observed with as much exactness as any doctrines that relate to prayer.* Nothing can be more unreasonable and inconsistent than for a religious man to yield to the claims of his religion at some times, and to lay aside and forget them at others; and especially to do this in those very actions which require its influence, in order to their being done consistently at all.

Indeed, how could such a religion be shut out from common life? No one can take up the New Testament, without perceiving that Christianity is designed to pervade our whole being. True, it has not precepts for every particular duty, but rather comprehends many under one general rule; but its spirit, which so commingles with all of human life and interest,—its power of elevating and sanctifying the most ordinary and debased employment,—the continual reference it makes to man's stewardship,—the injunctions upon Christians to *adorn the Gospel*, and to *show forth the virtues of Christ*, so as to win men by their good conversation,—and the gracious rewards it promises, that good and bountiful sowing shall be followed by abundant and everlasting reaping,—all show that it can never be put in abeyance without so far renouncing every pretension to discipleship, and hope of its rewards.

The laws of Christianity are few concerning devotion, many concerning common life. These cannot be incompatible and conflicting; for both are addressed to the same beings, and by the same authority. We marvel to find men of sense disjoining the preceptive part of religion from the doctrinal, the practical from

* Law's 'Serious Call.'

the emotional. Both are beautifully blended in the language of the oracle, and only differ as parts of a whole, as the hidden vitality of the root from its development in the fruit; but the presence of the radical principle is ignored in those branches which are fruitless and bare. Those later portions of inspired truth, the Epistles, which were intended to make *the man of God perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works*, are mainly practical; but all those duties are vitalized by that ubiquitous doctrine of Christianity,—the love of Christ, demonstrated in His vicarious death. The most ordinary duties thus receive the impress of the peculiarities of Christianity, and are made spiritual, and a component part of religion itself. St. Paul was not less an Apostle, nor less spiritual, when working with his own hands, on account of the poverty of the Church, than when preaching the faith. The religious rites of the Israelites in the wilderness were multiplied, because work was necessary, and they had no commerce or manufactures; and the duties of religion thus became the staple business of their common life. The original ordinance, while man was yet in a state of innocence, was that of labour, to replenish the earth, and subdue it. Labour, therefore, was never separated from religion, but sanctified by it. And so is it now, by that purity of intention which enables Christian men to glorify God in all the actions and pleasures of life; and thus 'to spiritualize what is material, and to Christianize what is secular, is the noble achievement of Christian principle.'

Mr. Caird's Sermon brings out these points generally with clearness and force. But there is no profound thought; and indeed the topic scarcely admits of it; and, if it did, it would be out of place. The stream of argument must necessarily be narrow; but its banks are adorned with natural flowers,—with such familiar illustrations as are fitting to the subject, and in good taste with the occasion. Mr. Caird has discreetly avoided the hackneyed, common-place mechanical divisions, without depriving the mind of resting-places. The arrangement is logical, and the style beautifully simple, lively, and effective. In this respect it is especially worthy of imitation. Mr. Caird might have wrapped up plain truths in loftier language, and even given the appearance of profundity; but he has wisely chosen rather to address good sense in a good style to the common sense of his hearers.

On the whole, we think the Sermon is not one which may challenge the severity of criticism. Without the distinction of the 'Royal Command' it would not have secured the public attention it has received; yet its merit would have saved it from the hard usage which has also befallen it. If it is below the highest pulpit eloquence, it is as much above mediocrity. We cannot withhold our general praise. At the same time, like

others, we have one or two points of exception ; and who could preach and publish without incurring literary censure ?

Our points are principally these two. First, we should have rejoiced to find Mr. Caird bringing out more fully the doctrinal basis of true morality,—the *serving the Lord* by diligence in business, from the motive of evangelical love. It would have promoted the common interests of truth and religion, if the connexion between the cardinal doctrines of Christianity, and that morality which is to be diffused through common life, had been illustrated. *The love of Christ constraineth us . . . to live, not unto ourselves, but unto Him who died for us, and rose again,* is the true theory of Christian morals ; and we think opportunity might have been taken somewhat more fully to introduce those grand peculiarities which are the ‘foolishness’ and ‘wisdom,’ the ‘weakness’ and ‘power’ of Christianity. The great doctrines of atonement by the sacrificial death of our Lord and Saviour, and of renewal of heart by the Spirit of God, are not omitted ; but greater fulness and explicitness would have saved the Sermon from the questionable honour of having been read from a Socinian pulpit,—of course, as harmonizing with the preacher’s own views.

Our second point is, Mr. Caird’s spare use of Scripture language and illustration. We deem this the most potent instrument of the pulpit. Scripture language excites to reverence, and carries always the tone of authority. There are no words so fit for this science and art, as God’s own words : *which things also we speak, not in the words which man’s wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth, comparing spiritual things with spiritual.* It is a great error in Ministers to avoid Scripture language, or not to prefer it ; and especially if, like John Foster, they do so under the vain hope of rendering evangelical truth more palatable to men of taste. Their aversion arises from a deeper source than dislike to its terms and forms ; or their power to appreciate the true and beautiful and good would lead them to embrace the Christian faith. They can never be won by concession. A manly boldness in declaring the testimony of God in His own words, is better calculated to make a deep impression, both in regard to sincerity and authority, than the most polished forms of human diction. The giants of the Augustan age of English theology were distinguished by this large use of the words of God ; they were *mighty in the Scriptures* ; and the free use of the inspired language, even in its translated form, will give an authority which no human reasoning can supply, and a charm which no human eloquence can furnish.

We make these remarks from fear of the tendency of many young Ministers in this direction, and the danger of their pleading an example which they ought not ; or designedly or insen-

sibly following an instance which we have no reason to believe is characteristic of Mr. Caird's ministry.

We admire the strictly popular character of the Sermon before us. The teaching is properly dogmatic. Religious faith must rest on Divine testimony, and not on the philosophy of Christianity. The tendency to a metaphysical treatment of religious truth is greatly to be deplored. It removes Christianity from its proper sphere, and brings it down to the level of other matters of mere reasoning. It is not a subject for this kind of investigation. So far as theology is a science, it is dogmatic, and rests upon the basis of divinely attested fact and statement, and must be so received. Yet we think the phraseology both in and out of the pulpit, should be no more technical and systematic, than is necessary to secure precision. Generally, peculiar idioms do not make religion better understood, but rather tend to obscure it. Such terms are usually the shibboleth of party, and not to adopt them is to incur the penalty of heresy. The magical circle of set phrases must circumscribe the sentiments of religionists, as a substitute for thought, and for fear of offence.

It is not an ordinary event to be called upon to preach before royalty; and it is, doubtless, a difficult and delicate duty to address a Court as so many sinful beings, in the same position with others, and requiring, in every sense, the same treatment. There is no appearance of having an eye exclusively to one pew, in any part of the Sermon before us; and this is probably the result of that sound judgment which led the preacher to select one made for a more ordinary occasion. But we were among the thousands throughout the land, who looked with eager curiosity, and with higher motives also, into the pages of a Sermon which comes forth under the *imprimatur* of our beloved Queen. All desired to know what might be the particular or total claims it was judged by one in so high a station to possess for universal perusal; whether the discussion of some great doctrinal topic, or some pointed Protestant truth, or some courtly subject which might be deemed fit to uphold royal prerogative, as in the former days; whether the profundity of its argumentation, or the harmony of numbers, or the force of eloquence, had won her approbation, whose smile is among the highest of earthly recompenses; or *what* should have called forth the royal behest, and marked the preacher for life, as the foremost among many who have been honoured. Notwithstanding the difference between hearing a sermon and reading it,—a difference sometimes wide enough, when all the solemnities of the sanctuary, and of the listening and excited multitude, and the power of the living voice are gone,—the first judgment is here vindicated; and the choice is most honourable to our Protestant Queen, who has thus given her countenance to that class of preaching which in

its style lies level with all capacities, and in its subject directly promotes the righteousness which exalteth a nation. The good judgment which directs all her Majesty's moral acts, so far as the public and some well informed individuals can know, has been displayed here. The spirit which universal report says pervades the domestic arrangements of the head of this Protestant State, secures a descending blessing, reaching to the skirts of the garment, and is doubtless propitiously regarded by Him who is the only Ruler of Princes. A security is thus afforded to the moral and religious interests of these realms, which is beyond our estimation. There are questions that affect 'Religion in Common Life,' in which all who reverence the Sabbath feel a deep concern; and they will doubtless have early and serious consideration. The interference of 'our Sovereign Lady' may be confidently expected; for it cannot be that sanction should be given to week-day religion, and any public practices continue to have an implied royal sanction, when obviously calculated to tempt her subjects from the worship of Almighty God on the Sabbath day.

ART. IX.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of James Montgomery.* By JOHN HOLLAND and JAMES EVERETT. Vols. I.-IV. Longman and Co. 1855.

THERE are occasions when the meekest men are tempted to indulge a sentiment of pride; but there is generally some consideration at hand which duly tends to check or qualify it. The case is ours at the present moment. It is something short of absolute boasting to say, that, not being native of Sheffield, nor otherwise particularly interested in its local or literary gossip, we have, notwithstanding, read the above-named volumes fairly through. There are reasons which make it seem most proper to state the fact; but we hope the insertion of it betrays no great elation. Indeed, while some admire our patience, others may reflect upon our taste. But neither party would appreciate the case according to our views; for it is not with us the subject either of congratulation or regret. We might have been a good deal better occupied; but also something worse. We have done a simple duty, and been partially rewarded in the mere performance. The genius and virtues of Montgomery attracted our attention to the work which bore his honoured name, and which promised to afford us a more intimate acquaintance with his life and character. The pursuit of this advantage has been attended with some discouragement. The issue of two volumes, as a portion only of the Memoir, considerably lowered our expectations. When two others followed, and the work was still unfinished, we felt that

there was something to fear, as well as to hope for, from the announcement of a modern biography. It was high time to read at once, and with resolution, before the interest that we felt was prematurely slackened by too large a promise. It was clear that the historic muse of Mr. Holland resembled the patron-saint of the poor Irishman, which enabled him to jump, not exactly *on* to the saddle, but *over* it: it 'couldn't be good without being too good.' Losing no further time, we have therefore read the volumes through; not, perhaps, at a heat, but with a courage only now and then abated. We do not recommend the feat to every reader, but purpose to give him the benefit of our experience.

But we must venture to premise a few more general remarks. The cumbrous plan adopted in so many of our recent biographies is an evil that grows in spite of every protest. The long series is rarely praised, and never popular; yet it continues to drag its slow length along; and the respectable subscriber to the circulating library, who feels bound to know something on the subject, takes, without a murmur, the volumes from the librarian's hand. No small amount of valuable time is dissipated in this manner. Our libraries have much to answer for; they not only harbour an unreasonable amount of trashy novels, but they seduce publisher as well as reader, and tempt the production of ill-reported gossip and interminable memoirs. A book is made either too ephemeral or too costly for private purchase, and so the trade of the librarian is made to flourish. The publisher safely calculates that one edition of any work bearing a well-known name will be consumed by these caterers of the reading world.

But the evil we complain of is greatest in the most unfortunate direction. The lives of literary men are made to furnish the most voluminous biographies. This is partly to be accounted for by the amount of available material too often furnished by the portfolio of an author. But it is high time that a literary man should be allowed to finish his career in death without more than the usual subjects of concern. He ought to be assailed by no apprehension that the fame he has so carefully protected will be risked by the publication of hasty letters and careless memoranda. It is only a few men's memories, and not every man's character, that can bear so general a revelation, or survive the load of this 'friendly' imposition. Besides, no class of eminent men require this species of commemoration so little as authors. Their moral and intellectual qualities, and all in which the outer world is rightly interested, are already known to us by their productions; and we have no more business with their private frailties than with those of the lapidary or the upholsterer. We may desire it more, but our curiosity is not the measure of our just claim. Any fragments of autobio-

graphy may be received with gratitude, any voluntary legacy of papers accepted gladly as a public boon; but the *escritoire* should be, in all cases, the sacred depository of love and friendship. In any case, judgment of the highest order and delicacy of the truest sort should be exercised in providing the brief posthumous memorial of a man of genius. Yet the contrary is now the practice, if not the rule, of our biographers. The late Robert Southey has left us a model in his compendious Memoir of the heroic Nelson. The whole story of a man whose life belongs, in great part, to the history of England, is clearly and beautifully told in the compass of a small duodecimo. Yet Southey himself is buried under a ponderous literary monument of six octavos; and even in these, the best points of his character are not brought out, the choice parts of his correspondence not supplied. It is not only a mistake to give the whole of every letter, but, generally speaking, the whole of *any* letter, to the world. Cowper is, perhaps, the only exception which could be made to the advantage of this rule. A few sentences happily selected are often productive of the best effect; in very many cases the part is greater than the whole. Yet a modern correspondence is gathered, bundled, and labelled without distinction; each letter is printed in its dull integrity, with superscription, date, address, and formal conclusion,—‘Your very humble and obedient servant.’ Is this repeated formula necessary to a due appreciation of philosopher or poet? If so charmingly characteristic, it is rather notable that our tailor’s modest application is not without it.

Now the work before us belongs to this exceptionable class. It is ‘linked *dulness* long drawn out.’ Yet the subject is an amiable poet, and the author an intelligent man. In this case, the biographer is not so much influenced by an unhappy custom, as bent upon the fulfilment of a cherished plan. As the fellow-townsmen of Montgomery, Mr. Holland had many opportunities of cultivating his intimate acquaintance, and his literary tastes soon led him to improve them all. Some time after he had commenced taking notes of the poet’s conversation, and otherwise collecting for a posthumous memorial, he found that Mr. Everett—a mutual friend—was similarly occupied, with the same ulterior purpose. When each discovered that the other had a design upon the poet’s life, a small conspiracy was formed. The friends were to act in concert, and ultimately share the task of putting their notes together. For private reasons, the last part of this resolution has not been fully carried out. Mr. Everett has passed his materials over to Mr. Holland, who is alone responsible for their arrangement and connexion. But for some time they worked in harmony. It would appear that, like a Siamese Boswell, they visited the unsuspecting bard together; with innocent aspect slid into his confidence; drew gen-

tly from him some reminiscence of his earlier days; and led the conversation toward some point of personal interest, real or supposed. We do not mean that Montgomery was long deceived; for he seems to have consented tacitly to a fate which he had really no power to avoid. But it is amusing to observe how his friends lay in wait for him; and sometimes by stratagem, but oftener by direct attack, caused him to deliver up his sentiments.

Not often, let us say, with true success. They obtained an answer, certainly, of some kind, evasive or direct; but it was seldom worth reporting. On the showing of this book it may be said, that Montgomery's conversation was of the most ordinary kind. He had no great colloquial gift. How few men have! We do not join with those who are accustomed to regret that eminent characters are so seldom 'Boswellized.' A rare pre-eminence of talent, or a still rarer combination of circumstances, is necessary to the success of such a plan. The 'Table Talk' of Luther and that of Coleridge afford the only instances of the sayings of one man proving sufficient to make up a valuable book. The *Life* of Dr. Johnson is not in point, or serves only to confirm the statement we have made. That great man was the central figure in a circle of celebrities. Notwithstanding his vast colloquial powers, the interest of his *Life* is not single, but manifold. Burke, Reynolds, Langton, Goldsmith, Garrick, Thrale, and Burney,—these all contribute to the charm of that precious and unique biography. And Boswell too, full-fraught with the genius of appreciation, who was so fortunate as to find out the true sphere of his peculiar talent, and (happier still) met with the noblest theme for its display,—he was the clasp-link of this matchless chain of brilliants, which bound them all together. If ever the 'right man' stood in the 'right place,' that man was Boswell. But not to insist invidiously upon this point, it was surely most unwise in Mr. Holland to force Sheffield and her single worthy into comparison with London in the time of Johnson. Yet this he has practically done. The scale, the plan, the elaboration of his work, are equal to those of Boswell's masterpiece; but what a difference in almost every thing beside! How pale the colours! how poor the figures! how feeble and monotonous the whole effect! It is the difference between a furnished and unfurnished chamber: its dimensions are the same, but here the splendid arras is removed, the brilliant company is gone, an editor's table, with a file of papers, is thrust into one corner, and over it a countenance, beaming with sensibility and goodness, leans thoughtful, or looks up with a smile, acknowledging the courtesies of some admiring townsman. The chamber has a cold uncomfortable aspect, and we long to invite the benignant poet into a more snug apartment. Himself, his genius, and his fortunes are welcome to such accom-

modation as we have to offer, and the reader who may covet his acquaintance shall be welcome too.

James Montgomery was born at Irvine, a seaport in Ayrshire, on the 4th of November, 1771. His father was a Minister of the Church of the United Brethren, and, with his wife and eldest child, had recently removed from the Moravian settlement of Grace-Hill, Ballymena, in Ireland. Their little daughter, Mary, dying at eighteen months old, was 'the first grain sown in the Brethren's burial-ground at Ayr.' The future poet was their eldest son. Two other boys were successively added to the family, namely, Robert and Ignatius: both of these lived to adult age, and the latter became, like his father, a Minister of the Moravian Church.

When James was six years old, his father brought him from Ireland—whither the family had presently returned—to the school established by the religious community to which he belonged at Fulneck, near Leeds; and five years afterwards, when his parents, devoting themselves to the missionary enterprise, were about to embark for the West Indies, he was joined by his little brothers, now also committed to the guardianship of these good elder Brethren. This surely was a refuge not unsuited for these tender children, deserted at a call more imperative than that of natural affection, and made heirs of a special providence as the 'orphans of Christ.' We cannot easily imagine a better substitute for a home, all things considered, than was furnished by this Moravian establishment. There is, indeed, no just equivalent for maternal tenderness, no care so cherishing, so salutary, so altogether blessed; but religion can develope in the hearts of strangers and of men something not unworthy to be compared with womanly and kindred love. Here, at least, the hearts of these young children will be early impressed by forms of worship the most simple and solemn, and feel a reverence for Divine things borne in upon their minds which no after years will be able to efface.

At this academy of Fulneck the future poet remained ten years. Extending from the age of six to that of sixteen, we may safely pronounce this the most important decade of his life; and though neither improved to the acquisition of scholastic lore, nor issuing in the adoption of that sacred calling which his teachers kept in view for their young pupil, it was, no doubt, fruitful beyond all trace and calculation in his future character and course. Like many another son of genius, he disappointed his instructors, that he might keep the promise of his own prophetic spirit. The idleness of such a boyhood is hardly stranger than the naked aspect of a field at seed-time, when the germinating seed is shooting down into the soil, though it has not yet pierced the upper crust of earth. The mind of the young

Montgomery attracted to itself the elements of poetry, with which it soon became thoroughly imbued. But this tendency was not consciously indulged till a poem of some merit and originality fell in his way.

'The master,' said he, 'took several of the children out, one day, and read Blair's "Grave" to them behind a hedge. My attention was strongly arrested, and a few lines made a powerful impression upon my mind. I said to myself, "If ever I become a poet, I will write something like this." I afterwards resolved, oddly enough, that when I became a man, I would write a *round poem*: this notion was perpetually in my head, an idea of round being my idea of perfection;and never shall I forget the impression this vague notion made upon my boyish imagination. I remember as well as if it was yesterday, how I leaned upon a rail while I stood upon some steps in Fulneck, and deeply and silently mused in my mind on the commotion which would be produced upon the public by the appearance of this *round poem*.'

There is something very significant as well as interesting in this little anecdote. How much of the complexion of our author's poetry may have been determined by so early an acquaintance with the sombre work of Blair? How much of its smoothness and its finish, by his strong desire to produce a 'round' or perfect poem? Yet we would not put much emphasis upon the first suggestion, since the poems of Montgomery are, for the most part, cheerful in tone, though serious and religious in their drift and burthen. The circumstance to which our second question points is certainly more characteristic, and reveals a quality of mind which may be traced in most of our author's future compositions.

The young poet was now in the plotting stage of genius, and probably lodged more pledges with the muse than a life of industry would enable him to redeem. Of course a rivalry with Milton was the first object of his confident ambition. The poem devised with this intent was to be called 'The World,' and 'was intended to comprise an epitome of moral, religious, and civil history.' At this time Montgomery had seen only extracts from the 'Paradise Lost':—

'But,' said the poet, in an interesting reminiscence, 'I intended to outdo Milton! I meant, as I said, to begin at the beginning, or rather earlier still; for my plan contemplated a representation of the Almighty, happy and alone in the solitude of eternity. I then conceived that the thought (to speak humanly) should arise in the Divine mind, that He would create other things to participate in His glory; and that immediately on the exercise of infinite volition angels were to come into being. I meant to describe the battle between Michael and his angels, and Satan and his legions; and, at last, to engage these hierarchs themselves in single combat to decide the issue of the strife: but, as they were both immortal, I was somewhat at a

loss how the arch-fiend was to be vanquished. At length I hit upon what I thought a happy expedient: during the encounter, when Satan assumed an unguarded position, Michael was to smite off one of his wings, and he was to tumble down into the abyss of darkness! I well remember how I chuckled over the idea of this notable feat.'

We quote this passage at length, not as peculiarly distinguishing our author's boyhood, but as offering what we may accept as a fair representation of the early aspirations of genius, whatever its subsequent career may prove to be. Indeed, it is the mark of exuberant youth as much as of fine poetic inspiration; and perhaps many persons destined to no great distinction might relate a similar story.

We must only mention one or two other schemes which the imagination of Montgomery now revolved. One was a poem on the wars of Alfred the Great, 'to consist of a series of Pindaric odes, in which the story was to be developed.' Of this enterprise two books of Odes remain out of twenty contemplated. Another, at a little later period, was a composition in hexameters, to be called 'The Castle of Ignorance.' Both of these designs bespeak the energy of youthful genius, labouring with conceptions not easily embodied by the maturest and most cultivated powers.

No wonder that a schoolboy with a mind so occupied should be found otherwise deficient. We have intimated that Montgomery's Moravian teachers were disappointed in their plans. They had adopted and indulged the parental hope that he would follow the sacred calling of his father; but their design was destined to be thwarted. The abstraction of their pupil was 'conspicuous and incurable;' and they had to complain of his want of proper diligence. In plain words, 'he was turned out of the school at Fulneck' for incorrigible indolence.

But the good Brethren did not quite abandon their young charge. They placed him with a worthy member of the fraternity—a fine-bread baker—who kept a retail shop in the village of Mirfield. In this humble situation the youth had abundance of leisure, which he devoted chiefly to the exercise of poetry and music. For this latter art he had much taste and more enthusiasm. According to his own expression, he 'was music-mad, and used to blow his brains out with a hautboy.' But though so far left to his own pursuits, and otherwise treated with unusual kindness, the eager boy longed for a larger world; and not being bound by indenture to his master, he left him one fine Sunday morning in June, (1789,) and set out in quest of fame. 'You will smile,' said he, in recalling this adventure at a future time, 'and wonder too, when I inform you that I was such a fool as to run away from my master with the clothes on my back, a single change of linen, and three-and-sixpence in my pocket. I had just got a new suit of clothes; but as I had only been a short time with my good master, I did not think

my little services had earned them. I therefore left him in my old ones; and thus, at the age of sixteen, set out James Montgomery to begin the world.'

The youth had only a vague idea of going south. In his journey he narrowly missed entering into Sheffield, the town of his future residence; but taking the west road, on reaching Wakefield, instead of the east, he found himself by night at Doncaster; and, resuming his way in the morning, entered a public-house at Wentworth, a hamlet near the residence of Earl Fitzwilliam. At this place he met with an adventure, which resulted in his taking a situation in the establishment of Mr. Hunt, in the neighbouring village of Wath. Montgomery had written to his deserted master, who pursued him in the spirit of utmost kindness, entreating him to return; but the youth was firm in his resistance, though nearly overcome with gratitude. At Wath he remained about twelve months, and seems to have been of some spiritual use to his mistress, then in a dying state. But his literary ambition was once more aroused, urging him towards the great metropolis of arts and letters. By favour of a friend a manuscript volume of his poems was transmitted to Harrison, a bookseller in Paternoster Row; and the poet himself soon followed it to town.

Mr. Harrison declined to publish the poems already forwarded to his hands, but offered to the author a situation in his shop, and probably in each act tendered an equal service. The stress of circumstances made him at once appreciate and accept the latter; but the former, if more slowly recognised, was both more permanent and more important. The specimens of this unpublished poetry, now given by Mr. Holland, enable us to concur without reluctance in its fate. We are told that the most ambitious piece consisted of several thousand lines, under the title of 'The Whiskeriad, an heroi-comic Poem, in three Cantos;' that it was written in imitation of Homer's 'Battle of the Frogs and Mice,' with cats and rats substituted for the classical belligerents; and that the poem (still preserved) is laughable and spirited throughout. But no extracts are given; and though Montgomery was not without a vein of genuine humour, this measure of reserve is probably not unadvised. Squibs, elegies, and odes,—poems moral, satirical, and religious,—fill up the remainder of this manuscript; and of these some lines are quoted, as a matter of curiosity rather than of taste.

Warned off Parnassus, our author betook himself to more level pastures. With a sense of humiliation he tried his fortune in prose composition; but still he wrote without success. No vulgar profit came to recompense his wounded pride. 'Simple Sammy, or the Liliputian Quixote,' found no favour in the eyes of Marshall the bookseller, to whom it was tendered. When the MS. was presented to him, the worthy bibliopole remarked,

with some discernment, 'You can write better than this; you are more fit to write for men than children.' Indeed, our inexperienced author had made a great mistake; for no talents are available in youth for compositions adapted to the mind of childhood,—at least, in the absence of that rare instinctive faculty which is more frequently discovered in our female writers.

Montgomery took the hint of Marshall, and wrote a novel in the style of Fielding. This work he left with Lane the publisher; and waiting upon him shortly afterwards, to learn its fate, the young Moravian was petrified to hear him say, 'You swear so shockingly that I dare not publish the work as it is.' Referring to this occasion in after years, the author confessed, 'This was like a dagger to my heart; for I never swore in all my life; nor did I till that moment ever perceive, as I might have done, the impropriety of making fictitious characters swear in print as they do in Fielding and Smollett, who had been my models in my novel: but swearing was more the character of that age than the present.' But if the manners of this story were too free for publication, the bulk of our author's next—an Eastern tale—was pronounced too small; and shortly after this third disappointment, he shook the dust of London from his weary feet, and, taking the Yorkshire coach, returned to his still open situation in the village of Wath. We are told, what is indeed very credible, that he re-entered his master's house 'a sadder and a wiser man.'

About this time the poet's parents died. Few names deserve more honourable mention than those of the devoted Missionaries, John and Mary Montgomery; and not the least interesting chapter in the Memoirs of their son is that which records their Christian labours in the Islands of Barbadoes and Tobago. Great as were their hardships and privations, their chief discouragement was of a more afflictive nature. It pleased God to exercise their faith by the sharpest trial of His servants: after years of painful toil, they seemed to have laboured absolutely in vain. The field around them was still barren, and gave no indication of the springing seed: the aspect of the sky was dim and sultry, and offered no little patch of cloud—not even a hand's-breadth—to the wistful eye. Yet their strength was not paralysed, nor their prayer quite without faith. They continued to bear 'many testimonies before whites and blacks' of the merits and cross of Christ as the only provision for a sinful race; and still publishing their message in despite of the indifference and contempt of them who heard it, they were graciously called from under the shadow of this long discouragement into the light of God's immediate presence and glory. To Mary Montgomery the moment of release came first. In solitude and sadness her husband held his way a few months longer; and

then, after a tedious illness of some weeks, according to the testimony of a surviving colleague, he, too, 'fell happily asleep.'

The young Montgomery had reached his one-and-twentieth year, when a glance at a number of the 'Sheffield Register' induced a step which determined his place of residence for the long remainder of his life. The services of a clerk were advertised for in the columns of that newspaper. Reference was made to the printer, for whom, in fact, those services were required. This situation in the town of Sheffield seemed to the youth most promising and desirable; and he applied without delay for the appointment, in a letter which furnished evidence both of the excellence of his handwriting and the soundness of his loyalty; for, after a due statement of his case, he wrote in large flourishing characters, 'GOD SAVE THE KING.' Yet we shall see his loyalty suspected by and bye.

In the establishment of Mr. Gales, who was printer, bookseller, and auctioneer, Montgomery found not only a situation, but a home. This was more than he ventured to expect on the dark Sabbath evening when he crossed the Ladies' Bridge and walked up the Market-place, a solitary being, on the way to his master's house in the Hartshead. His natural tenderness of heart peculiarly fitted him to appreciate that kindness which awaited him under that friendly roof. What was the religious state of his mind at this time it is unnecessary to affirm. There was no Moravian Society then in Sheffield to which he could attach himself; his employer belonged to the Unitarian congregation, and it is probable that the young Montgomery accompanied the family to their place of worship. He seems, however, to have attended not unfrequently at the Methodist chapel. On the whole, we may suppose the influence of his religious training to have been, at this period, rather of a restraining than an active kind. His religious principles were yet to be quickened into vital godliness.

Montgomery remained two years in the printing office of the 'Sheffield Register,' of which Mr. Gales was both proprietor and editor,—when the sudden escape of that gentleman from threatened prosecution and arrest led to the dissolution of his business. Our rapid abstract will only admit of a summary mention of this circumstance, upon which Mr. Holland enters with full details and particulars. A word of explanation may not, however, be without advantage to our story, as it will throw some light upon Montgomery's new position in the active world. The political disturbances of that period are too well known to need more than an allusion. The English Radicals who openly sympathized with the principles of the French Revolution, had so alarmed the Government and friends of order, that all shades of liberal politics incurred their measure of odium and suspicion, while the slightest

act of indiscretion was liable to be punished with imprisonment and fine. We cannot wonder at the general alarm ; we dare not highly blame the prompt severity ; but we must regret the individual wrongs and hardships which ensued. Human law is, at best, a fallible and imperfect instrument ; but in a time of panic the hand of justice necessarily trembles, and the balance loses its impartial equipoise. The case of Montgomery, to be mentioned presently, is certainly an illustration of this truth ; and it is no great stretch of charity to apply it to that of his master also. With many estimable qualities, Mr. Gales was the victim of public terror and his own imprudence. The 'Sheffield Register' was professedly devoted to the interests of peace and parliamentary reform ; and though its Editor did not make common cause with the extreme assertors of the 'rights of man,' he certainly adopted in his columns some of the lucubrations of Tom Paine, and otherwise incurred a bad repute. The Government having been long irritated by the democratic politics of the 'Sheffield Register,' the first occasion was seized of issuing a warrant against its proprietor ; but the latter evaded apprehension, and passed afterwards to the United States, where certain of his family rose to dignity and fortune. An opening now presented which received and ultimately fixed the wavering fortunes of Montgomery. He had gained some knowledge of the general business and conduct of a newspaper ; and now, by the assistance of a gentleman who became his partner, he secured the property and premises of the late concern, and started a successor to the 'Sheffield Register.' On the 4th of July, 1794, appeared the first number of 'The Iris,' bearing this amicable motto on its front :—

'Ours are the plans of fair delightful peace,
Unwarp'd by party rage, to live like brothers.'

The political leanings of the new editor were not in substance different from those of his predecessor. But his own youth, no less than his late master's misfortunes, suggested a mild, if not a timid, policy. Yet he did not hesitate to announce himself the friend of Peace and of Reform, when both these terms were equally offensive to the ruling powers. No wonder if the odium he had inherited should remain undissipated by the peaceful bow which he had flung over the troubled tide of politics. Watched by jealous and suspicious eyes, Montgomery did not long escape the dangers incident to his undertaking. The conduct of a liberal newspaper at that time demanded more than promising talents and the best intentions in the world ; and his inexperience soon involved him in those troubles which a moderate caution could not help him to avoid. On two occasions was our author prosecuted for the publication of dangerous and seditious sentiments, and in each case conviction and imprisonment were the result. We need not detail the circumstances of those untoward for-

tunes, but content ourselves with observing, that they involved no moral guilt on the part of the youthful editor. Indeed, that a conviction was obtained in those vexatious and unjust proceedings, is the most striking illustration of the confusion and alarm which then prevailed throughout the country; for, at every period of his life, prudence and meekness were the peculiar features of our author, and, though not at the time established in religious principle, no young man could possibly evince a disposition more free from personal or political rancour.

The sentence on Montgomery for each of these 'imputed offences' (so he justly styled them) was strictly enforced. For the first he paid a fine of £20, and suffered three months' imprisonment; for the second the fine was increased to £30, and the incarceration extended to six months. The periods of imprisonment commenced respectively in January, 1795, and January, 1796. Naturally prone to despond, we might suppose that the gloomy shadows of York Castle would strike a fatal chillness to the soul of its unhappy inmate; and there is evidence to show that his health did greatly suffer by the trial. But, on the whole, his cheerfulness was surprising. His spirit, like a bird, fluttered indeed against the bars of its prison; but here, at least, it practised its first sweet and pensive notes, and gave some promise of that pure and gentle minstrelsy which was afterwards to cheer and animate so many hearts. There is humour, as well as pathos, in the verses which he subsequently published under the title of 'Prison Amusements.' From this period, and from this production, we may date the commencement of Montgomery's career as a poet. Scarcely a line of earlier years inserted by Mr. Holland gives any indication of the peculiar genius of our author. Peter Pindar was no longer taken for a model. Here, for the first time, the ease, and purity, and melody, which distinguished all his future compositions, is plainly recognised; and, as his muse was never characterized by force, or depth, or subtlety of meaning, the light texture of these verses does not cause them to lose on that account by a comparison with their more popular successors.

A poem which our author wrote soon after his release from prison, may be referred to as the best and last production of his early style. It is written in the smart and pleasant vein of Prior, and gives the reader a very favourable notion of Montgomery's talent for this species of composition. Though not deserving a permanent connexion with his other works, it forms a curious illustration of his literary life; and Mr. Holland has done well to include it in the copious Memoir now before us. It appears as an appendix to the first volume, under the title of the 'Loss of the Locks.'

A much shorter piece which Mr. Holland has preserved may be transferred even to our rapid sketch. It is the first effort

of the author in a species of composition in which he afterwards attained considerable success,—namely, that of mortuary inscriptions,—and was written in the year 1800 for a monument intended to be erected in the churchyard of Bowes, Yorkshire, to the memory of that faithful pair who were the subject of Mallet's well-known ballad of 'Edwin and Emma.' The affecting circumstance, thus doubly celebrated, is entered in the parish register in these few touching words:—'Roger Wrightson, Jun., and Martha Railton, both of Bowes, buried in one grave. He died in a fever, and, upon tolling his passing bell, she cried out, "My heart is broke," and in a few hours expired, purely through love, March 15th, 1714-15.' It was not possible that poetry should add any thing to the moving pathos of this incident. It is the praise of Mallet, that he sustained the interest while he amplified the story; and the following verses show that Montgomery could effectually 'point a moral,' when it was forbidden him to 'adorn a tale: '—

'Here, dust to dust, to ashes ashes laid,
Sleep the cold relics of a youth and maid,
Whom Love, too exquisite, condemn'd to feel
Those bosom-pangs which Death alone can heal.
Death came; and, weeping as he struck their doom,
Seal'd an eternal marriage in the tomb;
While Mallet scatter'd o'er their bridal biers
Sweet flowers of verse for ever fresh with tears.
Hence, parents, learn, that hearts to love awake
Must beat together, or together break!
Hence, youth, be warn'd, nor prove, like them, too late,
Love's arrows, wing'd with hope, are barb'd with fate.'

Of this inscription the earlier part is too long, though it would be difficult to suggest the due compression. The second couplet is weak; but the two last are worthy of Pope himself. We may add, that the epitaph was never used, as the idea of a memorial was soon abandoned; but, many years afterwards, a tablet was raised in the church at Bowes, on which the words of the burial register already quoted are inscribed verbatim.

Early in the present century Montgomery published many of the minor pieces by which he is still most favourably known. Some of them appeared, for the first time, in the columns of his own newspaper, 'The Iris;' and others in the 'Annual Review,' in the part reserved as the 'Poetical Register.' Dr. Aikin was then the editor of the last-named work; he became warmly interested in the effusions of 'Alcæus,'—for that was the classic pseudonyme which the poet then assumed,—and the discovery of their authorship led to the commencement of a long and friendly intercourse with that accomplished man and amiable critic. It may be proper to offer, in this place, a few remarks upon the lyric poems and occasional pieces of our author.

The lyric poems of Montgomery were always the spontaneous music of his own experience, and often of profound emotion ; and hence both the originality and pathos which breathe throughout, and commend them to our human hearts. They have none of the trite and feeble sentiment which the moralist and poetaster produce at second-hand ; they express, in very simple language, the feelings which are most intimately personal, yet common to all our race. At the time when many of the best were written, the author was depressed, unsettled : he saw, with keen appreciation, the vanity of earthly joys ; he found not as yet the ample compensations of religious faith. The influence of this mood is felt in many of his most favourite pieces. Next to the purity and sweetness which distinguished all the productions of his muse, they are remarkable for the tone of sadness that pervades them. They have nothing of misanthropy, or cynicism ; but they are steeped in a soft and plaintive melancholy.

‘ I gave my harp to Sorrow’s hand,
And she has ruled the chords so long,
They will not speak at my command,
They warble only to *her* song.
‘ Would Gladness move a sprightlier strain,
And wake this wild harp’s clearest tones,
The chords, impatient to complain,
Are dumb, or only utter moans.’

And so it is with all the compositions of this early period. The most cheerful strain among them is due only to a livelier passage of the hand over this dedicated ‘ harp of sorrow.’ Its theme is still some variation of ‘ The Common Lot.’ Its pathos glances more or less remotely towards ‘ The Grave.’

A few elegant and charming pieces must be excepted from this category. The verses on the daisy, published under the title of ‘ A Field Flower,’ are exquisite from their simplicity and grace. Those on a ‘ Thunder Storm’ evince a still rarer union of descriptive powers ; as witness, for example, the few verses following :—

‘ O’er the sick and sultry plains,
Through the dim delirious air,
Agonizing silence reigns,
And the wanness of despair ;
Nature faints with fervent heat,—
Ah ! her pulse hath ceased to beat.
‘ Now, in deep and dreadful gloom,
Clouds on clouds portentous spread,
Black as if the day of doom
Hung o’er Nature’s slumb’ring head :
Lo ! the lightning breaks from high,
—God is coming !—God is nigh !

'Hear ye not His chariot wheels,
As the mighty thunder rolls?
Nature, startled Nature reels,
From the centre to the poles;
Tremble!—Ocean, earth, and sky,
Tremble!—God is passing by!

'Darkness, wild with horror, forms
His mysterious hiding-place:
Should He, from His ark of storms,
Rend the veil, and show His face,
At the judgment of His eye
All the universe would die.'

Few passages in English poetry are more sublime than this. It forcibly reminds us of the noble 'Song of David' by Christopher Smart.*

The occasional pieces of our author are more unequal than diversified. They are all of a kindly or religious nature; but few only are entitled to the praise of poetry. They are, for the most part, congratulatory or memorial verses, embodying the sincerest compliment, or soberly responding to the request of urgent friends. In after life our author wrote too many of this kind; and his minor poetry as a whole will not bear comparison with the graceful effusions of Cowper's happy muse. They have little of its deep domestic charm, of its pure and classic humour, of its sweet and English pathos.

About this time the feelings of Montgomery were warmly engaged in the noble struggle of the Swiss to maintain their ancient liberties against the invading arms of Bonaparte. As a public journalist, he was called upon to watch the progress of the foreign tyrant, and to report as weekly news events which startle us even in the more sober form of history. He did the one with growing interest, and the other with unusual faithfulness and care. His comments on the fate of Switzerland rose into indignant eloquence, and concluded in the following characteristic passage:—

* We learn from Mr. Holland that Montgomery ardently admired some portions of this unequal 'Song;' and these Memoirs afford an incidental glimpse of the person and family of its unhappy author, too interesting to be overlooked. It seems that, among the many sufferers whom the pensive strains of 'Alceus' attracted by the force of sympathy, was a Mrs. Le Noir, at Reading, who, in a long letter to Montgomery, revealed a tissue of misfortunes, and congratulated herself on the discovery of her favourite bard. 'He is a printer,' said she; 'I am as much of one as a woman can be, being a partner in such a trade. He is a poet; I am the daughter of one, with some slight pretensions to rhyming myself; but he is unfortunate,—ah! there I can match him indeed. I am one of two daughters of the late Christopher Smart, of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, an unfortunate poet. I hardly remember him; his mind was early disordered, and his fortunes always so. He died within the rules of the King's Bench. My mother carried on, with her eldest brother, the business of printing and bookbinding in this town, which had been *her father's*.' A story of distress followed; and the letter appears to have been closed by an appeal to our more prosperous poet, who was easily moved to the purchase of 'a novel,' proceeding from his correspondent's pen.

'The heart of Switzerland is broken! and liberty has been driven from the only sanctuary which she found on the Continent. But the unconquered and unconquerable offspring of Tell, disdaining to die slaves where they were born free, are emigrating to America. There, in some region remote and romantic, where solitude has never seen the face of man, nor silence been startled by his voice since the hour of creation, may the illustrious exiles find another Switzerland, another country rendered dear by the presence of liberty! But even there, amidst mountains more awful and forests more sombre than his own, when the echoes of the wilderness shall be awakened by the enchantment of that song which no Swiss in a foreign clime ever heard without fondly recalling the land of his nativity and weeping with affection, how will the heart of the exile be wrung with home-sickness! And O, what a sickness of heart must that be which arises not from "hope deferred," but from hope extinguished, yet remembered!'—*Iris*, February 17th, 1803.

The sympathy of our author was not exhausted by this final paragraph. Some of our readers will have recognised in it the subject and prevailing sentiment of one of the most popular of his longer poems, to the composition of which he now addressed himself. 'The Wanderer of Switzerland' was the product of strong enthusiastic feeling; but it was written in the intervals of pressing business and uncongenial moods, was corrected with fastidious care, and not published till the year 1806, after a period of three years' gestation. Its reception proved how genuine was the impulse under which it was conceived; for if a poem on so popular a theme achieves no corresponding popularity, in the truest sense of the word it may be pronounced a failure. But Montgomery had no such trial to encounter. His poem ran through three editions in the space of six months. The author was complimented on every side. The critics (with one memorable exception) added their suffrage to the public voice. The mountain-song of Liberty found an echo in every valley of her island-empire; and the 'Wanderer' was made welcome to a thousand homes.

While the sensitive mind of Montgomery was opening to the influence of this balmy praise, a northern blast passed keenly over it. We believe the hostile criticism which he now encountered was emphatically a mistake,—arose from the temporary blindness and fatuity of the impatient critic. It happened that the Edinburgh Reviewer was abroad for prey, and mistook the gentle palfrey of our poet for his lawful quarry. It was thus that the severity usually reserved for gross pretension and incompetence fell on a most modest and deserving author. What made this thoughtless and injurious attack more inexcusable was the fact that its victim was a member of the critic's own political party, advocated the same principles of civil and religious freedom, had toiled and suffered for the same great cause of toleration, progress, and reform. But the motives of this

severity are not perhaps far to seek. It was intended to be an instance of exemplary punishment; but the fate of decimation fell by lot upon the least offending party. The Sheffield poet had, of course, no metropolitan position, but was known chiefly by the warm encomiums of his provincial friends. His sentiments were uniformly kindly, and frequently of a religious tone. He was selected, therefore, as the representative of a feeble coterie or sect. Such a character was perhaps already drawn up, and the name filled in almost at random. The style of Mr. Jeffrey's remarks seems to bear out this view. 'Mr. Montgomery,' says he, 'is one of the most musical and melancholy fine gentlemen we have lately descried on the lower slopes of Parnassus. He is very weakly, very finical, and very affected. His affectations, too, are the most usual and the most offensive of those met with in the species to which he belongs. They are affectations of extreme tenderness, and of great energy and enthusiasm. Whenever he does not whine, he must rant.' We repeat, the character is skilfully sketched in, but the name is gratuitously and falsely added. Montgomery had no such affectations. The Memoir before us proves that neither his delicacy nor his enthusiasm were simulated virtues; but the unbiassed reader of his works needs no such testimony; and without such a 'foregone conclusion' as we have ventured to surmise, Jeffrey would have been the last man to prefer the charge.

The 'Wanderer of Switzerland' long survived, in popular esteem, the term to which it was limited by the Edinburgh Seer in his 'prophetic fury;' and if it is not frequently read in our day, the same may be said of many noble and even standard poems. It may be crowded out of memory by later rivals; but so far as its own merits are concerned, it has the elements, we think, of vigorous life. Its early popularity is no proof of its ephemeral character. The sentiments which touched the public heart were, in this case, pure and deep, as well as strong,—might even interest us at the present moment. These verses, for example, are not unworthy of the first of living poets; at least, they have not failed to remind us of his most admired production:—

- 'In the twilight of my day I am hastening to the West,
There my weary limbs to lay where the sun retires to rest.
'Far beyond the Atlantic floods, stretch'd beneath the evening sky,
Realms of mountains, dark with woods, in Columbia's bosom lie.
'There in glens and caverns rude, silent since the world began,
Dwells the virgin Solitude, unbetray'd by faithless man;
'Where a tyrant never trod, where a slave was never known,
But where Nature worships God in the wilderness alone;
—Thither, thither would I roam; there my children may be free;
I for them will find a home, they shall find a grave for me.

* * * *

- 'Thus it was in hoary time, when our fathers sallied forth,
Full of confidence sublime, from the famine-wasted North.
'To the vale of Switz they came; soon their meliorating toil
Gave the forests to the flame, and their ashes to the soil.
'Thence their ardent labours spread, till above the mountain snows
Towering beauty show'd her head, and a new creation rose!
'So, in regions wild and wide, we will pierce the savage woods,
Clothe the rocks in purple pride, plough the valleys, tame the floods;
'Till a beauteous inland isle, by a forest-sea embraced,
Shall make Desolation smile in the depth of his own waste.
'There, unenvied and unknown, we shall dwell secure and free,
In a country all our own, in a land of liberty.'

This extract from the 'Wanderer of Switzerland' affords a very fair idea of the order of its merit: it gives some intimation, also, of its principal defect. Such verses are apt to weary in a poem of considerable length; and it was perhaps a painful sense of the plaintive monotony which marks the whole performance, which led the Edinburgh Reviewer to speak of the author's disposition to 'whine.' The observation was dictated by the genuine spirit of caricature. But we should state that the verse which we have printed as an alexandrine is, in the original, divided into two; and to the choice of such a metre may, no doubt, be attributed its lack of due variety and force.

Montgomery had always taken an active interest in that great effort of modern philanthropy which resulted in the total abolition of the slave-trade. This event occurred in the year 1808; and when Mr. Bowyer proposed to commemorate it by a sumptuous volume, our poet's well known sentiments and growing reputation led that gentleman to solicit his literary aid. The appeal was accompanied, though hardly strengthened, by a liberal pecuniary offer. Montgomery readily complied, and wrote his poem of the 'West Indies,' as a contribution to the splendid volume which Mr. Bowyer published in the following year. This poem was deservedly admired; and, when issued in an independent form, and at a moderate price, attained considerable popularity, and established the author's literary fame. Its merits do not, however, call for especial observation, apart from that skilful handling of the heroic couplet which is still more manifest in its successor.

'The World before the Flood' is generally esteemed to be the best production of Montgomery's muse. It is certainly the most laboured and ambitious; and, meeting with general approval and success, seems to merit the superior place assigned to it. The poem is said to have been suggested by a few lines in the eleventh book of 'Paradise Lost.' It was originally written in four cantos; but on being shown to a

literary friend and critic, a total re-construction was very frankly recommended and urged; and after submitting it with a similar result to three or four other judges, the poet resolutely broke up the composition, re-modelled and enlarged his plan, and carefully amended it throughout. It now occupies ten cantos; and consists mainly of the loves of Javan and Zillah, in alternation with the narrative and prophecy of Enoch. The former is more important than an episode, yet it is skilfully subordinated to the solemn interest of the latter. The love of Javan is expressed in the most tender manner, and with so much genuine truth and feeling, that the poet's lady friends insisted upon the large amount of personal experience it embodied. No doubt at all it is a beautiful conception of pure unhappy love; and we forbear with difficulty to quote some of the exquisite descriptions that rise out of it; but they would lead us on too far. The death of Adam, as related by Enoch, has often been admired: that event is preceded by a dreadful storm; but the appearance of the Messenger is followed by immediate calm.

'Around his couch with filial awe we kneel'd,
When suddenly a light from heaven reveal'd
A spirit that stood within the unopen'd door;
The sword of God in his right hand he bore;
His countenance was lightning, and his vest
Like snow at sunrise on the mountain's crest;
Yet so benignly beautiful his form,
His presence still'd the fury of the storm;
At once the winds retire, the waters cease;
His look was love, his salutation, "Peace!"'

This apparition—so tempering awe with admiration, and putting the peaceful mercy of his message in the front of its severity—summons our father, and loosens his earthly bonds. The faithful arm of Eve is round Adam to the last, and the benignant angel of death suffers it to remain.

Not less sublime is the manner of Enoch's translation, described in the last canto of the poem. We give the paragraph complete, as it will afford at the same time a clearer notion of the author's metrical success:—

'Thus when the Patriarch ceased, and every ear
Still listen'd in suspense of hope and fear,
Sublime, ineffable, angelic grace
Beam'd in his meek and venerable face;
And sudden glory, streaming round his head,
O'er all his robes with lambent lustre spread;
His earthly features grew divinely bright,
His essence seem'd transforming into light.
Brief silence, like the pause between the flash
At midnight, and the following thunder-crash,
Ensued:—Anon, with universal cry,
The giants rush'd upon the prophet—"Die!"'

The king leap'd foremost from his throne ;—he drew
His battle-sword as on his mark he flew ;
With aim unerring, and tempestuous sound,
The blade descended deep along the ground :
The foe was fled ! and, self-o'erwhelm'd, his strength
Hurl'd to the earth his Atlantean length ;
But ere his chiefs could stretch the helping arm,
He sprang upon his feet in pale alarm ;
Headlong and blind with rage, he search'd around,—
But *Enoch walk'd with God, and was not found.*

The effect of this concluding line is very striking ; but the poem as a whole is of higher merit than the passage indicates. The 'lights and shadows' of antediluvian life are happily conceived ; and it will long supply the favourite description of that interesting but remote society, especially to those readers for whom the latter books of 'Paradise Lost' are less patent and attractive. The language of Milton is comparatively obsolete, his idioms are frequent and foreign, his allusions classical and remote ; and while these are, in the estimation of more cultivated intellects, no slight enhancements of the deep poetic charm of that production, they have the effect of obscuring it from the eyes of the ordinary reader. But 'The World before the Flood' is well adapted for this secondary class. The versification is sonorous, the language modern, the ideas sufficiently popular ; yet the pervading sentiment and taste are equally pure, and an air of freshness and sincerity imparts the special character of an original production. If it is not the rich gold of poetry, it is at least virgin silver : and coined into this graceful work of art, it gives out a clear and ringing sound, and bears an amiable legend.

The period which witnessed the production of these poems was the most active of Montgomery's literary life. The superintendence of his newspaper, of course, made regular demands upon his time ; and, besides his voluntary tributes to the muse, he entered largely upon compositions of another class. In the year 1806 he became a critical reviewer. The 'Eclectic Review' was then conducted by Mr. Daniel Parken, a young barrister of considerable talent and decided piety. He was the friend to whom Montgomery was indebted for the judicious counsel which led to the alteration of the poem just considered, and whose early and sudden death, occurring before the date of its publication, gave the author the melancholy opportunity of inscribing it to his cherished memory. By the urgent request of Mr. Parken our author was led to exercise the reviewer's craft. He did so with great fidelity, and, so far as appears, with credit and success. For about six years his contributions were frequent ; and for about four more they were interrupted and occasional. The list includes a great variety of subjects ; but the

author's versatility at least was equal; and all met with an appropriate, tasteful, and conscientious treatment.

His first essay was in a notice of the 'Life of Cumberland;' his last, in an interesting paper on Brown's 'History of Missions.' He reviewed all his poetic contemporaries, except Lord Byron. In doing so, his strictures were often severe, but always just. He never would abate the claims of true religion, or consent to receive, upon the grounds of literary taste, a work whose sentiments were incompatible with purity or truth. The 'taste' that clashed with true morality, had falsehood on its face, and it was mere effrontery to assume so high a name. It was in this spirit that he reviewed the 'Odes and Songs' of Moore, and handled them with the severity which they richly merited. He disdained, on this occasion, all minute and special criticism. He knew that under the gorgeous veil of that seductive muse lurked features more hideous than those of the Prophet of Khorassan; but he was content to denounce an evil too fulsome for exposure. Happily his generous nature found more frequent opportunities of praise than blame; and he gave evidence that, both in sympathies and opinions, he was the reverse of narrow and illiberal. If these essays, or a selection of them, should be reprinted in our day, they would, probably, be found to differ from similar collections far more by the higher tone of their morality, than by inferior degrees of sagacity and wit: it might then appear that, in all which formed true dignity and wisdom, the printer of Sheffield was nobler than the Canon of St. Paul's.

We must now inquire what was the frame of mind and heart of one so estimable. It is evident that such a character was not far from the kingdom of God. Yet at this period our author had little experience of those comforts of religion for which he chiefly sighed. He had never formed a lofty estimate of worldly satisfactions, and the access of unusual honours brought him no abiding happiness. His experience continued to bear testimony to the solemn truth long since embodied in the Wise Man's proverb; it re-affirmed the universal verdict, and wrote 'vanity' upon every form of pleasure and advantage which was not hallowed by the wisdom that cometh down from above. He had prospered, on the whole, in worldly matters; he had gained the esteem of all with whom genius and benevolence constitute a double claim; he had exercised many of the purest of individual and civic virtues. He was, emphatically, a 'good man;' and to many whose standard of Christian excellence did not imply the evangelical conversion of the heart, his goodness was a pattern of the noblest kind. But he was not therefore self-deceived; he knew how many of these external graces were due to early education,—how some were confirmed by habit, and others nurtured by an amiable disposition,—how all were

really consistent with a nature far from thoroughly renewed. However amiable he might seem to others, he regarded himself with very different eyes, and not unfrequently with perfect loathing. At times he was apt to fall into a state of absolute despair. We do not attribute this abject frame of mind to evangelical conviction; for his temperament often led him to indulge a morbid melancholy. But the subject of his unhealthy thoughts was very significant; and perhaps a similar prostration is never felt but by those whose early training or experience enables them to appreciate the value of that religion from which they seem immeasurably removed. It was so with the unhappy Cowper, whose spiritual enemy leagued with his gloomy imagination, and, contrasting the glimpse of blessedness lost in some unguarded moment, made infinitely dark the long deep night of his desertion. We do not say that Montgomery's state of mind in all respects resembled Cowper's, for it certainly did not; but the former, on more than one occasion, claimed more than poetic kindred with the latter; and no one can read certain passages in the letters published by Mr. Holland, without being instantly reminded of the bard of Olney. The following is a sample of this painful portion of his correspondence:—

‘It is Sunday, and without being a hypocrite I can conscientiously affirm that I seldom concern myself with business or friendship on the Sabbath; which is, however, to me no day of rest, but generally of double gloom and despondency. I know this is my own fault, and that I am an insane self-tormentor. Yet why is it not otherwise? If I could help it, would I be miserable from choice? And how miserable I am the Great Searcher of hearts only knows; for He only knows what an insincere, unbelieving creature I am, and how much I grieve His good Spirit, which has not yet departed entirely from me, though my disobedience, and enmity, and rebellion seem to grow stronger and bolder the more I experience of the mercy and long-suffering of my Creator and Redeemer. But I must shut my bosom from you, though it is ready to burst. If you knew me, you might perhaps cease to love me, but you would not cease to pray for me.’—*Montgomery to Parken, April 10th, 1808.*

There is one circumstance which, doubtless, tended to prolong this gloomy and unsettled frame of mind. Montgomery joined himself to no section of the professing Church, and so lost the incalculable advantage which attaches to the communion of saints. For the most part, he attended upon the Wesleyan ministry, and even appears for a brief time to have united in one of the weekly Classes of the Wesleyan Church; but that which has furnished mutual edification to so many thousands was probably less adapted to his case. His temperament was too peculiar, his habits too reserved and shy, to make such intercourse the source of spiritual profit and advancement. Neither was his mind sufficiently resolute to overcome the weakness of

his disposition; and having, moreover, that sensibility which makes early associations the most masterful of all, he recurred with maternal fondness to the community in whose bosom his tenderest years were passed. The Moravian Church at Fulneck was doubly endeared to him, as the home of his childhood and the nursery of his religious impressions; and, besides these personal grounds of interest, this Protestant Brotherhood had probably the same attractions for our poet, which the Popish communion has had for men of similar imagination, when less influenced by the power of evangelical religion. We do not wonder, therefore, that when Montgomery discerned at length that his spiritual safety was imperilled by so long continuance on the outer border of the fold of Christ, it was at the gate of these good Brethren that he sought admission.

The resolution formed, no further delay was suffered to rob him of the expected comfort. On the 4th of November, 1814, being the forty-third anniversary of his birth, Montgomery applied for formal admission into the Moravian Church, in connexion with the congregation worshipping at Fulneck; and after the application had been duly laid before the Council, his claim was recognised, and himself made affectionately welcome.

From this time forth our author's religious character appears to have steadily advanced towards maturity. The Christian graces he exhibited left no doubt that he sincerely *walked by faith*. As no congregation of the United Brethren assembled then in Sheffield, he still attended the Methodist chapel, and maintained a constant intercourse with the Wesleyan Ministers. Sometimes he was favoured with sermons of the rarest excellence. On one Sabbath, for example, his preachers were Jabez Bunting, David M'Nicoll, and Richard Watson,—all at that period in the prime of life and the fulness of their intellectual powers. More frequently he listened to men of humbler gifts; but, with all his refinement, he was gratified by every proclamation of the truth which was earnest in spirit and unaffected in manner. But what is most surprising is the amount of his own Christian and charitable labours. We do not wonder at his zeal; but the constancy and vigour with which he entered upon so many works of benevolence is remarkable; for he was by constitution both indolent and feeble. He took an active part in the Bible, Missionary, and Tract Societies, as well as the Sunday-School Union. He not only spoke at all their anniversaries, but carefully and sometimes laboriously compiled their reports. On one occasion he sat down exhausted after an hour's exertion in reading one of these documents to the meeting; for even the reading generally devolved on him. But no duty seemed too humble or too exacting for his generous spirit. For some time he cheerfully accepted the office of 'spiritual monitor' in a Sabbath

school; and with a patience and a condescension equally beautiful, he long continued to teach a class of elder children some of the more obvious lessons of religious wisdom.

Our lessening space urges us to an increase of brevity; and we must content ourselves with a mere enumeration of some of the objects of the poet's active zeal, which now ran in every channel of usefulness. He gave proof of good citizenship by promoting many acts of local improvement; by his origination of some and his diligent furtherance of others. In one year he took a leading part in securing for the town of Sheffield the adoption of three important measures: a Local Police Act was passed, a Gas Light Company was formed, and a People's Savings' Bank established. In rendering another service he was still more suitably engaged. The 'Literary and Philosophical Society of Sheffield' was founded in the year 1822; and Montgomery not only joined in the preliminary meetings, but pronounced a learned and ingenious speech on that occasion, intended to draw the sting of irony from Byron's famous sarcasm, and to prove that 'classic Sheffield' was a name well merited. He afterwards contributed some interesting papers to the Society, and became in turn its President.

But his philanthropy knew neither local nor sectarian bounds. If Christian principle had quickened his benevolence into public spirit, it is no less clear that Christian charity both deepened and enlarged his sympathies. He heartily opposed State Lotteries, knowing how they demoralized the poor; he was the active friend of the young chimney-sweep, and took no little pains in his behalf; he pleaded the cause of the poor Greenlanders and the Danish Moravian Mission, and raised about £130 for their relief. This last-named object had a double interest for our poet: it united his sympathy for all kinds of poverty and distress with the associations of his earliest youth and his strongest partiality. The hardships of a Moravian Missionary called forth a feeling of fraternal tenderness, and seemed to form his *beau-idéal* of heroic constancy; and so he yearned after these humble sufferers in the Arctic circle, who, not detained by the dreadful genius of the place, felt yet the influence of a stronger spell, and rather inured themselves to eating seal's flesh than abandon the work of an evangelist. The interest which he took in these pious men, has found permanent expression in a work already revolving in his mind when he was practically moved in their behalf. The scene, the persons, and the subject of the Mission coloured all his thoughts, till he found the poet's usual relief.

The poem of 'Greenland' was given to the world in the year 1819. It surpasses in 'the accomplishment of verse' all the former productions of the author's genius. The opening lines, presenting a very striking picture of Arctic scenery, will afford

some notion of its felicitous imagery, as well as of the taste and skill with which the metre is controlled.

'The moon is watching in the sky ; the stars
Are swiftly wheeling in their golden cars ;
Ocean, outstretcht with infinite expanse,
Serenely slumbers in a glorious trance ;
The tide, o'er which no troubling spirits breathe,
Reflects a cloudless firmament beneath ;
Where, poised as in the centre of a sphere,
A ship above and ship below appear ;
A double image pictured on the deep,
The vessel o'er its shadow seems to sleep ;
Yet, like the host of heaven, that never rest,
With evanescent motion to the west,
The pageant glides thro' loneliness and night,
And leaves behind a rippling wave of light.'

The silence of this strange solitude is then broken by unwonted sounds of music,—'the evening hymn of praise and prayer ;' and the reader is presently introduced to the humble heroes of the poem :—

'Is there a group more lovely than those three
Night-watching pilgrims on the lonely sea ?
Or to *His* ear, that gathers in one sound
The voices of adoring worlds around,
Comes there a breath of more delightful praise
Than the faint notes His poor disciples raise,
Ere on the treacherous main they sink to rest,
Secure as leaning on their Master's breast ?'

This elegant production extends to five cantos, and embraces every variety of illustration and description which the polar regions offer, or which harmonized with the poet's principal design.

But we must hasten to conclude the catalogue of these pure and favourite compositions. In the year 1827 appeared 'The Pelican Island,' the last and best of all. Without staying to analyse the noble, but not very obvious, purpose of this poem, we cannot forbear remarking the originality of its style, and the beauty of its several parts. It is written in blank verse, but has all the freedom of spontaneous prose, with the highest degree of poetic condensation. It is the verse neither of Milton, Thomson, nor Young, but of Montgomery alone. It exhibits the point and brilliance of a spar, with the coherency and weight of golden ore. Perhaps the features of nature, and certainly the facts of natural history, were never more poetically rendered. In the constellations burning in the southern heaven ; in the storm raging upon a huge and untraversed sea ; in the brooding of the stately pelicans, the 'gorgeous cohort' of flamingoes, and the sea-eagle dragged screaming into the deep by his intended prey ; in

the universal ravin by which death keeps clear the swarming coasts of life; in the marvellous history of the coral-worms, their toil, their numbers, their obscurity, their fate, their work;—what pictures have we not of teeming, prodigal, but patient nature! what intimations of the great and good and unsearchable Creator! Many of these are too well known to admit of our transcribing them, even if our space admitted; but a few lines we must extract, if only to show that the author's style is at the same time easy, elegant, and terse, and no less fertile in ideas than very choice in their expression.

'Throughout this commonwealth of sea-sprung land,
Life kindled in ten thousand happy forms;
Earth, air, and ocean, all were full of life.
Still highest in the rank of being soar'd
The fowls amphibious, and the inland tribes
Of dainty plumage or melodious song.
In gaudy robes of many-colour'd patches
The parrots swung like blossoms on the trees,
While their harsh voices undeceived the ear.
More delicately pencill'd, finer drawn
In shape and lineament; too exquisite
For gross delights; the Birds of Paradise
Floated aloof, as though they lived on air,
And were the orient progeny of heaven,
Or spirits made perfect veil'd in shining raiment.
From flower to flower, where wild bees flew and sung,
As countless, small, and musical as they,
Showers of bright humming-birds came down, and plied
The same ambrosial task, with slender bill
Extracting honey, hidden in those bells,
Whose richest blooms grew pale beneath the blaze
Of twinkling winglets hovering o'er their petals,
Brilliant as rain-drops when the western sun
Sees his own miniature of beams in each.'

'The Pelican Island' has not attained the popularity of some of Montgomery's earlier poems; but it evinces a finer genius and superior skill; and probably a higher place among his order will be accorded to him because of its peculiar merits. In this production the author appears to have anticipated many of the beauties of a more recent school of poetry, and at the same time to have avoided its besetting errors. It is elaborate, and even ornate, but without redundancy. In language it is both picturesque and copious; but a spirit of temperance and fidelity provides against excess; and while there is many a careless line, there is not one chargeable with obscurity, profanity, or extravagance. But perhaps the secret of its excellence and charm lies in this, that while a distinct moral purpose makes the whole consistent and proportioned, the simple face of nature is the mirror in which that purpose is reflected; there is no attempt to

dispose of creation in an arbitrary manner,—to break up its unity, and hold the produce as a stock of imagery wherein to dress metaphysical abstractions, thus reversing the order of all genuine art by imposing the very moral which it should reverently elicit. We commend this poem, therefore, to the admirers of 'Festus' and 'Balder,' assuring them that it is not less exquisite for poetical expression, and far more admirable for that basis of natural and moral truth which forms its grand integrity.

In the year 1825 Montgomery sold his business, and retired from the occupation of thirty years. During all that time he had claimed none of the exemptions of genius. He had fulfilled the duties of his calling under many difficulties, in constant weariness and frequent despondency; and to these ordinary duties were superadded many which his higher conscientiousness imposed. The latter followed him into his retirement, only to be relinquished with the change of life. But the honour and esteem of all classes pursued him thither also. His townsmen entertained him at a public dinner, over which Lord Milton (now Earl Fitzwilliam) presided; and the speech in which he acknowledged the kindness of his friends, was replete with manly modesty and Christian feeling.

This epoch of his life corresponded nearly to the climax of his fame. The publication of the 'Pelican Island' may be said to have concluded Montgomery's poetical career. It is the last production of the kind which stands recorded in the volumes now before us; and we believe that the sequel of these Memoirs will add nothing of importance to the list, except the collection of 'Original Hymns,' issued a few months only before the author's death. We have already trespassed beyond our allotted space, and must reserve our remarks upon those compositions to a future time. Perhaps a suitable occasion may be found on the appearance of the sequel just referred to; especially as it will allow of our gleanings a few more points of interest scattered through these volumes, of adding a picture of the poet in his active but serene old age, and of making a suitable reflection on his character and genius.

ART. X.—*History of England, from the Accession of James II.*
By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Vols. III. and IV.
Longmans. 1855.

If any one were desirous of exemplifying the power of Genius to divert public attention into whatever channel it will, in spite of the attraction of external circumstances, and even of the deep interest aroused by an eventful and momentous war, in a generation long unused to such excitement, he could hardly point to a more striking illustration than is afforded by the anxiety with which Mr. Macaulay's new volumes have been looked for, and the almost unprecedented sale which they have commanded. But, though the primary cause of the interest thus awakened by them is, beyond all question, to be found in the brilliant talents of the author, yet even the defects of his work, as exhibited in its former volumes, and the controversy which they provoked, have probably not been wholly without their share of influence. Of its eminent popularity there was never room to doubt; but of its character and merits there have been two quite distinct opinions from the first. By some, and those no ordinary critics, the first instalment of his History was held up as, in every respect, the most inimitable of human productions; as the most perfect example of the union of strong shrewd sense and deep research, of profound analysis of motives and vivid description of action, of large-minded assertion of general principles, and the keenest perception of the circumstances which guide, or modify, or counteract, their manifestation. By other judges, of no less authority, it was represented as something between a party pamphlet of unusual acrimony and an historical novel of unusual brilliancy; as a work which offered lively notions of the characteristics and general temper of the age referred to, but by no means to be relied on for a trustworthy account of any particular fact, and much less for a fair statement of the motives, or conduct, of the particular actors brought upon the stage. Even in the present session of Parliament both of these opinions have been confidently expressed, in reference to the volumes now before us.

We are quite unable to subscribe to either estimate; and, though the former is better grounded than the latter, there is no denying that the promulgators of the more unfavourable doctrine had some specious instances to adduce in its support. And this we impute, not to any unworthy design on the part of the author,—who must be too conscious that his writings will occupy a large space in the eyes of posterity, to condescend to endeavour to mislead its judgment by partial statements,—but to an erroneous theory as to the province of history, which, as we recollect pointing out at the time to a

friend, he had adopted when a very young man, and to which he was now deliberately proclaiming his adherence.

It is nearly thirty years ago that, in an eloquent article on Machiavelli, he raised the question, whether 'the romances founded on fact,' as the classical histories in his opinion may be called, (though here he should, in common fairness, have made more than one exception,) are not superior, 'in the exactness of the notions they convey to the reader, to the more exact narrative of modern times. The best portraits,' he argues, 'are perhaps those in which there is a slight admixture of caricature; and we are not certain that the best histories are not those in which a little of the exaggeration of fictitious narrative is judiciously employed. Something is lost in accuracy, but much is gained in effect.'

The question, of course, is, whether accuracy or effect be the proper object of historical narration. We join issue with Mr. Macaulay, and deny the advantage, not only of caricature, but of any variation whatever from nature, whether in the way of heightening, or of softening, its traits, when the object is not to gratify a contemptible vanity, but to present to posterity a likeness to be cherished as a faithful memorial. It is indeed on record, that Fuseli was one day painting an Alderman's lady, whose mouth had apparently been originally planned rather with a view to the ready reception of the viands in which Aldermen do most delight, than to any strict observance of the laws of symmetrical proportion. The lady, unmindful of the many good things which it had in its time conveyed to the inner alderwoman, was contorting every feature, with the object of having it transmitted to the canvass in the smallest possible dimensions. 'Pray, Madam,' said the impatient artist, 'leave your face alone; and, if you like, I will paint you with no mouth at all.' On the same principle Mr. Macaulay, if an Academician, would perhaps have painted William of Orange with no nose at all—or, if any, with a pure Greek feature of the time of Pericles. But pictures so painted are not those which find credit with posterity; not such as we hope will confront us in that historic gallery to which the exertions of another great historian of our age enable us to look forward.

We appeal from the theory which would advocate this principle, not to Shakspeare,—whose noble Moor, even in the midst of his bitter anguish for his errors, bids his hearers

'Speak of him as he is; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice,'—

but to Mr. Macaulay himself, who, in an article written many years later than that to which we have referred, insists, with a proper feeling of what is due to real greatness, which, being human, cannot be expected to be faultless, that Hastings'

friends would have done well to have scorned an undue adulation of his character, as he would have scorned it himself; that 'he would have wished posterity to have a likeness of him, though an unfavourable one, rather than a daub, at once insipid and unnatural, resembling neither him nor anybody else.' And, recurring again to his comparison of a history with a portrait, he reminds us how Cromwell said to Lely, "Paint me as I am. If you leave out the scars and wrinkles, I will not pay you a shilling." He was content that his face should go forth marked with all the blemishes which had been put upon it by time, by war, by sleepless nights, by anxiety, perhaps by remorse; but with valour, policy, authority, and public care, written in all its princely lines. If men truly great knew their own interest, it is thus that they would wish their minds to be portrayed.'

We shall see hereafter how far he follows this principle in the picture he gives us of the conduct and character of William III.

In our examination of these volumes we propose, first, to take notice of those parts from which we dissent, or to which we object; then to proceed, as the more grateful part of our task, to point out the beauties so lavishly scattered over them; and, lastly, to give a brief sketch of the events of the few years, the history of which is contained in them.

And, first of all, we cannot but think that they are too long: a fault the more singular, as, in those exquisite historical 'Essays,' which beguile the way of many a traveller with glowing pictures of the rise of our Indian Empire, of the triumphs of Bacon's wisdom, or Chatham's eloquence, the author has shown that he has rare powers of condensation, and that he is unequalled in the art of giving, not merely a vivid impression of facts, but a faithful portraiture of them with a few touches, and with a brevity so vigorous and pregnant, as to leave little more information to be desired. But, now that he has entered on the more arduous and important task of writing actual history, his amplification is as remarkable as his conciseness used to be.

The two volumes before us occupy, as nearly as may be, half a page for every day of the period to which they refer. It is natural to expect that as he approaches nearer to our time; as the field widens, extending to the eastern and western extremities of the globe; as the stores from which he has to select become more abundant, and the knowledge which he has it in his power to impart more definite and reliable; the author will become still more copious. At all events, he is not likely to become less so. If, therefore, he should live to complete the task which he originally proposed to himself, and bring down his work to a period within the recollection of persons now living,—by which phrase he probably meant the end of the American war,—we cannot expect that it will occupy less than twenty-five volumes, or

that it will cost so little as twenty pounds ; and how few, comparatively speaking, will have the means of purchasing, or the time and resolution for perusing, such a work ! But this is the result we have to look for under the most favourable supposition, and a worse alternative is only the more likely of the two. It could hardly be hoped that even a younger man than Mr. Macaulay could live to finish a work conceived and executed on such a scale ; and if he should find the term of life—even though protracted in his case to its greatest length, as all his countrymen must heartily desire—too short for its allotted task, and should consequently leave us but a fragment of colossal history, posterity will have reason to regret that its extensive plan was not otherwise completed and fulfilled ; that the historian had not disdained all minor and superfluous detail, and, bringing down the marvellous narrative beyond the limits of the great Revolution and the last Jacobite disturbance, unfolded in succession the peaceful administration of Walpole and the daring designs of Carteret,—the foundation of our Indian, and the loss of our American, empire ; describing, in language worthy of the men themselves, the skill both in war and diplomacy of Stair, the heroism of Clive and of Wolfe, the fiery grandeur of Chatham, the unscrupulous but irresistible wisdom and genius of Hastings, the prophetic sagacity of Burke, and the dawning eloquence of the youthful Fox and Pitt. Yet it is some consolation to know, that a few of these historic portraiture are already secured to us. In the ' *Essays* ' of our author we have a gallery of illustrations which reminds us of the splendid genius of Titian or Vandyke.

In respect of style, the volumes before us do not greatly differ from their predecessors. They have the same charm of animation, picturesqueness, and uncommon clearness. They are open also to the same exceptions made by the lovers of sober-suited history. We are willing to believe that a desire to unite the advantages of brevity and fulness, and not an unworthy fondness for epigrammatic point, has given the air of smartness to our author's page. To the same cause we readily ascribe the tone of dogmatism which pervades it. The historian writes with a rapid pen, as pressing to overtake his growing theme. So many authorities present themselves, so many disputable points arise, that he is compelled to make his own election, and resolutely refuses to be betrayed into minute discussion. He gives us, it is true, only *his* version of the History of England ; but what man ever gave us more ? He knows the impossibility of satisfying all men, and will not risk in so fruitless an attempt the chance of pleasing many.

For similar reasons we do not altogether object to his use of graphic epithets and incidental strokes of character : but surely he has practised this attractive artifice too often, and sometimes carried it too far. When he informs us that Harley wrote

verses more execrable than the bellman's, we are painfully reminded of his having told us in his previous volumes that Rochester swore like a porter. He harps upon Tyreconnel's wig, and his habit of making it a burnt offering in his moments of disappointment and irritation, with as much affection as his favourite Sterne does upon Uncle Toby's. Sometimes this style is employed to point a sarcasm at some favourite object of aversion. Thus we are told that the country squires, when Sacheverell proposed to add his clause to the Corporation Bill, 'left their halls hung with misletoe and holly, and their boards groaning with brawn and plum-pudding, and rode up post to town, cursing the short days, the cold weather, the miry roads, and the villanous Whigs.' He might have drawn a more faithful as well as a more pleasing picture, if he had represented them, not immersed in selfish gluttony, but surrounded by their dependents, their ties to whom the customary festivities of the season were renewing, and by their poorer neighbours, who were never forgotten among the liberal hospitalities of the olden time; and yet tearing themselves from these familiar and well-loved faces, and from these praiseworthy delights, and hurrying from their homes at the call of duty, to prevent a great iniquity which would also have been a great calamity. Other sentences in the same spirit have a neater turn; though, when he writes that 'the women (in Ireland) insisted on kissing His Majesty (James), but it should seem that they bore little resemblance to their posterity; for this compliment was so distasteful to him, that he ordered his retinue to keep them at a distance,' he forgets, in his desire to do justice to Ireland, that after his selection of his first wife for her personal charms,* beauty was no recommendation to one whose very mistresses were so ugly that, according to his brother, they must have been given to him by his Priests as so many penances.

It is not without diffidence that we venture to dissent from so great a master of our language on such a point as the construction of his sentences; but in very many of them Mr. Macaulay has adopted a mode of expression which we do not recollect in his former writings, and which we object to, not merely as the reverse of idiomatic, but as producing, in our opinion, an effect quite different from the force which must be its manifest object. We allude to his constant repetition of the same word in a sentence. He writes that 'the embarrassment caused by the rapacity of the allied Courts, was scarcely greater than the embarrassment caused by their ambition and their pride.' Addison, if we are not mistaken, would have written, 'than that produced by their

* Mr. Macaulay appears to have been mistaken in calling James's first wife plain. Sir John Reresby, who knew her well, speaks of her, in 1665, as 'a very handsome personage.'

ambition and their pride.' So we read, 'It was impossible to make an arrangement that would please everybody, and difficult to make an arrangement that would please anybody, but an arrangement must be made.' Would it not be more in accordance with the genius of our language to say, 'difficult to make one?' The word 'evils' occurs four times in three lines. 'Even the wisest,' we are told, 'cannot, while it' (a revolution) 'is recent, weigh quite fairly the evils which it has caused against the evils which it has removed; for the evils which it has caused are felt, and the evils which it has removed are felt no longer.' Yet a love of unmistakeable accuracy is doubtless the honourable motive of this repetition, which is not perhaps so ungrateful to the ear, as it is satisfactory to the mind.

There are, however, expressions in these volumes with respect to which we feel no uncertainty. We have no doubt at all, that language which no gentleman would permit himself to utter with reference to a lady, is even less excusable when deliberately written; and that that which no provocation would have been held to justify in an antagonist of the moment, ought not to be tolerated in an historian writing a century after the tomb has closed upon the object of his anger. We are no admirers of the Duchess of Marlborough; but we cannot but think that when our author condescends to call her 'a pertinacious vixen,' and 'an abandoned liar,' he is degrading himself rather than her; and when, in his eagerness to blacken her memory, he quotes the scandalous chronicles of the time, which he elsewhere treats with such merited disdain, we feel sure that he has penned a passage which he will hereafter read with compunction, as unjust to one whose many faults were in a measure redeemed by her constant devotion to her husband's honour and interests, and by the fidelity with which, during her long widowhood, she preserved her veneration and affection for his memory.

With respect to the matter contained in these volumes, we think the historian very fair and impartial in his judgment of the conduct of the rival parties who divided the nation. The unreasonableness, the vacillation, the treachery of the Whigs are not dissembled, any more than the open hostility, the equivocation, or the unpatriotic intrigues of the Tories; and the violent vindictiveness of the one body is exposed as unshrinkingly as the calumnious acrimony of the other. But when the author comes to speak of individuals, his bias in favour of the Whigs is painfully perceptible. He freely acknowledges, however, that both the great parties contained in their ranks men of wisdom and moderation, inculcating the love of peace and order both by precept and example; and though Mr. Macaulay is not always as favourable as might be desired to the Church, justice is done in this respect to the Clergy, whose most eminent preachers, it is allowed, were among the most influential of these real patriots,

and exerted themselves to calm the public mind, 'earnestly exhorting their flocks not to withhold a hearty support from the Prince, with whose fate was bound up the fate of the whole nation.'

As we are mentioning the Church, we may as well notice in this place Mr. Macaulay's argument about Convocation, (vol. iii., p. 483,) which seems to us inaccurate and illogical. That it would be productive of mischievous effects to give it administrative or legislative power now, we quite agree with him; but not so when he denies that it ever was a council of the Church of England. His words are:—

'In truth the Convocation so often mentioned in our ecclesiastical history, is merely the Synod of the Province of Canterbury, and never had a right to speak in the name of the whole clerical body. The Province of York had also its Convocation; but, till the eighteenth century was far advanced, the Province of York was generally so poor, so rude, and so thinly peopled, that in political importance it could hardly be considered as more than a tenth part of the kingdom. The sense of the southern Clergy was therefore popularly considered as the sense of the whole profession. When the formal concurrence of the northern Clergy was required, it seems to have been given as a matter of course.'

It seems plain to us that though the Convocation did consist of two bodies, yet that when one had adopted a resolution, and the other had agreed to it, (it does not matter whether it so agreed as a matter of course, or after the most mature discussion,) it was as completely a resolution of the whole profession, as if they had met in one chamber. The Irish Union was decided on, first by the Irish Parliament, and then by the English Parliament; and certainly the Act for that purpose, when carried, was the Act of the United Kingdom. The case of Convocation, even as stated by Mr. Macaulay, appears to us exactly parallel; nor do we see what object is aimed at by denying this, unless it be intended to curtail the Church of some apparent dignity, by the refusal to acknowledge that she ever had an organ through which to make her voice heard.

One would have expected that a hand which holds so fair a balance between parties, would be still more dispassionate and equitable in measuring the qualities of individuals; but this is the very point on which Mr. Macaulay seems to us to be most liable to exception. So black a picture of general baseness has never, so far as we know, been drawn by the greatest misanthrope. William and Mary themselves are, indeed, the objects of the most unmixed panegyric; but of all their English subjects, there are hardly half a dozen who ever receive the slightest credit, or who are exempted from the foulest accusations. Somers and Burnet alone are uniformly extolled: the praise allowed to Nottingham's uprightness is qualified by the imputation of narrow bigotry and formalism;

Cutts is admitted to have been the bravest of the brave, but is represented as destitute of all military skill, a second Ajax, rushing on 'like an ass'* wherever his orders sent him and the danger was hottest. The character of Halifax is certainly one of the most carefully worked up in the whole History; and he appears, if any one does, to be a favourite of the historian. We are told,—

'In wit and eloquence, in amplitude of comprehension, and subtlety of disquisition, he had no equal among the statesmen of his time. But that very fertility, that very acuteness which gave a singular charm to his conversation, to his oratory, and to his writings, unfitted him for the work of promptly deciding practical questions. He was slow from very quickness. For he saw so many arguments for and against every possible course, that he was longer making up his mind than a dull man would have been. Instead of acquiescing in his first thoughts, he replied on himself, rejoined on himself, and surrejoined on himself. Those who heard him talk, owned that he talked like an angel; but too often, when he had exhausted all that could be said, and came to act, the time for action was over.'—Vol. iii., p. 64.

In reading this description we are, in many respects, reminded of a statesman of no small influence at the present time; and perhaps more than one touch in the portrait was suggested by the subtlety of argument, and irresolute inconsistency of action, which so often vexes the friends, and perplexes the admirers, of the Member for Oxford. Yet even of Halifax we are told, that he desired honorary distinctions with a greediness of which he was himself ashamed, and which was unworthy of his fine understanding; yet that his ambition was checked by his fears, and that he, too, was seeking to propitiate 'persons whose gratitude might be useful in the event of a counter-revolution.'

But if nigggardly and qualified in praise of even the most blameless men in the kingdom, Mr. Macaulay puts no such restraint upon himself in finding fault. A severe scrutineer of the motives which have ever led previous writers to praise, he accepts their invectives against, and accusations of, even those most eminent for ability and virtue, as unquestionable. He appears to have looked upon himself as writing hardly more a 'History of England' than a 'History of William;' and then, having transformed himself into a biographer, to have caught what he himself calls 'the *lues Boswelliana*, or disease of admiration,' and that particular form of the complaint that makes him unable to see excellence in any one but his idol. He is not content with painting his hero in the brightest colours, but he insists on bringing out those colours more strongly by a most unnatural darkening of the background.

* 'ἄσ' ὄτ' ἄσος.—II., xi., 557.

The former course we think unwise, even with regard to the reputation of the object of the exaggerated eulogy; but against the latter we protest strongly, not merely in the name of those who are unduly maligned, but in that of all posterity, of every clime and of every age; for not only have we, as Englishmen, a pride in the talents and virtues of our countrymen, but every human being has an interest in protecting their just renown, as members of the one universal race of mankind.

One of the most distinguished objects of his attack is Sancroft. There is no question that, in the matter of taking or not taking the oaths to the new Sovereigns, he wavered for a time, and at last adopted a decision which we ourselves, as well as Mr. Macaulay, think unwise and unnecessary. There is no doubt that in another still more important matter, one in which we see less room for doubt or for excuse, he erred more gravely still, when, by ordaining a succession of nonjuring Bishops, he caused a schism in the Church for nearly a century. Great allowance, however, may fairly be made for him on both these points. In the first case, it was not unnatural that, having once taken the oath of allegiance to James as King, he should see great difficulty in reconciling it to his conscience to take a similar oath to William in James's lifetime. In the second instance, with his principles of Church government, it was not wholly unaccountable that he should deny the power of the Parliament to deprive him of that ecclesiastical rank with which the Church had invested him; and that therefore he should look upon Tillotson and the successors to the other deprived Bishops as usurpers. Not that in his conduct on this point he was entirely consistent; for he would have acknowledged that he and his fellow-sufferers had been appointed by the Sovereign; and he knew that those whom they subsequently ordained as Bishops, could show no such appointment, which, by his own precedent, he must have judged requisite. That therefore he was to blame, we think, though we certainly do not agree that he deserves to be spoken of in the uniformly disparaging language which Mr. Macaulay applies to him. The truth is, that in this, as in many other instances, he follows Burnet implicitly. Now, we are not disposed to undervalue Burnet's authority in general; but that with many admirable qualities he had a most exaggerated idea of his own importance, and no inclination to tolerate those who differed from him on this point, is unquestionable; and as he bore no good will to Sancroft for objecting to institute him to Salisbury, he gratifies his grudge by frequent misrepresentations of his actions.* It is not, however, Mr. Macaulay's expression of opinion, even when we think it erroneous, that we intend to question, pro-

* See the Note on the Oxford Edition of Burnet's 'James II.,' p. 414.

vided the grounds for such opinion are fairly stated; but when he is led, by an inaccurate statement of facts, to justify his depreciation of a virtuous man, such inaccuracy may not be passed over in silence.

Whether the Archbishop were wise or over-scrupulous in his refusal to take the oaths of allegiance to William and Mary, may, of course, be a matter of controversy; but there can be no question that he acted from the purest motives of honour and conscientiousness, when we recollect that by his conduct he reduced himself from the highest station in the kingdom to one of absolute poverty. His scruples may have been unwise; but he gave up all in obedience to them. To deprive him of this credit, Mr. Macaulay repeats a statement of Burnet, that he had accumulated a large fortune out of the revenues of his See, and had besides a family estate to which he could retire, so that he was enabled to live 'as an opulent country gentleman.' It is above thirty years ago that D'Oyly, in his Biography, completely disproved this statement, and showed that the whole income of the deprived Prelate amounted to £50 a year; and that the entire sum which he had saved while Archbishop, had just sufficed to build him a cottage, not too large for an estate of such small dimensions. Nor is it difficult to account for such having been the case. Even while only Dean of St. Paul's, he had devoted a portion of his revenues to the augmentation of the value of small livings in his patronage; and when he became Archbishop, he prosecuted this object on a far more extended scale. Indeed, throughout his whole life, his charities to all, and especially his liberality to the poorer members of his own profession, were so ample, and his contributions to public objects, such as the restoration of St. Paul's, the building of Chelsea College, and of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, were so unprecedentedly munificent, as to be wholly inconsistent with the probability of his having been a hoarder, and having 'raised a great estate,' as Burnet affirms he did, out of the revenues of his See.

It is impossible to read his letters, after his retirement to Fressingfield, without seeing that he was in truth very poor, and without admiring the unrepining patience and humility with which he submits to that poverty to which he had been so long unaccustomed. In a page which we have always considered as one of the choicest passages in the English language, Mr. Macaulay, when concluding his sketch of that great man to whom we owe our Indian empire, confesses himself unable 'to regard without admiration his honourable poverty, his noble equanimity, tried by both extremes of fortune, and never disturbed by either.' We cannot but think that Sancroft was entitled to be judged with equal impartiality. His station, above that of all the hereditary Peers of the kingdom, as the head of the Church next to the Sovereign, may surely in dignity, if not in actual power, bear

comparison even with that of Hastings as Viceroy of our Indian dominions. He was reduced to a condition far more needy than that ill-requited man; and so reduced solely from his own tenderness of conscience and unshrinking adherence to what he believed to be his duty. Even if the reverse did not excite the sympathy of the historian, surely the cause of it deserved his compassion and his indulgence. The fact seems to be, that opposition to William is a crime which, in Mr. Macaulay's eyes, no virtues can counterbalance, and for which no sufferings can atone.

Another great man who is attacked throughout the whole history with a bitterness which can hardly be accounted for, except on the same principle, is Dundee. Again we shall not discuss Mr. Macaulay's opinion of him, except where it is attempted to be supported by a perversion of facts. His real greatness may be sufficiently estimated by the reply of William himself, when, being urged to send large reinforcements to Scotland after the battle of Killiecrankie, he said, 'It was needless; the war ended with Dundee's life.'* But Mr. Macaulay's statement of facts concerning him is not borne out by his authorities. After describing the conduct of Lord Balcarras, (vol. iii., p. 270,) he proceeds: 'Dundee seems to have been less ingenuous; he employed the mediation of Burnet, opened a negotiation with St. James's, declared himself willing to acquiesce in the new order of things, obtained from William a promise of protection, and promised to live peaceably.' Burnet's own account of the message intrusted to him, is widely at variance with this. He says, 'Dundee employed me to carry messages from him to the King, to know what security he might expect, if he should go and live in Scotland *without owning the Government*.' It is consistent with this statement that Dalrymple (vol. ii., p. 300) tells us, that 'when William asked him to enter his service, Dundee refused without ceremony.' Yet Mr. Macaulay himself is forced to confess that he was driven from Edinburgh by real danger of assassination; and that he would probably have remained quiet in his country seat, if Hamilton had not ordered him to be arrested, and sent a body of troops to apprehend him. (Vol. ii., p. 327.) But though his rising in arms was thus, as it were, forced upon him, there is no limit to the vituperation poured upon him for so doing. He is 'a traitor,' 'a man of blood.' He is 'haunted by the consciousness of inextinguishable guilt.' His companions are 'Satans and Beelzebubs.' Even while admitting that he was in danger of instant assassination, Mr. Macaulay more than insinuates that he deserved it. And after his death, it is more than hinted that those only can mention his name with respect (we have already shown that Mr. Macaulay's favourite, William III., was of the number) 'who

* Dalrymple, vol. ii., part 2, p. 90.

think that there is no excess of wickedness for which courage and ability do not atone.' And yet the same writer, who is thus bitter against Dundee, professedly on account of his severity to the Covenanters, is contented with saying, (vol. iii., p. 226,) that 'it is difficult to understand' why William should have selected for especial preferment the greatest monster of the whole army, the notorious 'man of blood,' the ever infamous Kirke.

That, in the times of Charles and James, Dundee had exercised unsparing rigour upon the Covenanters, is certainly true. He had shown them no mercy; but it is not strange if he thought that they deserved none. Not only were they undoubted rebels, taken in the fact, but they had begun their rebellion by a most cruel murder of Archbishop Sharpe, who, besides the claims to consideration afforded by his high rank, was his own personal friend. They themselves were far more merciless than he. When they did get the opportunity, they butchered their prisoners in cold blood. Mr. Macaulay himself tells us that the favourite lessons which they drew from holy writ were those furnished by the examples of Ehud, who slew Eglon, or of Samuel, when he hewed Agag in pieces. Dalrymple tells us that Dundee was severe on principle, urging that such severity was the truest mercy; and it is but right that sincerity of motive should be allowed, not indeed to justify, but to extenuate, his deeds. Fanaticism itself has often stood in need of this defence; and it can hardly be denied to a loyal soldier roused by obstinate rebellion.

But the fulness of Mr. Macaulay's wrath is reserved for Marlborough. To him this system of publishing the History in detached portions is of itself unfavourable, since whatever there was discreditable in his life belongs to its earlier portion, which is already before us; while the glorious deeds of his subsequent career will not be unfolded for some time. At this moment, with only half his story told, we are still, in some degree, *sous la baguette du magicien*; and probably no one, however calm his judgment, has arisen from the perusal of these volumes without a worse opinion of Marlborough than he had before; while in the case of those, and they are very many, who have implicitly surrendered their own, and adopted the views of the historian, the poison will have sunk into their whole system, and have become almost ineradicable, before the antidote, in the shape of the details of his wisdom and heroism, and of the mighty services which he rendered to his country and to Europe, can be administered for their relief.

We cannot help suspecting that the studied and extreme depreciation we complain of is in great measure due to the exigencies of this dramatic history. The genius of Marlborough must not rebuke the inferior genius of the King; and while the hero of Blenheim is to the majority of readers more imposing,

both as warrior and statesman, than William himself, his reputation must be sacrificed to the fame of his royal master, whom alone among Princes Mr. Macaulay delights to honour. Accordingly all the actions of Marlborough are put in their worst light; single incidents are exaggerated into habits; even the wretched Jacobite lampoons, though in other instances their scurrility and falsehood are fully admitted, are raked up for the purpose of fastening upon him charges of peculation, for which there is no other evidence. So unscrupulous was the malignity of the times, infecting even writers of reputation, that even after the fame of his achievements had filled the world, and stamped him as the greatest General that had ever as yet led his troops to victory, Swift was not ashamed to sneer at him as a coward. This absurdity Mr. Macaulay has too much regard for his own credit for common sense to repeat; but it is the only instance of moderation displayed in his treatment of him. He is not only base, he is even 'a prodigy of turpitude.' Once, when a very young man, he received a large present from the Duchess of Cleveland: this is exaggerated into a practice of 'making money of his beauty and his vigour.' Later in life he was accused (though that most dispassionate of historical critics, the late lamented Professor Smyth, acquits him of the charge) of having protracted the war on his own account; some said, to gratify his ambition; others, to satiate his avarice. This is called, 'at sixty making money of his genius and his glory.' Mr. Macaulay's next volumes will probably afford us a better opportunity of discussing his character at length. At present we will only ask our readers to suspend their judgment, recollecting the words of Mr. Smyth himself, also a Whig, of Mr. Macaulay's own shade of politics:—"The great Duke of Marlborough" has always been his proper appellation; and he is only made greater by being made more known from this publication of Mr. Coxe. Nor can it be doubted that he would appear greater still, the more the difficulties with which he was surrounded on all occasions could be appreciated; *—and of Burnet, who tells us that 'the writers of defamatory libels, who studied to represent him as a robber of the nation and a public enemy, gave an indignation to all who had a sense of gratitude, or a regard to justice.'

Very different is the treatment that is reserved for William. With an appearance of candour it is admitted that many of his new subjects looked upon him as an unmannerly boor, and even that they had some reason for their opinion; that he was injudicious in displaying such undisguised preference as he did for his Dutch friends; and that he 'did not rank high as a tactician.' But this is the very utmost extent of the deductions

* Lecture xxiii.

that we are to be allowed to make from his almost perfect greatness. His patronage of some of the worst men in the kingdom, of Ferguson, for instance, and of Kirke, is slurred over. The pension which he granted to Oates is stated at little more than half * its amount; and the still more disgraceful fact of his giving that most infamous of perjurers valuable preferment in the Church† is wholly unnoticed. His connexion with Elizabeth Villiers is alluded to with the most singular artfulness:—‘This lady had, when a girl, inspired William with a passion, which had caused much scandal and much unhappiness at the little Court of the Hague.’ Who could suppose, from this cursory mention of her, that the scandal and unhappiness lasted throughout Mary’s whole life,—the scandal even after her death; that, in a similar situation with those ladies whom in the time of Charles II. and James II. our author calls ‘harlots,’ she exercised even more than their influence; that she married a sister to his friend Bentinck, made her brother an Earl, and her husband another Earl; and that in the very last years of William’s life, after the period at which the present volumes close, his grants to her were so enormous‡ that Parliament actually passed an Act to render them invalid? Yet these are most notorious facts, though they interfered a little too much with the views of Mr. Macaulay to be even hinted at.

But, as the grand blot on William’s fame, after his arrival in England, is undoubtedly the deed which to the latest ages will be known as the Massacre of Glencoe, it is to his exculpation on that point that Mr. Macaulay’s most especial ingenuity is directed. And he had no easy task; for the fact of his having

* Mr. Macaulay states the pension at ‘about three hundred a year.’ It is fair to mention, that Dr. Lingard, who would probably not have been inclined to underrate it, calls it five pounds a week, or £260. Hume stated it at £400 a year; but Miss Strickland, producing the actual accounts of William for seven months, appears to prove that it was £10 a week, or £520 a year. Whatever was the amount, it was very disgraceful to the King, who on other occasions showed that he was not afraid to act on his own judgment in opposition to that of the Commons.

† This is positively stated by Miss Strickland. (*‘Lives of the Queens of England,’* vol. xi., p. 60.) Dalrymple tells us that the favour shown to Oates led some to infer the King’s ‘own connexions with Oates and Shaftesbury at a former period.’ We need not go that length; but it is hardly possible to doubt that the cause of his assenting to the request of the Commons was, that he felt that Oates’s villainies had, in effect, been serviceable to him, by exciting that violent animosity against the Roman Catholics, to which in some degree he owed his throne; and that, therefore, he pensioned him as he had pensioned Tichelaar in Holland,—a scoundrel who had been prosecuted for rape and swindling before he attacked De Witt with his perjuries. Mr. Macaulay admits (vol. iii., p. 390) that Oates ‘was not a proper object of mercy;’ but forbears to express the slightest indignation at his receiving a pension which, as he himself admits, (vol. iv., p. 174,) made him a much richer man than nineteen-twentieths of the members of that profession of which he was the disgrace. We have not been able to ascertain the name of the livings given to Oates, but we take the statement to be correct, because we observe that Mr. Macaulay avoids any express denial of it. It may not be beside the question, as showing how completely the pension given to Tichelaar was William’s own act, to mention that it was taken from him after the King’s death.

‡ In Ireland alone they amounted to above £25,000 a year.

signed the order for the extirpation of the Macdonalds, and of their extirpation in obedience to that order, is undeniable. The plea put forward is, that William signed the order, without knowing its purport. 'Kings,' we are told, 'must sign documents which they have not read; and of all documents, a document relating to a small tribe of mountaineers living in a wilderness not set down in any map, was least likely to interest a Sovereign whose mind was full of schemes on which the fate of Europe might depend.' That it is impossible for a Sovereign to read through all the documents presented for his signature, we may admit; but though we have not ourselves been Ministers of State, we take it for granted, that the purport of each is explained by the Minister who presents it; and this document, as we shall see, was so brief, that it would have been no more trouble to read it, than to hear the explanation of it. The historian proceeds: 'The truth is, that the King understood continental politics thoroughly, and gave his whole mind to them: to English business he attended less, and to Scotch business not at all.' We may here observe by the way, that we can hardly conceive a severer condemnation of any Sovereign, than the sentence which we have just quoted. Mr. Macaulay, who is never weary of extolling his statesmanlike sagacity, appears to regard him chiefly, if not solely, as a Sovereign of Continental Europe; and overlooks the fact, that the circumstance that gives him the greatest interest in our eyes is, that he was King of England; and that the test by which we must judge him is, what sort of a King of England he proved. When he accepted the sovereignty of these Islands, he undertook, beyond all question, to make their concerns the chief object of his attention; and that duty, by Mr. Macaulay's own showing, he almost entirely neglected. To return to our subject, we are also told, 'If he had paid any attention to the matter, he must have thought that so fair an opportunity of putting an end to the devastations and depredations from which a quiet and industrious population had suffered so much, ought not to be lost.' And after a long explanation of the sense in which Mr. Macaulay would have us understand the words, 'It will be proper to extirpate that set of thieves,' so far as to give them 'a sense perfectly innocent,' we are told, 'There can be little doubt that William would have deserved well of his people, if he had in this manner extirpated not only the clan of M'Ian, but every Highland tribe whose calling was to steal cattle and burn houses.' We need only refer to the previous accounts of the country in these volumes, to see that this expression is equivalent in the author's mind, and in fact likewise, to 'every Highland tribe whatever.'

We cannot but suspect that if Mr. Macaulay had really thought the words of the order capable of being understood in 'a sense perfectly innocent,' he would not have been at so much

pains to prove that William never read it before he signed it. And it was too important an order for him to be excusable if he did not read it. The heathen Monarch admitted the reproof, 'If you have no time to do justice, you have no time to be King!' But, in the first place, William signed a similar order with respect to the Frasers,* though, from some reason or other, it was not acted upon; and, secondly, this was not a lengthy document, by its verbosity concealing its object from all who did not give it a careful perusal, but was couched in two brief lines, and signed by William, both at top and bottom, in a manner which almost necessitated his reading it,—a course which was never adopted except to indicate the importance attached by him to the prompt and energetic execution of a command so authenticated.

But there is stronger evidence still, that William knew the object of the order, and the extent to which it was to be carried out; for in his own box there are letters from Lord Tarbet to him of the preceding year, in one of which he complains of the large sum, £150,000, that had just been spent in the pacification of the Highlands, and in another urges the reducing them by force, adding, 'And the Earl of Argyle was against such condescension as would prejudice or lessen his expectations; and several of your Majesty's Counsellors did think it dishonour to treat with them; and all these concurred to think it better to root them out by war, than to give them any favour.' The details by which the extirpation was to be carried out, the treachery which makes even the barbarity of such wholesale murder more atrocious, were probably not described to him; but among other circumstances which enable us to form a judgment of his knowledge of the general intention to destroy, we must recollect that Stair undoubtedly intended to comprehend a far larger number of victims than actually fell; and the more extensive the scheme of destruction that he had planned, the less is the probability that he should have ventured to execute it without William's approval. In real truth, as far as the moral guilt is concerned, there is not much difference whether his approval was given before or after the deed; and that such approval was manifested afterwards by the impunity given to the Master of Stair, is notorious. Mr. Macaulay does indeed seek to exculpate William from the charge of deliberately attempting to suppress the inquiry, by saying, 'He forgot to urge' the Commission appointed to conduct it to do their duty. Truly the sense of humanity and justice must have been very acute, which, when the most atrocious deed ever perpetrated in these islands was set before him in all its horrors, forgot to urge an inquiry into it, because 'he knew and cared little about Scotland.' But even when it was forced upon his unwilling memory, he forbore to punish; he subsequently

* Miss Strickland's 'Life of Mary,' vol. xi., p. 216.

especially favoured and even promoted him who, if Mr. Macaulay's account of his share in the business be correct, was himself the sole criminal. And it seems impossible to deny the soundness of Dalrymple's conclusion, that 'he would not permit any of those concerned to be punished, conscious that in their cause his own was involved.' The period of his rule in Holland has been narrated by an eloquent historian, who is also a great admirer of his general character, and who, without going quite to such lengths as Mr. Macaulay, still conceals some parts of his conduct which do him but little credit, and praises him for some virtues to which he had no pretence; yet even he, coupling together the circumstances of the murder of the De Witts, and of the Massacre of Glencoe, allows that they have left a stain on his memory which his panegyrists have in vain laboured to efface; and closes the subject with the following observations, which appear to us conclusive to every impartial mind:—

'The pretext usually put forth in excuse for such acts,—that they are done by Ministers without the participation of their Sovereign,—is as unfair as it is idle. It is scarcely possible that any Minister would venture upon a course which must expose him to the obloquy of mankind, at the risk also of losing the favour of the Prince for whose service it was undertaken, or without having previously taken care to ascertain that his act would be acceptable to him. And if such a case should occur, the Prince can clear himself of suspicion only by the immediate disavowal and exemplary punishment of the offender. But in both the instances in question, the impunity that William secured to the perpetrators of the crime, and the friendship and countenance with which he afterwards treated them, offered almost incontrovertible evidence of his guilty participation; and in the minds of posterity, unhappily, the remembrance of the defender of the civil and religious liberty of Europe is inseparably interwoven with that of the abettor of the murder of the illustrious De Witts, and of the slaughter of the confiding Highlanders of Glencoe.'—*Davies's History of Holland and the Dutch Nation*, vol. iii., p. 262.

Now, suppose Mr. Macaulay had delineated Marlborough in the same spirit that animated him while speaking of William, glossing over some dark deeds, putting the most favourable construction sometimes on his doubtful actions, and always on his motives, what a far juster picture of the hero of Blenheim should we have had! Suppose, on the other hand, any one were to portray William with the same dark colours that our historian has employed in painting Marlborough; who that had acquiesced in the representation of the General, as given in these volumes, would have a right to complain of equally severe measure being meted out to the King? Suppose some one were even to compare the two, bringing into juxtaposition not the high qualities of each, but their foibles, their vices, their errors, and all the charges, truly or untruly, urged against them.

Suppose we were to say, Marlborough, when very young, had an intrigue with the Duchess of Cleveland, who once gave him a large sum of money;—William, in spite of the devotion which his wife always exhibited to him, and the obligations which he was under to her, (since it was his marriage with her that procured him the crown of Great Britain,) during the whole of her life maintained a *liaison* with Miss Villiers, bestowed peerages on her brother, and, after her marriage, on her husband, and conferred upon her such enormous grants that his Parliament interfered to annul them:—Marlborough intrigued with St. Germain, and, out of pique at the preference given to foreigners, plotted to bring back a master whom he had previously deserted on the plea that he was endeavouring to subvert the religion and liberties of England;—William intrigued against his own father-in-law, aided Monmouth's* expedition, and at last invaded his kingdom on flimsy pretences, and with professions of not aspiring to the supreme power himself, though it was afterwards found that he would be contented with nothing short of it:—Marlborough betrayed the expedition to Brest, (though the French had some previous knowledge of what was in contemplation,) and contributed to a great slaughter of his own valiant countrymen;—William, to say nothing of his accession to, or connivance at, the murder of the De Witts, signed more than one deliberate order for the massacre of whole tribes of his subjects:—Marlborough was greedy of gain;—William was a glutton, devouring whole dishes of delicacies without offering the least share of them to his companions, even when his wife and her sisters were among them. William's character would not look very bright under such treatment as this. But would it be fair treatment? Would it give a just view of his character? Would it be becoming in a historian (even if we look at the question solely with reference to the feelings with which he ought to look upon great men) to dwell mainly on these errors, great though some of them were, and not to enlarge much more gladly and much more fully on his indomitable courage, his penetrating sagacity, and the great services that these qualities enabled him to render to Britain and to the world? And if this should be the principle on which we should estimate him, where is the equity of measuring Marlborough by a different standard?

* Mr. Macaulay, in his earlier volumes, treats the idea of William's privity to Monmouth's invasion with disdain. But it seems to rest on sufficient grounds. D'Avaux, Louis's Minister at the Hague, had long warned his master that some such scheme was undoubtedly preparing, with William's connivance. William had as good means of knowing what was being done in Holland as D'Avaux. As early as April 28th, 1685, James himself wrote to him on the subject. Dr. Lingard, who is inclined to acquit William, lays some stress on Monmouth having assured him 'that he would never stir against the King.' But the question is not whether Monmouth gave such assurances; but whether William, with his information, sagacity, and penetration, could possibly have been blinded by them.

Again, we appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, from the historian wishing to make out a claim to pre-eminence over all his contemporaries for his hero, to the essayist calmly investigating the merits of the first chief who taught the natives of India to look upon the English as invincible.

'Ordinary criminal justice knows nothing of set-off. The greatest desert cannot be pleaded in answer to a charge of the slightest transgression. If a man has sold beer on a Sunday morning, it is no defence that he has saved the life of a fellow-creature at the risk of his own; if he has harnessed a Newfoundland dog to his child's carriage, it is no defence that he was wounded at Waterloo. But it is not in this way that we ought to deal with men who, raised far above the ordinary restraints, and tried by far more than ordinary temptations, are entitled to a more than ordinary measure of indulgence. Such men should be judged by their contemporaries as they will be judged by posterity. Their bad actions ought not, indeed, to be called good; but their good and their bad actions ought to be fairly weighed; and if, on the whole, the good preponderate, the sentence ought to be one not merely of acquittal, but of approbation.'—*Macaulay's Essay on Lord Clive.*

He even, among many instances which he proceeds to enumerate, expressly names William as a ruler who 'cannot be absolved by a judge who fixes his eye inexorably on one or two unjustifiable acts.' We claim the application of this principle to Marlborough as well as William, and are confident that we are only asking what is conceded to him by almost every one but Mr. Macaulay.

And there is no fear that the act of doing justice to Marlborough should hinder us from regarding William with the honour and gratitude that is clearly his due. Even if it was personal ambition, and the prospect, by such means, of obtaining greater power with which to wage war against Louis, that led him to invade England, and wrest his sceptre from the hand of James, still we must acknowledge that that ambition secured to every one of us now alive that civil and religious liberty which might otherwise, long ago, have disappeared from the face of the earth. We ourselves, who look back with respect and gratitude to the ancient University of Alfred, and with yearly increasing affection to the antique towers,—

'Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade,'—

might either have seen these venerable abodes of learning and virtue closed against us, or have been unable to purchase our admission to them, otherwise than by a surrender of our reason and our judgment to the dictates of a debasing superstition. Nor, though it can hardly be denied, however great James's errors may have been, that the very last person in Europe to dethrone him should have been his own nephew

and son-in-law, can we judge very severely even the sin by which the angels fell, while we daily feel its benefits. When such is the case, we may well be contented, without scrutinizing too closely the motives in which it perhaps originated, to allow that it was a well-directed ambition.*

More unalloyed praise must be given to that political sagacity and diplomatic skill with which he formed and kept together the league, which at last forced Louis to make peace, even at the price of abandoning conquests which had been acquired by the most profuse expenditure of the treasure and blood of his subjects; and, a still harder task for his pride,† of submitting to the confession of his inability efficiently to assist those of whom he had so ostentatiously proclaimed himself the protector. With almost equal admiration must we regard that indomitable courage which, though not supported by sufficient military skill to avoid defeat, prevented defeat from ever becoming disaster, while he inspired his soldiers with confidence, even amid the greatest difficulties; and which at last enabled him to terminate a war in which he had never gained a victory, by the humiliation of his adversary. Nor, though it is undeniable that his principal object was not the interest of Britain, can we deny that his reign opened to her a long vista, not merely of unprofitable glory, but of solid advantages both abroad and at home.

The chief fault of William was his neglect of the affairs of Great Britain. It is hardly alluded to by Mr. Macaulay, though he incidentally admits that it was very great; and it is quite clear that after he became King, attention to those affairs was his first duty. Akin to this fault was his open preference of foreigners to Englishmen, not merely making them his sole chosen companions, which, though not unnatural, was at least impolitic, but conferring on them many of the most lucrative offices of the State, to which they had certainly no right, and enriching them by the most lavish grants of a more permanent nature. Moreover, their arrogance,‡ and William's own

* Mr. Macaulay occasionally lets a sentence escape him, at variance with the general scope of his narrative, but admitting the truth of views which he at other times ignores. The general tenor of his account of the events of 1688 implies that William originally, without any purpose beyond that of prevailing upon, or compelling, his father-in-law to redress the grievances of which his people complained, was borne on by circumstances, almost in his own despite, and was, as it were, forced into the throne; but (vol. iii., p. 181) he speaks of the English crown as 'the great prize, which had been won by such strenuous exertions and profound combinations.'

† This is the view taken of it by Sismondi, who contends that the feeling of humiliation caused through France by the peace of Ryswick was unreasonable; and that, in fact, the cessions then made were honourable proofs of the moderation and humanity of Louis, adding, *Cette reconnaissance de Guillaume III., et cet abandon de Jacques II., fut le sacrifice qui coûta le plus à l'orgueil de Louis XIV.*

‡ Mr. Macaulay quotes St. Simon for the assertion, that Portland was a well-bred, courteous gentleman. If he deserved that praise, he must have had two different

'disgusting dryness,' as his friend Burnet calls it, were not calculated to remove the prejudices or to secure the affections of his British subjects.

We come now to a portion of our task more pleasing than that of questioning the justice, or blaming the deficiencies, of one whom, on the whole, we greatly admire; namely, to that of briefly pointing out some of the chief beauties of his work. And we are inclined to turn, not so much to the singular luminousness of detail with which he renders complicated affairs intelligible, or to that unsurpassed liveliness of style which makes even the dry subject of finance attractive;* but to the general largeness of his views, whether exhibited in the description of past events, or in the still more valuable application of the lessons to be derived from them to the present and the future.

Every one is so familiar with Mr. Macaulay's style, that it seems almost superfluous to give specimens of its varied excellence; but the language in which he describes the violence with which the Whigs, when triumphant, resolved to revenge themselves on their adversaries, may be read with profit, because the conduct of parties is very apt to repeat itself; and we may be almost sure, that as long as the human heart remains what it is, the same motives will influence persons in similar situations, and lead them to the same errors;† since, in times of political excitement, the more moderate and wise and virtuous men of a party are sure to be overborne by the intemperate and unscrupulous advocates of violence. We quote it also as a very favourable specimen of the temper of William's government, when he did condescend to interest himself in the domestic affairs of the kingdom:—

'The feud between the two parties was more bitter than ever. The King had entertained a hope that during the recess the animosities which had in the preceding Session prevented an Act of Indemnity from passing, would have been mitigated. On the day on which the

manners for the French and for the English. We are concerned with, and speaking of, his manner to the English; and of that Burnet, in that original sketch of his History, which Mr. Macaulay thinks so valuable whenever it tallies with his own views, tells us, that William's 'cold reserved manner disobliger all that came near him, while his favourite Portland provoked them by his roughness.'

* There is reason to think that Mr. Macaulay has made a mistake, in saying that the interest on Exchequer bills was originally only threepence a day, that is, a fraction over $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Macpherson calls it 'above 7 per cent.,' and Dalrymple $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; (vol. iii., part 2, p. 89;) nor does it seem likely that it should have been so low as $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., when the general interest of money was so much higher. See Mac. Hist., vol. iv., p. 499.

† Γενόμενα μὲν καὶ ἀεὶ ἐσόμενα ἕως ἂν ἡ αὐτὴ φύσις ἀνθρώπων ᾖ.—*Thucyd.*, iii., 82. We may almost fancy that Mr. Macaulay, while writing the passage quoted above, had his eye on the account of the seditions at Corcyra, when τὸ σῶφρον τοῦ ἀνδρὸς πρὸς χυμὰ ἐνομήσθη.....τὸ δ' ἐμπλήκτως δὲ ἀνδρὸς μοῖρα προσετίθη.

Houses re-assembled, he had pressed them earnestly to put an end to the fear and discord which could never cease to exist while great numbers held their property and their liberty, and not a few even their lives, by an uncertain tenure. His exhortation proved of no effect. October, November, December passed away, and nothing was done. An Indemnity Bill, indeed, had been brought in and read once, but it had ever since lain neglected on the table of the House. Vindictive as had been the mood in which the Whigs had left Westminster, the mood in which they returned was more vindictive still. Smarting from old sufferings, drunk with recent prosperity, burning with implacable resentment, confident of irresistible strength, they were not less rash and headstrong than in the days of the Exclusion Bill. 1680 was come again. Again all compromise was rejected. Again the voices of the wisest and most upright friends of liberty were drowned by the clamour of hot-headed and designing agitators. Again moderation was despised as cowardice or execrated as treachery. All the lessons taught by a cruel experience were forgotten. The very same men who had expiated by years of humiliation, of imprisonment, of penury, of exile, the folly with which they had misused the advantages given them by the Popish Plot, now misused with equal folly the advantage given them by the Revolution. The second madness would, in all probability, like the first, have ended in their proscription, dispersion, decimation, but for the magnanimity and wisdom of that great Prince, who, bent on fulfilling his mission, and insensible alike to flattery and to outrage, coldly and inflexibly saved them in their own despite.'—Vol. iii., p. 509.

The absurdity alluded to in the following extract has still, it is well known, a theoretical existence; but probably the reason why it was so long maintained in practice, occurred but to few before it was set before them by our historian. He is speaking of the endeavours of the reformers of the time to bring the Parliament more under the influence of the people by shortening its duration :—

'One strange inconsistency in the conduct of the reformers of that generation deserves notice. It never occurred to any one of those who were zealous for the Triennial Bill, that every argument which could be urged in favour of that Bill was an argument against the rules which had been framed in old times for the purpose of keeping Parliamentary deliberations and divisions strictly secret. It is quite natural that a Government which withholds political privileges from the commonalty should withhold also political information. But nothing can be more irrational than to give power, and not to give the knowledge without which there is the greatest risk that that power will be abused. What could be more absurd than to call constituent bodies frequently together, that they might decide whether their representative had done his duty by them, and yet strictly to interdict them from learning, on trustworthy authority, what he had said, or how he had voted?.....The truth is, that the secrecy of Parliamentary debates, a secrecy which would now be thought a grievance more intolerable than the Ship money, or the

Star Chamber, was then inseparably associated, even in the most honest and intelligent minds, with constitutional freedom. A few old gentlemen still living could remember times when a gentleman who was known at Whitehall to have let fall a sharp word against a Court favourite, would have been brought before the Privy Council, and sent to the Tower. Those times were gone never to return. There was no longer any danger that the King would oppress the members of the Legislature; and there was much danger that the members of the Legislature might oppress the people. Nevertheless, the words, "Privilege of Parliament,"—those words which the stern senators of the preceding generation had murmured when a tyrant filled their chamber with his guards,—those words which a hundred thousand Londoners had shouted in his ears, when he ventured for the last time within the walls of their city,—still retained a magical influence over all who loved liberty. It was long before even the most enlightened men became sensible that the precaution which had been originally devised for the purpose of protecting patriots against the displeasure of the Court, now served only to protect sycophants against the displeasure of the nation.'—Vol. iv., p. 348.

The account of the creation of our National Debt is too long to quote; but it is singularly clear and intelligible; and if we were to select one passage, more than another, in the two volumes, as especially rich in valuable information, and, at the same time, as remarkably illustrative of the charm which Mr. Macaulay contrives to throw over the most unattractive of subjects, we do not know that we could find one more appropriate; while, for a specimen of eloquent political philosophy, we would point to the admirable pages, (vol. iii., pp. 84–88,) in which, while giving an account of the Toleration Act, Mr. Macaulay sets before us, in brief but striking language, the superiority of the practical wisdom which has marked the course of English legislation, to the fantastic theories of shallow speculative politicians, which have elsewhere caused so much disquiet and distress to the nations which have tolerated their influence. And though we may perhaps not quite agree with him, that our legislation has of late been, in every instance, limited to the removal of proved grievances, we cordially assent to the view expressed by him, that with us there has been no retrogression from any advance once made in the path of liberty and civilization; and we trust that, as reform is one of those courses which admits of no retrogression,

———*Vestigia nulla retrorsum,*

it may for the future be always pursued in that spirit of moderation, which is the only practical wisdom; so that future historians may still point to it as the unvarying characteristic of British lawgivers.

In the description of vivid rapid action, of the hurry of the battle-field, or the peril of the 'imminent deadly breach,' Mr.

Macaulay is not always so successful ; but there is one passage where he brings before us the varied character of the component parts of William's army at the Boyne with singular skill ; associating, with exquisite delicacy of compliment, the present renown of many of our most distinguished regiments with the names of their ancient leaders, and with the fields of their ancient glory :—

‘ William had under his command near 36,000 men, born in many lands, and speaking many tongues. Scarcely one Protestant Church, scarcely one Protestant nation, was unrepresented in the army, which a strange series of events had brought to fight for the Protestant religion in the remotest island of the west. About half the troops were natives of England. Ormond was there with the Life Guards, and Oxford with the Blues. Sir John Lavier, an officer who had acquired military experience on the Continent, and whose prudence was held in high esteem, was at the head of the Queen's regiment of horse, now the First Dragoon Guards. There were Beaumont's Foot, who had, in defiance of the mandate of James, refused to admit Irish Papists among them, and Hastings's Foot, who had, in the disastrous day of Killiecrankie, maintained the reputation of the Saxon race. There were the two Tangier battalions, hitherto known only by deeds of violence and rapine, but destined to begin on the following morning a long career of glory. The Scotch Guards marched under the command of their countryman, James Douglas. Two fine British regiments, who had been in the service of the States General, and had often looked death in the face under William's leading, followed him in this campaign, not only as their General, but as their native King. They now rank as the Fifth and Sixth of the Line. The former was led by an officer who had no skill in the higher parts of military science, but whom the whole army allowed to be the bravest of all the brave, John Cutts. Conspicuous among the Dutch troops were Portland's and Ginkell's Horse, and Johnes's Blue Regiment, consisting of 2,000 of the finest infantry in Europe. Germany had sent to the field some warriors sprung from the noblest houses. Prince George of Hesse D'Armstadt, a gallant youth, who was serving his apprenticeship in the military art, rode near the King. A strong brigade of Danish mercenaries was commanded by Duke Charles Frederic of Wirtemberg, a near kinsman of the head of his illustrious family. It was reported that of all the soldiers of William, these were most dreaded by the Irish ; for centuries of Saxon domination had not effaced the recollection of the violence and cruelty of the Scandinavian Sea-Kings ; and an ancient prophecy, that the Danes would one day destroy the children of the soil, was still repeated with superstitious horror. Among the foreign auxiliaries were a Brandenburg regiment, and a Finland regiment. But in that great array, so variously composed, were two bodies of men animated by a spirit peculiarly fierce and implacable,—the Huguenots of France, thirsting for the blood of the French, and the Englishmen of Ireland, impatient to trample down the Irish. The ranks of the Refugees had been effectually purged of spies and traitors, and were made up of men such as had contended, in the preceding century, against the power of the House of Valois, and the genius of the House of Lorraine. All the boldest spirits

of the unconquerable Colony had repaired to William's camp. Mitchelburne was there with the stubborn defenders of Londonderry, and Wolseley with the warriors who had raised the unanimous shout of "Advance," on the day of Newton Butler. Sir Albert Conyngham, the ancestor of the noble family whose seat now overlooks the Boyne, had brought from the neighbourhood of Lough Erne a gallant regiment of Dragoons, which still glories in the name of Enniskillen, and which has proved, on the shores of the Euxine, that it has not degenerated since the day of the Boyne.'—Vol. iii., p. 626.

A still more characteristic passage, containing quite a cabinet picture of a single interesting incident, relates an event of the battle of Landen, or Merwinden, as the French call it:—

'The village of Merwinden was regarded by both commanders as the point on which everything depended. There an attack was made by the French left wing, commanded by Montchevreuil, a veteran officer of high reputation, and by Berwick, who, though young, was fast rising to a high place among the captains of his time. Berwick led the onset,* and forced his way into the village, but was soon driven out again with a terrible carnage. His followers fled or perished; he, while trying to rally them, and cursing them for not doing their duty better, was surrounded by foes. He concealed his white cockade, and hoped to be able, by the help of his native tongue, to pass himself off as an officer of the English army. But his face was recognised by one of his mother's brothers, George Churchill, who held on that day the command of a brigade. A hurried embrace was exchanged between the kinsmen, and the uncle conducted the nephew to William, who, as long as everything seemed to be going well, remained in the rear. The meeting of the King and captive, united by such close domestic ties, and divided by such inexpiable injuries, was a strange sight. Both behaved as became them. William uncovered, and addressed to his prisoner a few words of courteous greeting. Berwick's reply was a solemn bow. The King put on his hat. The Duke put on his hat, and the cousins parted for ever.'—Vol. iv., p. 406.

Least of all does Mr. Macaulay usually excel in pathos, yet the death of Mary is told with the truest taste and the purest feeling; while William is represented to us in a far more amiable light than, if it had not been for that moment of unexpected affection, any one, even of those who knew him best, would ever have suspected him of deserving.

'It was plain that the Queen was sinking under small-pox of the most malignant type. All this time William remained night and day near her bedside. The little couch on which he slept when he was in camp was spread for him in the ante-chamber, but he scarcely lay down on it. The sight of his misery, the Dutch Envoy wrote, was

* According to Sismondi, Montchevreuil led the charge; twice it was beaten back, the third time the French took the village, but, Montchevreuil having fallen, the English re-took it, and Berwick, whose name is not previously mentioned by Sismondi, was there taken prisoner by Churchill.

enough to melt the hardest heart. Nothing seemed to be left of the man whose severe fortitude had been the wonder of old soldiers on the disastrous day of Landen, and of old sailors on that fearful night among the sheets of ice and banks of sand on the coast of Goree. The very domestics saw the tears running unchecked down that face, of which the stern composure had seldom been disturbed by any triumph or by any defeat. Several of the Prelates were in attendance. The King drew Burnet aside, and gave way to an agony of grief. "There is no hope," he cried: "I was the happiest man on earth, and I am the most miserable. She had no fault. None. You knew her well, but you could not know, nobody could know, her goodness." Tenison undertook to tell her that she was dying. He was afraid that such a communication abruptly made would agitate her violently, and began with much management; but she soon caught his meaning, and with that gentle womanly courage which so often puts our bravery to shame, submitted herself to the will of God. She called for a small cabinet in which her most important papers were locked up, gave orders that, as soon as she was no more, it should be delivered to the King, and then dismissed worldly cares from her mind. She received the Eucharist, and repeated her part of the office with unimpaired memory and intelligence, though in a feeble voice. She observed that Tenison had been long standing at her bedside; and, with that sweet courtesy that was habitual to her, faltered out her commands that he would sit down, and repeated them till he obeyed. After she had received the sacrament, she sank rapidly, and uttered only a few broken words. She tried to take a last farewell of him whom she had loved so truly and entirely, but she was unable to speak. He had a succession of fits so alarming, that his Privy Councillors, who were assembled in a neighbouring room, were apprehensive for his reason and his life. The Duke of Leeds, at the request of his colleagues, ventured to assume the friendly guardianship of which minds deranged by sorrow stand in need. A few minutes before the Queen expired, William was removed almost insensible from the sick-room.'—Vol. iv., p. 532.

We will now proceed to give a brief sketch of the events detailed in these two volumes.

The Revolution was completed, and the new Sovereigns were proclaimed all over the kingdom, but the establishment of their sovereignty was not the end of their difficulties; some of which, however, were owing mainly to the King himself. No one ever had the ball more completely at his foot than William at the beginning of 1689. Halifax told him with truth, 'that he could now do what he pleased; for though nobody knew what to do with him, nobody knew what to do without him.' But he speedily impaired the influence which he might have derived from his situation, and the benefits he had conferred on the nation, by the repulsive moroseness of his manners, and his preference for foreigners, incessantly exhibited, to the prejudice of his British subjects in their own country.

His first steps showed an inclination to distribute his favours

equally between the two parties which divided the kingdom. The white staff of Treasurer, he made a rule, which has since his time generally been observed, of never intrusting to a single individual. It was put in commission. The First Commissioner, or, as we should now call him, the First Lord, though that office did not then confer the lead of the Ministry, was Lord Mordaunt, better known by his later title of Lord Peterborough; but the officer on whom the real weight of the business devolved was Lord Godolphin, whose business talents, imperturbable temper, and invariable tact,—which caused Charles II. to say of him, that he was never either in the way or out of the way,—were rapidly raising him to eminence. The Privy Seal, Halifax, and one Secretary of State, Shrewsbury, were Whigs; Danby, the President of the Council, and Nottingham, the other Secretary, were Tories. But not only were these four politically disunited, but Halifax and Danby bore one another a personal antipathy. They were all four able men. Halifax, the most eloquent orator and the most far-sighted statesman in the kingdom, had passed the whole of his public life in the endeavour to moderate the violence of the dominant party, whichever it might be: he had been faithful to James, till that infatuated Prince became unfaithful to himself; and then, with a decision which he did not always show at the moment of action, he at once took a leading part in the establishment of William's authority. Nottingham, too, had, as long as it was possible, adhered to the cause of his old master, and had such scruples about transferring his obedience to a new one, that some modifications were made in the oath of allegiance to enable him to take it: he was reckoned an excellent man of business. Danby, afterwards known successively as Marquis of Caermarthen and Duke of Leeds, had been originally introduced to the notice of Charles II. by Buckingham, and had made himself necessary to all parties by his long official experience and great administrative ability; but he was generally unpopular. In Charles's time, as Lord High Treasurer, he had been looked upon as the head of the Church party, and, as such, was in high favour with the Tories, till his instigating the King to ask for a large additional revenue created a suspicion that he designed to make him independent of Parliament, and destroyed his popularity with them, while the Whigs had always hated him. He had been one of the foremost in promoting the insurrection against James and the invitation to William, and was now greatly mortified at not being replaced in the office of Treasurer, though Godolphin, in a letter to William, clearly insinuates a doubt of his personal integrity, and expresses a conviction that the King would as soon think of making him a Bishop.

Shrewsbury had been originally a Roman Catholic, but had left that religion: his abilities were of the highest order; his personal popularity, arising from his amiable qualities and en-

gaging manners, was universal; but he had not nerve for so prominent a position in so trying a time, nor firmness to resist the influence of his mother, who soon induced him to listen to the overtures of James. At a later period of his life he redeemed his character by the promptitude and resolution with which, at the critical moment of the death of Anne, he contributed, more perhaps than any man in the kingdom, to the establishment of the House of Hanover on the throne.

But, able as they all were, and placed as they ostensibly were in the highest positions in the kingdom, they soon found that they enjoyed but a limited degree of the royal confidence, when compared with the foreigners whom William had brought with him from Holland. On them were bestowed the most lucrative offices in the King's gift, and those which brought them most immediately in contact with his person.* He even paraded his preference of them in the most ostentatious manner; dining in public with them as the companions of his table, while his English subjects of the very highest rank stood unnoticed behind his chair. The impolicy of such conduct was as glaring as its impropriety. It is true that, on one side, he was himself a foreigner; but, on the other, he was an Englishman, and an English Prince. And his British subjects, who, by the position in which they had placed him, had shown that they chiefly remembered his British blood, never need and never should have been forced, in their own despite, to look upon him as a foreigner. It was no wonder that he speedily became unpopular. He was, also, in very bad health; and those who saw him presaged for him no long continuance in this world. Some even believed that if his disease failed to kill him, the Papists would certainly contrive to assassinate him.†

That James would make a strenuous effort to recover his throne was undoubted, and no one looked upon the success of such an enterprise as desperate. All agreed that it depended on himself. Halifax told Reresby that, if he were a Protestant, he could not be kept out four months; Danby even thought it would satisfy men, if he only gave them satisfaction as to their religion. Luckily for William, and for England, James was throughout his own worst enemy. Full of ideas of his own abstract and indefeasible rights, he would not stoop to conciliate even those leaders of the nation, whose support and co-operation were indispensable to his success. In all the memorials which he, from time to time, presented to Louis, to urge him to take steps for his restoration, he falls into the gross error of supposing that it depended on William's unpopularity, and not on

* Halifax, as Privy Seal, had £3,000 a year; Portland, as Groom of the Stole, £5,000.

† Reresby, pp. 391, 396.

his own popularity; in fact, to attempt to be popular he thought beneath his dignity. So self-blinded was he, that, in one document, he actually mentions, as a personal grievance, and as a slur upon the energy and honesty of the nation, that people are now so much at their ease, that there are not many 'who will risk their fortunes and their lives' to restore him, forgetting how many, while he was actually King, risked both to get rid of him.

Besides the uncertainty of affairs in England, it was generally thought very doubtful what part Scotland would take; while Irish affairs were more doubtful still. Of these last for a while no notice was taken, probably because William relied on the assurances of Tyrconnel, that that country would be sure peacefully to follow the lead of England in the settlement of the Government; but, even if it had been possible to believe in his sincerity, no trust ought to have been placed in his ability to give effect to his statements. In fact, he had no idea of carrying any point peacefully; and, even if he could have subdued the arrogant violence of his natural temper, his administration had alarmed all the English and Protestant population of the island to such a degree, that every action and word proceeding from him could only be looked upon by them with suspicion, while it had so inflamed the native Irish and Roman Catholics with hopes of the entire extinction of their enemies, that they were in no humour to acknowledge a new master who was not likely to indulge them with the gratification of their anticipations. But sincerity was the very last virtue to be found in Tyrconnel. While pretending to negotiate with William, he was sending trusty messengers to St. Germain, to beg James to come at once with a French force, and to tempt Louis to lend an army by an offer to annex the whole island to France. The native Irish were a vast majority of the population, and all Roman Catholics. The property of the island belonged almost wholly to the English settlers, who were Protestants. As soon as his messengers had set sail for France, Tyrconnel called the native Irish to arms, and excited them to anticipate the arrival of James by the plunder and slaughter of the Protestants. From slaughter most of them escaped by fleeing to England, or by throwing themselves into those towns, such as Enniskillen or Londonderry, the slender defences of which, though no one would then have expected them to repel an army, were still sufficient to defend them against a mob. But though they preserved their lives, they could not save their property. Houses were ransacked, plate stolen, furniture burnt, the flocks and herds, then the chief wealth of the country, slaughtered at first for food, then for their skins, and, at last, out of pure mischief and a love of destruction. Immense as the sum seems, the value of the property destroyed within a few weeks is estimated

at five millions of money. The devastations began in February. When James arrived in Cork on the 14th of March, and proceeded towards Dublin, the desolation that reigned over the country through which he passed, and the wild and ferocious aspect of the inhabitants, making the desert still more hideous, who came to welcome him on his road, struck the Frenchmen in his train with a horror which predominated even over their disgust.

In the Irish Council were two parties,—the English Jacobites, who wished to secure James's authority in Ireland as a means for recovering him his authority in England; and the native Irish, who, with heads full of traditions of the time when their land was an independent kingdom, longed for the return of such an era, and, if that were impossible, would have preferred submitting to French dominion, of which they had no experience, rather than to English rule, against which they had been in constant rebellion for five hundred years, and which the atrocities of Cromwell, within the memory of the elders of the existing generation, had made more odious than ever.

After some vacillation, caused by the conflicting advice of the contending parties, James set out in person to besiege Londonderry, the most important place in Ulster. It is not in a sketch like this that justice can be done to its heroic defenders. Deserted by their Governor, Lundy,—whom flattery has sometimes fancied a traitor, when he was only a coward,—they chose for their Governor an aged person. No one who has ever heard of Londonderry is ignorant of his name, George Walker. And he, aided by the military counsels of Major Baker, undertook the defence of the almost defenceless town. Mountjoy had left a small garrison; it was reinforced by every man capable of bearing arms within the walls, and the women, in the hottest of the fire, brought them food and ammunition. The walls, almost destitute of artillery, could protect them but little against the fire of the besiegers, which they were still less able to reply to; but, when breaches had been made, the storming parties were hurled back by the stubborn valour of the citizens. Fire and storm, however, were trifling evils compared with the famine which soon began to thin their ranks. But their noble resistance awakened sympathy in the English Parliament, where all parties united in pressing forward measures for their relief. The siege had commenced early in April. Unluckily, the aid sent was placed by William under command of the ruffian Kirke; and he, slow and timid where no deed of atrocity was to be executed, was nearly a month on his passage, and, when he arrived, was afraid to approach either the besiegers or the besieged; and, with a cruelty almost beyond that with which he had flooded the streets of Somersetshire with blood, tantalized the wretched inhabitants of Londonderry with the sight of his

vessels, laden with food, which he made no attempt to place within their reach. At length,—it was the 30th of July,—positive orders came to him to force his way into the town. The besiegers had thrown a boom across the Foyle, some way below the walls; it yielded to the charge of the heavily laden vessels. Ship after ship passed on to the quay, greeted by the acclamations of men who were now, almost beyond their hopes, saved from death, and worse than death. The besieging army retired from the walls, which they had, for a hundred and five days, so fruitlessly threatened; and the north of Ireland was preserved.

James himself had long since returned to Dublin, where on the 7th of May he opened Parliament; but he had better have remained before Derry, and countenanced the worst cruelties of Rosen, than given his assent to the insane laws which the fury of the Irish party forced upon him. By one Bill the Act of Settlement was repealed; by another, the tithe was transferred from the Protestants to the Roman Catholics; and he was compelled to give a reluctant assent to a Bill of Attainder, proscribing nearly three thousand of the principal inhabitants of the kingdom. It was productive of even greater actual distress than, to replenish the Exchequer, he abused his prerogative by an extensive issue of bad money. All the brass that could be collected was coined at the Mint; the worthless counters received the name of the current coins, and every one who had any thing to sell was compelled to take them as such; that is to say, to part with his property for a sixtieth part of its value. Long after the Act of Attainder had ceased to spread terror, or the Tithe Act to cause confiscation, the recollection of the misery produced by this coinage remained deeply impressed on the Irish mind; and the Orangeman who in this century drank the health of William, amid the enumeration of warming-pans, wooden shoes, and other abominations, placed the brass money, as the most grievous of the evils from which his country had been freed by the victory of William.

It was impossible that these measures should fail to alienate many in England from the side of James. They frightened even the Roman Catholics; and man after man, some with open professions, but many more with silent thanksgiving,—of which shame prevented the open utterance,—renounced his cause for ever. The very day that the boom across the Foyle was broken, the adherents of James sustained a defeat at Newton Butler: at the same time a force, consisting chiefly of French refugees under the gallant Schomberg, and of Dutch troops under a worthless favourite of William's, a Count Solmes, was sent to Ireland. James's affairs were becoming desperate: D'Avaux proposed to him a plan which, to do him justice, he rejected with horror, and which Louis XIV. disapproved as impolitic, from the spirit of retaliation which it might awaken.

It was no less than to cause a simultaneous massacre of all the Protestants in Ireland. He preferred to trust to an army raised by Tyrconnel, and to prepare to do battle for his crown with arms more becoming a Sovereign than those employed by the unhappy Charles IX.

Town after town fell before Schomberg; but as his force was inferior in number to that of the enemy, and very imperfect in discipline, he avoided any thing like a pitched battle; and, by a skilful choice of positions, maintained his ground during the whole winter, in spite of great losses from disease, caused by want of proper supplies and shelter, and of great discontent in the army because of their sufferings, and in England because of his apparent inactivity.

Naval affairs did not go on so well. Some months previously Admiral Herbert, unable to prevent the French fleet from landing a large quantity of stores and money on the southern coast, had contented himself with a distant cannonade of the successful fleet; and in a gasconading dispatch had magnified a skirmish, from which he was the first to retire, into a victory. He was made Earl of Torrington, and promoted to more extensive command. While nothing was done, his power was comparatively harmless, except as far as the example of his dissoluteness relaxed the discipline of the whole fleet. But the next year France sent forth a gallant armament under Tourville, one of the first sailors who ever hoisted her flag: Torrington had a fine English fleet and a considerable squadron of the Dutch under his command; he retreated and retreated, till positive orders were sent to him to fight. They reached him off Beachy Head. Fight he must, and fight he would not. He placed the Dutch in the van; some of their ships were much shattered, one was taken; he himself, without firing an English gun, retreated into the Thames, taking up the buoys as he proceeded, that it might be impossible to pursue him. This was the 30th of June. Sixteen days earlier William had landed in Ireland, at Carrickfergus, to assume the command of the army, with which Schomberg's prudent tactics had made him unpopular. His whole army united amounted to about thirty thousand men. James lay between him and the capital with a somewhat smaller force; but the southern bank of the Boyne afforded him a position which, in resolute hands, might have counterbalanced the inequality of numbers. We need not enter into detail: William, who was slightly wounded before the battle began, did all that heroic valour could do to insure his victory; James, who in former days had displayed great courage, now, when all was at stake, by his own poltroonery insured his defeat. From a distance he watched the contest while the event was dubious; as soon as it was evidently going against him, he quitted the field without striking a blow or drawing a sword, and fled to Dublin.

The news of William's wound speedily reached Dublin, with the exaggeration that it was mortal. With the further exaggeration that it had proved fatal, it was conveyed to Paris, where the French Government complimented him, and disgraced themselves, by ringing the bells of Notre Dame as for a victory, firing salutes of cannon, and illuminating the whole city. They were soon undeceived; we do not know whether they were ashamed. James, within nine days of the battle, arrived at Brest in high spirits, telling the story of his defeat and disgrace to every one whom he met. The politeness with which the French nobles listened to his tale, could not blind the acuteness of their perception of his character, or stifle the derisive accents with which they whispered to each other that they had only to hear James tell his own story, to know why he was at St. Germain's and his son-in-law at St. James's.

Still the war in Ireland was not over. Sarsfield, a most brilliant officer, and, indeed, the best in James's service, had secured Galway and Sligo in the preceding winter. Wexford and Waterford declared for William; but Cork and Kinsale held out, and threatened a stubborn resistance; when William heard from Mary that Marlborough, whose military reputation was greatly increased by the coolness and skill he had displayed at Walcourt under Prince Waldeck in the preceding summer, recommended sending a separate force against those towns, without weakening the main army under the command of the King. The advice was adopted, and its execution intrusted to its author. In spite of the aid of the Duke of Wirtemberg, who was detached from the main army in front of Limerick, and who set up a preposterous claim to the command, only five weeks had elapsed from the day on which he left Portsmouth, when Marlborough returned to Kensington, having completed the whole object of his expedition, and secured the finest city and the most valuable port in the south of Ireland.

The only place of importance now left to James was Limerick. It was not more defensible than Londonderry had seemed to be; and Lauzun, declaring that its walls might be battered down with rotten apples, declined risking his reputation and the lives of his men in a hopeless undertaking, and retired to France. Sarsfield alone upheld the drooping spirits of the citizens; and if it had been in the power of man to save the city, his energy and genius would have done it. William came in person against the last stronghold of his enemies; but he had outmarched his artillery. Before it could join him, Sarsfield, by a brilliant march, surprised and destroyed it. Deprived of all means of battering the town, the King was compelled to try the effect of an assault. The storming party easily forced their way into the town, but were overwhelmed in the streets. Sarsfield's soldiers, when recovered from their first panic, fought furiously. Every citizen joined

the struggle with whatever arms he could lay his hands on; the women threw large stones and bottles from the windows; mines blew up the foremost of the assailants. And as, though it was only the end of August, the rainy season was beginning to set in, William, fearing that the state of the roads might not only prevent his supplies from reaching him, but might render his retreat at a later period difficult, raised the siege, and returned to England, leaving Ginkell, a Dutch officer of considerable reputation, Commander-in-Chief. The war languished during the winter, except so far as skirmishes and depredations along the border which separated the Irish from the English divisions of the kingdom could be called war. In the spring of 1691, Tyrconnel, who had gone to France with Lauzun, returned to Limerick, and was soon followed by a French fleet laden with provisions, which were sadly wanted, and bringing a French General, St. Ruth, to take the supreme command; for Berwick's abilities were as yet unsuspected, and Sarsfield's had been ascertained to be limited to the field of battle. Athlone was the first place which demanded his attention. Rosen had pronounced it the best post in the island at which to make a stand; and thither Ginkell marched in the middle of June. After one or two abortive assaults, he yielded to the entreaties of Talmash, to try a passage across the Shannon by a ford below the town, which succeeded; and on the last day of the month the town fell. As the last hope of his party, St. Ruth determined to try the chances of a battle; Ginkell was irresolute, but yielded to the representations of Mackay and Talmash, and attacked him at Aghrim. St. Ruth was killed by a cannon-ball. The battle decided the fate of the northern and western districts; and Limerick alone remained to be subdued. Against this city Ginkell now proceeded with his victorious army and a large train of artillery. Even Sarsfield saw that resistance was hopeless, and on the 3rd of October a capitulation was signed. Those who desired to do so were allowed to retire in safety with Sarsfield to France; those who preferred to remain behind were insured equal security, and were gladly enlisted into William's army.

In Scotland the war was of shorter duration; and if it had not been for the violence of the Whig party, it is possible that it might have been altogether prevented. The change brought about in that kingdom by the Revolution was far more violent than in England, because, while those who promoted it in England sought only to establish the laws on which James had trampled, in Scotland the object aimed at was to get rid of the existing laws altogether. In no country in Europe did religious zeal rage so furiously. The Episcopal form of Church government, established in it since the Restoration, was originally hateful to the people, and had not been made more popular by the severi-

ties with which Lauderdale and his colleagues had endeavoured to force it on them. William summoned a Convention to meet at Edinburgh, and by his own authority dispensed with the oath which would have deprived those who adhered to the Covenant of their rights as electors. The Covenanters, now dominant, soon showed that in suffering persecution they had not learned mercy, and treated the Episcopal Clergy with more deliberate cruelty than they themselves had ever been exposed to; attacked the churches on the Sunday, and, to use the current expression of the time, rabbled both Minister and congregation. To establish peace between the two factions was impossible; and it was not easy to decide which was the best entitled to the preference. William would have preferred preserving Episcopacy, while securing toleration to the Presbyterians; but he referred the matter to the decision of the Convention. His chief adviser, with respect to Scotch affairs, was Sir John Dalrymple, more commonly known as the Master of Stair, eloquent and able, but the most unscrupulous of men. The heads of the party who still preserved their attachment to James were Balcarras and Dundee. It soon appeared that the partizans of the Revolution greatly predominated in the Convention. The Duke of Hamilton was chosen President. The city of Edinburgh was unanimous in favour of William; but the Duke of Gordon still held the Castle for James. Dundee had been assured by William that he should be unmolested if he remained quiet, even without owning the Government, and was at this time so mortified by the neglect with which Balcarras and himself were treated by James, that he would very probably have acquiesced in the decision of the majority, as one which he had no power to counteract, if he had not been treated still worse by the Convention than by James. He received certain intelligence of a plot having been laid to assassinate him; he applied to Hamilton for protection. Hamilton put him off, referring him to the Convention; that body treated his representations with indifference. To save his life he retired with a few guards to his country seat. When there, he renewed his assurances to the Convention, that he would not oppose the new Government, and offered to return to the capital, and even to give legal bail for his peaceable conduct, if they would secure him from assassination. Unluckily, at the same time a messenger was seized bearing letters addressed to him by James. Hamilton, with signal defiance of law and common sense, treated the existence of these letters, of which he was manifestly ignorant, as a crime on the part of Dundee, and issued warrants to apprehend him. Driven to despair, he fled, and raised the standard of war. And there was not a man alive so well able to render this war formidable. Both before and after his time the Highlanders were difficult to manage; they had no idea of the restraints of military discipline, or of remaining around the standard longer than they

themselves chose. Victory and defeat were equally fatal to their organization. After the one, they dispersed for the sake of safety; after the other, they returned home to secure their booty. They are often spoken of as inclined to this or that side in politics; but, in fact, they followed their Chiefs blindly, and their Chiefs were divided by every sort of dissension and mutual jealousy. At this moment, as at all times since the fall of Montrose, Argyle was the great object of terror to the minor Chieftains: the Earl himself, whose father had been executed in James's time, naturally attached himself to William, and those who feared his power, or were in his debt, (and one class or the other comprehended nearly every Chieftain in the Highlands,) as a matter of course took the other side. At the summons of Dundee, clan after clan flocked to his standard; but he was too experienced a soldier to be willing to trust much to an army which knew but little of military discipline, and which would submit to even less than it knew. He sent to James, and begged earnestly for a reinforcement of regular soldiers. It was promised: week after week passed by before he was joined by three or four hundred Irish infantry, not superior in discipline or appointments, and far inferior in every other respect, to the least valuable of the Highlanders. If any one thing could have made the reinforcement more useless than another, it was the character of their Commander, Cannon, a man with neither energy nor ability. William's blunder was almost equal to James's. To oppose the fiery genius of Dundee he sent Mackay, a brave and honest man, but imbued with the most rigid ideas of discipline and routine, and destitute of even a spark of that genius which knows when it is better to dispense with rules than to observe them. On the 27th of July, the two armies met at Killiecrankie. Dundee was inferior in numbers, but he was forced to fight without delay, because his men were already beginning to return home to provide fuel for the winter. It was seven in the evening when the Highlanders dropped their plaids and charged the English bayonets with their claymores: though there was hardly an hour of daylight left, it was as much as was needed. Indeed, the battle was over at the first charge. Mackay's men were fatigued by a long march, and, surprised at an attack so late in the day, they fled at once: he himself did all that could be done to prevent the defeat from becoming a rout, but that all would have been useless, had not Dundee himself fallen in the moment of victory. His death more than counterbalanced all the loss of the other side. In fact, with him all James's hopes in this island perished irretrievably.

In the Convention James had ruined himself. At one of its earliest meetings a messenger arrived from France with a letter from him, of the purport of which his own partizans had received no information. With a confidence in his good sense which the

event did not justify, they prevailed on the assembly to receive it, though, as it was possible that it might be an order for their prorogation, not without a previous Resolution that nothing that it contained should prevent their continuing to meet till they had secured the religion and liberties of the kingdom. When opened, it was found to be full of threats of the greatest severity against all who did not at once return to their allegiance, and utterly void of any promise of security for the future: moreover, it was signed by Melfort, as Secretary of State, who, besides being personally odious to both parties, was by law incapable as a Roman Catholic of holding such an office. This took place on Saturday, March 16th, and on the following Monday Dundee quitted Edinburgh; but still Gordon held the Castle, and some of the most violent of the Jacobites were urging him to fire on the city, when an English squadron arrived in the Frith with Mackay and his Scotch regiments: under their protection William's party carried their Resolutions almost without opposition. In England it had been declared that James by quitting the kingdom had *abdicated* the government. The same form of words was not applicable to Scotland, because there he had never resided. The Scottish Estates, therefore, passed a vote that James by his misconduct had *forfeited* the crown. They then, with the assent even of those Jacobites who had withdrawn from the Hall while this last vote was being passed, unanimously conferred the crown on William and Mary. The new Sovereigns were proclaimed at the City Cross, and Commissioners were appointed to go to England to tender the crown to their acceptance. At the same time the Estates adopted an instrument which they termed 'a Claim of Rights,' to be presented to the new Sovereigns, and accepted by them at the same time with the government, in which the most important article was one by which they abolished Episcopacy; and the Coronation Oath which the Commissioners were to administer to them, was framed in accordance with that article.

In England matters did not proceed so rapidly. The measures which first occupied the English Parliament,—after the confirmation by a formal Act of the Declaration of Rights, which had been presented to William on his acceptance of the crown, to which was now added a clause rendering all Papists, and those who should marry Papists, incapable of succeeding to the throne,—had, almost of necessity, related to the Church. The High Churchmen, though not willing to give up the Test Act, which excluded Dissenters from civil employments, were willing to enlarge the entrance to the Church by some relaxation of its discipline; and Nottingham, who was the statesman on whom they looked with most favour, introduced a Toleration Bill, drawn up with great care, so as to be acceptable to the more moderate Dissenters of every denomination,—to Penn as a Quaker, as well as to Baxter as a Presby-

terian; and it passed with the almost unanimous assent of both Houses. A second Bill, called a 'Comprehension Bill,' which would have almost abolished Dissent, by removing all decently reasonable grounds for it, met with less success. Sancroft had taken no part in the deliberations since the establishment of William and Mary in kingly power; but it was supported by Compton, who, one might have supposed, had earned the confidence of the Church sufficiently to be trusted in such a matter. It was opposed, however, not merely by the ultra High Church party, who were adverse to all concession, and by the ardent Dissenters, whom no concession could conciliate, but, though more secretly, by even the moderate Dissenting Ministers whom it would comprehend, but from whom, while it comprehended them, it threatened to take away their occupation, by rendering the difference between them and the Clergy of the Established Church almost imperceptible.

At the same time the question was raised as to who were to be compelled to take the new oaths of supremacy and allegiance. It was a matter of course that they should be imposed upon all persons on whom any office should hereafter be conferred. It was also agreed unanimously, that all present holders of any military or civil office should take them before the 1st of August; but chiefly because it was certain that many of the Clergy would refuse them, it was proposed not to require them of those already in possession of ecclesiastical or academical dignities. William himself, who, when taking the Scotch coronation oath, had stipulated that the strong language in which it was drawn, should not bind him to be a persecutor, would have been willing to make a compromise. If the High Church party would have consented to a repeal of the Test Act, he would have been content to leave the Clergy in possession of their benefices, without requiring that they should swear allegiance to himself. But his impatience of advice, and unwillingness even to appear to take it, defeated this plan; for he introduced the proposal of it into his speech to Parliament, without even having given any one of his Ministers the least idea of his intention. It was a measure that, in any case, would have required great address to carry; but when proposed abruptly, without any attempt at previous management, its defeat was inevitable. Neither High nor Low Church would abandon the Test Act, and in consequence all the Clergy were required to take the oath of allegiance, on pain of deprivation; a clause, however, being first added to the Act imposing the oath upon them, which empowered William to bestow pecuniary aid, out of the forfeited benefices, on any twelve of the expected nonjurors whom he might select. In the eyes of those disposed to think hardly of him, it threw no small doubt on the sincerity of the professions with

which he proclaimed his desire of toleration, that he did not avail himself of the power so conferred on him in a single instance.

Before Parliament separated, justice was done to those individuals who had been especially wronged by the arbitrary measures of late years. Whatever the real merits of the cases were, there was no doubt that the convictions of Russell and Sydney had been obtained by a violation of the law; and consequently, that the attainders founded on those convictions were illegal. The execution of Lady Lisle was the foulest of all the murders of Jefferies; a bill of attainder had also been passed against her. It was not strange that these were reversed unanimously. Johnson, a Priest who, in the late reign, had been flogged, deprived of his benefice, and degraded from the Ministry, was not dead. The Commons requested William to compensate him by some ecclesiastical preferment. His character was untainted; but William declined to comply with their request, because his temper, never very moderate, had been greatly exasperated by his undeserved sufferings. He received a sum of money, and a pension of £300 a year for two lives. There was another sentence also pronounced by the Judges to be illegal, though no one thought it unjust,—that passed upon Oates. His crimes were notorious and unequalled; but there was no doubt that a sentence of perpetual imprisonment was not warranted by law. The Peers were very unwilling to reverse it, and would have preferred that the King should pardon him; but the Commons carried a Bill for the reversal almost without opposition, and the law was so plain that the Peers were at last compelled to agree to it. Justice required no more; but, flushed with their victory over the Upper House, the Commons addressed the Throne, begging William to grant him a pension; and, to his lasting dishonour, though in the case of Johnson he had shown that, when he pleased, he could exercise his own judgment in opposition to that of the House, he assented, and not only conferred on the foulest wretch in the whole kingdom a 'pension which made him a much richer man than nineteen-twentieths of the profession to which he was a disgrace,' but, what was a hundred times more shameful still, bestowed on his perjuries that preferment in the Church which he had refused to Johnson's infirmity of temper and eccentricity of understanding.

The time arrived, beyond which the taking of the oaths of allegiance and supremacy was not to be delayed. It was found that the greater part even of the High Church and Tory Clergy were willing to take them, conceiving that the scriptural injunction, to submit to the powers that be, did not require them to investigate the legitimacy of the title on which those powers rested. About four hundred, however, with Sancroft at their

head, thought the oath of allegiance which they had taken to James one from which, during his life, they could only be released by himself. That those who took the oaths reasoned more soundly and more correctly, we have no doubt; but we cannot refuse our respect to men who, while all earthly considerations drew them one way, disregarded them all, and sacrificed every thing at the shrine of conscience. It was not till after many delays, and not without great reluctance on the part of the Government, that the nonjuring Bishops were ultimately ejected, and successors appointed. Sancroft was led, by an exaggeration of his High Church principles, into what certainly was a great error. Holding the doctrine that, after he had been consecrated Archbishop, no purely lay authority could divest him of that sacred rank, he proceeded to infer that Tillotson, his successor, and the successors to the other Bishops, were usurpers. From these premises he concluded that, when he and his fellow-sufferers died, there would be no one to fill their Sees, if he did not ordain other Bishops in his lifetime; and, adopting this conclusion, he proceeded to obviate the evil thus foreseen, by consecrating others, and originating a schism which lasted, in some slight degree, to the beginning of the present century.

At the beginning of the winter Parliament met again. Halifax resigned the Speakership of the House of Lords; and as it was known that he was on the point of resigning the Privy Seal, the Whigs made a desperate effort to retain the influence of which his retirement must inevitably tend to deprive them. Triumphant at their failure, the Tories again put forward the Indemnity Bill which had been laid aside the preceding Session, and which was a measure that William had greatly at heart. The Whigs had their triumph in their turn, and threw it out; nor was it till the spring of the subsequent year that William was able to carry out his wise and humane purpose, of leaving no one the plea of fear for opposing his Government. He did not again have recourse to an Act of Indemnity, but employed its equivalent, an Act of Grace, which had the further advantage in point of policy of proceeding more immediately from himself. At this moment, so indignant was he at the unreasonableness of the two parties of Whigs and Tories, and at their mutual suspicion of himself,—for which, however, his own neglect of conciliating either was mainly to blame,—that he actually meditated retiring to Holland, and leaving the Queen to conduct the English Government. But he was persuaded by all his Ministers to abandon that idea; and he substituted for it the purpose of going to Ireland, and taking the management of the war there upon himself. The result of this wise determination we have already related. He had reason to suspect that if the House of Commons divined his intention, they would remonstrate against it;

and without communicating his purpose to any one but Caermarthen, his chief adviser since the retirement of Halifax, he suddenly prorogued the Parliament, and in a few days dissolved it, and issued writs for a new election.

The moderate Tories, who looked on the dissolution as a blow deliberately inflicted on the Whigs, had been rendered by it eager partizans of William, and had a slight majority in the new Parliament. With the new Parliament began a new era. Clifford, whose pupil Caermarthen had originally been, had discovered in Charles's time, that when half the House of Commons, indeed, half the kingdom, were actuated by no other views than those of the most sordid self-interest, the easiest way to secure votes was to buy them. Caermarthen now reduced his master's rough idea to a regular system; and by the agency of Trevor, Speaker of the House of Commons, established the principle, that every one to whom his vote was of no other use might get money for it from the Minister. William—against his will, if he may trust his own statement to Burnet—gave his sanction to the practice; and for three-quarters of a century the Secret Service Money in reality decided the greater number of votes given by the House of Commons.

The first measure of the new Parliament was, in constitutional principle, the most important in the whole reign. The greater part of the taxes had been granted to James, as they had to each preceding Sovereign, for his life. But both parties were now agreed that this too confiding liberality had more than once been the parent of great political evils, by making the Sovereign too independent of his people. Not, however, to press the principle which was hereafter to be the invariable rule of action too harshly at first, the hereditary revenue of the Crown and the Excise were granted to William and Mary for their lives, but the Customs were given for a period of four years.* It was with a very bad grace that William acquiesced in this new arrangement, which he looked upon as a mark of personal distrust of himself, and of a settled design to abridge his authority; and that he also permitted his Civil List to be charged with an annuity of £20,000 a year to Princess Anne, in addition to £30,000 which had been settled on her at her marriage. William's departure for Ireland gave courage to more than one company of intriguers. But the first plot was betrayed to Caermarthen, and the chief agents, Lord Preston and Ashton, were arrested. Ashton was executed, and Preston was reprieved; but the confessions by which he purchased his pardon, laid bare the existence of very general disaffection, or at all events revealed the fact, that there was a very general disposition to provide, by dealing

* We have given Mr. Macaulay's statement, but Dalrymple's words are, "They (the Commons) repealed it (the revenue) formally, and resolved that all the new grants, except that of the hereditary Excise, should endure only for a year."—Vol. ii., 2, 16.

with the banished James, for the possibility of a counter revolution. As early as the preceding year, 1690, some of the Scotch leaders, such as Montgomery and Lord Annandale, had begun to correspond with James: and now, not only did Shrewsbury and Clarendon, whose near connexion with him made his conduct more excusable than that of others, listen to his overtures, but even Marlborough and Godolphin had many conferences with his emissaries, implored his pardon, promised him their assistance, and gave him valuable information. Of the crime of really purposing to replace him on the throne, we may probably acquit them; but of the baseness of endeavouring to propitiate his favour in case the caprice of fortune should bring him back, and of encouraging him to entertain hopes which they knew to be false, they are clearly convicted. Sunderland and Caermarthen himself have been implicated in the accusation; but it is conjectured,—and the conjecture is rendered very probable by the certainty that most of the intrigues of St. Germain's were speedily known to William,—that their object in appearing to entertain James's proposals was to become acquainted with them, in order to defeat them.*

From English politics William gladly turned to the general affairs of Europe. The second devastation of the Palatinate, and Louis's alliance with the Sultan, had raised throughout Europe a feeling of horror, of which he had taken skilful advantage; so that, even by the spring of 1689, he had been able to gain the alliance of the Empire and Spain in the war which he declared against France; but in the Netherlands, at least, it had not been as yet very successful. Prince Waldeck was the General of the Dutch troops; and in July, 1690, he had sustained a decisive defeat at Fleurus from the Duke of Luxembourg, only a few days before Torrington brought still greater disgrace on the British fleet at Beachy Head, leaving Tourville so completely master of the Channel, that he made a descent on the coast of Devonshire, and burnt Teignmouth. William, however, was too fully occupied, in 1690, with the Irish war, to be able to direct his attention to that on the Continent; but by the end of that year no further danger was to be apprehended from Ireland; and in January, 1691, he went to Holland to preside at a Congress which had assembled to arrange measures for the future conduct of the war. It is not our purpose to dwell on the details of the military operations. William showed great courage and resolution; but he was altogether overmatched by the skill of Luxembourg, the greatest General in Europe between the death of Turenne and the rise of Marlborough. He sustained one defeat, in 1692, at Steinkirk, where Solmes requited the treachery of Torrington off Beachy Head, by a

* See Smyth, *Lect. xxii.*; Hallam, chap. xv., note, p. 123 of the small edition.

shameful exposure of the English troops, the almost total destruction of whom, through the disobedience by Solmes of William's positive orders, is reckoned by Sismondi one of the chief causes of the loss of the battle; and another the next year at Landen, though the firmness and the fertility of resource which he displayed under disaster, enabled him to boast, that though he had lost four great battles, he still showed the enemy a more formidable front than ever.

It may fairly be contended by his admirers, that the stubborn resistance which William offered to the ambition of Louis, was of lasting service to Europe; but while his towns and armies on the Continent were yielding to the skill of Luxembourg, he was in still greater danger at home. Marlborough had encouraged James to hope, that when in command of the English detachment in Holland, he would bring it over to his interest; but when called on to fulfil his pledge, he evaded the performance of his promise. He now proposed to avail himself of the general discontent that William's preference of foreigners had excited, to embarrass him in such a way, that it was not improbable that, as he had already threatened, he would abandon the kingdom in disgust, rather than yield; or that, on the other hand, if he refused to yield, the kingdom would abandon him. Marlborough undertook to carry an address through both Houses of Parliament, begging William to dismiss all foreigners from his service. He had already gained over many members to support the motion, when some of James's more real friends saw reason to suspect that, though he was sincere in his wish to get rid of William, his object was not to place James, but the Princess Anne, upon the throne. It was plain that—while it could be of no benefit to him to bring back James, who not only was not likely ever to place real confidence in him, but had shown in more instances than one, that no service or fidelity could compensate in his eyes for differing from him in religion—over Anne he and his wife held complete sway; and if she were on the throne, no *Maire du Palais*, under the weakest of the *Rois fainéans*, would ever have had more complete dominion than he himself would be able to engross. Their suspicions were so strong, that they renounced the plot, and revealed it to Portland. Marlborough was dismissed from all his employments; but so complete was his and Lady Marlborough's influence over the Princess, that, rather than part with her, the latter gave up her apartments at Whitehall, and retired to Sion House with her domineering favourite.

The year 1692 was marked by an event which, of all others, has left the foulest stain on William's character. The Highlands of Scotland were almost always in a state that in England would have been considered full of disorder and danger. Private war between one petty Chieftain of a clan and another was raging

almost incessantly; and even when there was no war, the absence of professed hostility secured no clan from depredations at the hand of its neighbours. There was not even necessarily any hostility at all implied by plunder; a foray might be merely an ingenious plan to lead to an acquaintance between strangers, or even to reconciliation between old friends parted by some temporary difference.* To pacify the clans had long been a problem to those statesmen who had the prosperity of Scotland at heart. A year or two before, as the primary cause of many of the dissensions which troubled the land was the poverty of the Chiefs, Lord Tarbet had recommended a distribution of money among the Chieftains. Unluckily, when the plan was adopted, it was intrusted to Lord Breadalbane, who, there is reason to believe, kept the greater part of it himself. He was the Chief of a younger branch of the house of Campbell; and the Chief of the whole name, Argyle, was the very man, hostility to and fear of whom kept the Highlands in 'a constant state of agitation.' Argyle had been the chief of the Commission appointed to convey the offers of the crown of Scotland to William and Mary; and his enemies had but little favour at Whitehall. For many generations the chief opponents of the Campbells in the Highlands had been the Macdonalds; and the Master of Stair conceived the idea that the making a terrible example of William's enemies, by murdering one of the clans unfavourable to his interests, would be cheaper than bribing them. As if the atrocity of such a wholesale massacre was not sufficiently odious, it was made more detestable by all the infamy that cowardice and treachery could add to it. The clan selected were the Macdonalds of Glencoe. Their Chief had only made his submission to the Government on the very last day allowed by the law, December 31st, 1691. In fact, technically speaking, he had not made it then; for though he arrived at Fort William on that day to take the oaths, there was no one there competent to administer them, as the Governor of the garrison was not a Magistrate. He furnished him, however, with a letter to the Sheriff of Argyleshire, certifying that he had presented himself for the purpose in due time; and the Sheriff administered the oath on the 6th of January, and instantly sent to the Government a certificate of his having done so. It was determined, however, that his submission should not avert his fate; and William signed the order for the destruction of the Chief and his whole clan. When Charles IX. commanded a massacre of his innocent subjects in cold blood, one of the nobles who received the unhallowed mandate, the Vicomte d'Orthes, informed him that he had many soldiers, but not one assassin.

* It will be recollected, that some surmised that Fergus M'Ivor suggested Donald Bean Lean's carrying off the Baron of Bradwardine's cows with the object mentioned in the text.—*Waverley*, chap. xix.

Unluckily, in Scotland on this occasion it was found that the same men could be soldiers and assassins too. Nor does history present a single instance of an assassination so perfidious. Captain Campbell of Glenlyon had married a niece of the Chieftain, and, on the 1st of February, was sent to his house with a hundred and twenty men, asking for quarters. They were hospitably received, and distributed among the clan, and for twelve days lived in intimacy with their unsuspecting hosts. The evenings were spent in friendly revelry; the days were devoted by Campbell to obtaining a thorough acquaintance with the country, and of the passes through the mountains by which some might attempt to escape when the deed of blood should begin. On the 30th he expected to be joined before daylight by his commander, Colonel Hamilton, with four hundred men. The night was stormy, the roads blocked up with fast-falling snow, and Hamilton had not arrived; but before day-break Campbell began his murderous work. He himself was lodged in the house of a clansman named Inverrigen. Inverrigen and his whole family, even the children, who clung to their murderers' knees and begged for mercy, were slaughtered among the first. Lindsay, Campbell's Lieutenant, knocked at the Chieftain's door; Macdonald was shot down while bidding his servants to bring out some refreshment for his visitors; the assassins stripped his wife, tore the rings from her dying fingers with their teeth, and left the whole household weltering in their blood. Similar scenes were meant to be enacted at every cabin in the valley; but the sound of shots spread alarm, and numbers of the inhabitants escaped. When Hamilton arrived in the forenoon, there was but one aged man left alive in the glen; he was above seventy years old, and that age had been fixed by his orders as the limit of destruction; but, disappointed at having lost his share of the carnage, Hamilton murdered him too, and then vented his rage in burning the houses and carrying off the cattle as trophies of his triumph. The blood of the slaughtered victims cried aloud for vengeance; but it was long before it could make itself heard at all. It was not till the end of the ensuing year that William, at the urgent request of the Queen, appointed a Commission, with the Duke of Hamilton at its head, to investigate the matter. And as Hamilton died soon afterwards, he let it drop for the next year, hoping, probably, to evade inquiry altogether, till, at the beginning of 1695, the indignation of the Scotch Parliament could no longer be trifled with, and a second Commission was appointed. Even then the expedient of delay was tried, to blunt the wrath of the kinsmen of the victims; and the Report was reluctantly produced. It absolved all but the Master of Stair; and the Parliament, in a series of resolutions founded on the Report, left it to the royal wisdom to deal with him in such a manner as might vindicate

the honour of the Government; while, at the same time, they requested His Majesty to cause Glenlyon, Lindsay, and the other officers actually concerned in the massacre, to be prosecuted. The Parliament had resolved that the warrant of William, though signed both at top and at bottom in a manner only used to denote the King's desire for prompt obedience, did not warrant the massacre. Unhappily for his fame, William chose to prove to all the world that it did. In compliance with the Report and the resolution, he did, indeed, dismiss Stair from his office for a time; but he took many opportunities to show that he had not deprived him of his confidence; and his whole conduct towards him was a proof that he had consented to the bloody deed before, and did not condemn it after, its execution.

The battle of Steinkirk took place in July, 1692. It came seasonably for Louis to counterbalance two great disasters, one of which, indeed, was the cause of the other. At the beginning of the year died Louvois, the greatest Minister that France had seen since Richelieu; and his son, Barbesieux, who succeeded him in his office, eager for the glory of directing a successful invasion of England, listened with a favourable ear to the representations of James; and their united arguments prevailed upon Louis. A magnificent fleet was collected under Tourville, and a vast array of transports, to convey to the English coast all the Irish regiments in the French service, under Sarsfield, with ten thousand picked French soldiers, under Maréchal Bellefonds. Admiral Russell was in command of the British fleet; and more than on the French fleet, or the French army, or even than on Sarsfield and his gallant brigade, did James rely on the promised treachery of the English commander. He had been one of the earliest to negotiate with St. Germain, and apparently one of the most sincere in his professions. He was known to be personally discontented with William, by whom he considered that his professional claims had been slighted; and, though he avowed to James's agents that he would not let the English fleet be defeated, it was believed that he would take care to avoid an action, and allow Tourville to pass unopposed to his destination. What part he would ultimately have taken, if James had behaved with ordinary prudence, it is hard to say; but prudence and moderation were exertions of sense to which the latter was quite unequal. It was not unknown that, when Dundee fell, a letter had been found in his pocket, signed by Melfort, his most trusted Minister, to tell him, 'that a declaration of indemnity and toleration then preparing was couched in such terms, that James could break through it when he pleased.' At other times, he fancied that he could induce people to put confidence in promises drawn in terms of the most studied evasion, declaring, that 'he promised, on his royal word, to advise and readily to concur in all things that could in reason

be expected from him.' He now, for once, put forth a declaration in which there was but little ambiguity or evasion. Russell told his chief emissary, that he must forget the past; if he would put forth a general pardon, he (Russell) would see what could be done for him. His reply was an announcement of his intentions if he should be restored, which it would have been insane to promulgate after his restoration had been effected. He did, indeed, promise forgiveness to the general body of his subjects; but the leading men of both parties were informed that they had no mercy to expect. For Marlborough, and Ormond, and Caermarthen, and Nottingham, for Tillotson and Burnet, there was no pardon. None for the Judges who had presided at the trial of Ashton and Lord Preston, for the witnesses who had testified against, or the jury who had convicted, them; no mercy even for the poor fishermen who, without knowing him, had offered him indignities at Feversham, on his first flight from Whitehall. So lofty, in spite of all that had happened, were his ideas of his prerogative and Divine right, that he actually thought that it would tempt his subjects to restore him, to be assured that, when restored, he would hang only a few of them; and that the rest would feel as grateful as the stork in the fable was expected to feel to the wolf, that he had not snapped their heads off, when it was so clearly in his power to do so.

William was in Holland, urging on the preparation of the Dutch navy, that it might join the English; but the Queen, wisely perceiving how much James's declaration must injure his cause, reprinted it, and aided in its dissemination. It caused universal surprise and consternation among the Jacobites; but none were so surprised and indignant as Russell. From this time forth he resolved to be true to William. He himself had not been suspected by either the Queen or the Ministers; but others in high command in the fleet had been, and it was very difficult for her to know how to proceed wisely and magnanimously. She resolved to display confidence in all, and to appeal to their honour and professional and national spirit. In the middle of May, Tourville came sweeping down the Channel, and was seen off Portland. On the 17th, Russell, supported by a Dutch squadron, which had arrived at the end of April, stood out to sea in pursuit of him. Tourville retreated to La Hogue, where the land forces were already embarking on board the transports. His resistance to a superior force was gallant; but the battle was not in doubt for a moment. Not many of his ships were taken at first. Some fled to Cherbourg, and were destroyed by Delaval: others took refuge in the Bay of La Hogue, and were drawn up in shallow water; they were attacked by Russell himself, and completely destroyed. When the English fleet retired, on the 24th of May, there was hardly

a vessel left of the armament that had, but a week before, encouraged such mighty hopes in the perverse, but ever sanguine, James.

Important as the victory was, it caused almost more discontent than pleasure in the nation. The general feeling was that it ought to have been followed up by descents on the French coast; that Brest might have been attacked with success, and the great arsenal there incapacitated for some time from sending out more squadrons to harass our merchantmen. A Parliamentary inquiry was instituted: Nottingham laid the blame on Russell's obstinacy; Russell on Nottingham's ignorance of naval affairs. The Lords stood by their brother Lord, the Commons by the commoner; and the disagreement of the two Houses made all real investigation impossible.

The effects of a battle, whether gained or lost, were likely to be but temporary; but the effect of the war was to introduce a change in the financial system of the kingdom, which has lasted to our own time, and which appears likely to last as long as the kingdom itself. As long as they could, the Ministers endeavoured to meet the charges of the war by an increased taxation; and with this view they had a new valuation of the kingdom made for the purposes of the land-tax, which has remained unaltered to the present day, and fixed the tax itself at four shillings in the pound. New import duties were also imposed; but still the revenue fell short of the estimated expenditure by a million a year. The crisis was embarrassing; but fortunately there had been added to the Ministry a man fully equal to deal with it. In the new Commission for the Treasury made out at the beginning of the year, appeared the name of Charles Montague, than whom no financier of greater abilities or more original genius had ever sat in the House of Commons. To original genius he would not himself have attributed his success so much as to his constant practice of giving audience to the very wildest projectors, believing that some practical hints might be often derived from the most fanciful of their speculations. He now proposed a loan of a million to be raised by Life Annuities, imposing fresh duties on beer and other liquors to meet the interest, which was to be 10 *per cent.* for the first eight years, and 7 *per cent.* after that period. This was the origin of the National Debt, which, having been long considered an incubus, pressing on the resources of the State with intolerable weight, and certain ultimately to overwhelm them, is now more justly looked upon as a salutary system, giving the people in general a greater interest in the welfare of the nation, by providing the economical and industrious classes with a safe investment for the proceeds of their economy and their industry.

The next question that occupied the attention of Parliament was the reform of the House of Commons. It was felt almost

universally that the members were too much under the influence of the Crown. The evil was attributed to two causes. First, To the vast number of placemen, removable at pleasure, who had seats in the House. Secondly, To the state of the law, which allowed the Sovereign to keep the same Parliament to the end of his reign. The Tories generally were of opinion that the cure was to be found in a Bill excluding placemen from the House; the Whigs preferred a law which should compel a dissolution of Parliament at least every three years. Many statesmen of both parties thought that no reform could be effectual which did not combine both these measures. Two Bills were therefore introduced; but the Place Bill, as it was called, was drawn with such an absence of practical wisdom, tending as it did to exclude even the Ministers themselves from the Lower House, that the Lords refused to pass it. The Triennial Bill was introduced in the Lords, passed by them almost unanimously; by the Commons only after a sharp struggle. But it was received with great aversion by William, who was as little disposed to allow any measure which he conceived would trench upon his prerogative or impair his authority, as the most arbitrary of his predecessors. In vain did his Ministers recommend him to pass it. He turned from them to Sir W. Temple, who had long withdrawn from public affairs, and was living in retirement at his country seat, with Swift, then a very young man, for his private secretary. The King sent Portland to Moor Park to consult him. He sent Swift back as his messenger, with advice which wholly coincided with that of the Ministers, and with the most forcible reasons to support his advice. William's own opinion was only strengthened by contradiction; and he refused his assent to the Bill, alleging, if we may trust Dalrymple, a reason for his conduct at strange variance with the general principles of the party who had placed him on the throne,—‘that as he found the English Constitution to be the best in the world when he saved it, he would not presume to try to make it better.’ The next year it was again brought forward; and it was understood that William would no longer refuse his assent to it. It passed the second and third readings in the Commons; and even after that it was thrown out on the motion ‘that the Bill do pass.’ It was then introduced in the Upper House, passed rapidly; and this time the Commons rejected it, from a jealousy of a Bill affecting their House having been introduced in the Lords. At length, in 1694, both Houses agreed upon the subject, and the Bill received the royal assent, the end of 1696 being fixed as the term of the existing Parliament. The Place Bill was less fortunate. The second time it was introduced it passed both Houses, though with considerable alterations; and the King refused his consent to it. It was brought in again in 1694; and then the Commons refused to agree to the amendments introduced in the

House of Peers. But about the same time an event took place which, in its ultimate effect, did more towards reforming the House of Commons, than a dozen Bills framed with that express object would have effected. At the beginning of 1695, when the Licensing Act—in obedience to which nothing whatever could be published without the sanction of an officer appointed for the purpose—was about to expire, the Commons refused to renew it. The law expired in May, and within a fortnight was published the first real newspaper: (for the 'London Gazette,' being edited by a clerk in the office of the Secretary of State, contained nothing beyond what the Minister chose the nation to know.) The publisher had, indeed, put forth a similar paper in the latter part of the reign of Charles II.; but it was speedily suppressed. Now, however, before the end of the year, there were no less than ten newspapers in regular circulation; small and meagre indeed, when compared with the vast mass, often containing the matter of an octavo volume in a single number, which is now daily laid upon our breakfast-tables; but ample and all-important in the eyes of a generation which, at the beginning of the year, had no means of obtaining the knowledge thus afforded, except by an act which had been formerly decided by the Judges to be a punishable offence, and which, therefore, no printer was adventurous enough to commit.

As yet Ireland had not been very happy under the new régime. Coningsby, the Governor, had treated both classes with the most shameless rapacity and cruelty; and the English settlers, as being the richest, had been his especial victims. The example spread to his subordinates. The Countess of Ardglass complained to the House of Peers, that when she offered coals and wood at low rates to the Colonel of one regiment for fuel for his men, he replied, 'He should never want firing while there was a house on the estate,' and pulled down her house to use the timber for firewood. Innocent men were hanged without trial, while the greatest criminals were protected, if they could afford to purchase protection; and when Culliford, a Commissioner of Revenue, who appears to have been the chief agent in this infamous traffic, was asked to explain the apparent capriciousness of justice in some such instances, he had the impudence to reply, 'that these were *arcana imperii*, which he was not at liberty to explain.' Coningsby was recalled, and replaced by Lord Sidney, as Lord Lieutenant; but the change of men produced but little change of measures. He was not himself, perhaps, as rapacious as Coningsby; but he was indifferent to the rapacity of his subordinates, and presumed on his favour with William to treat the Irish Parliament with an insolence that even Coningsby had never ventured on. As that body was not inclined to submit to such treatment without a spirited remon-

strance, he lost his temper, so that he prorogued it even before it had granted the supplies; and, by so doing, caused great inconvenience to the Government in England. Petitions were forwarded to the English Parliament, who took the matter up warmly in both Houses, and presented strong addresses to the King on the subject. Sidney was recalled; but William showed that he had not lost his favour, by making him Master of the Ordnance.

At the beginning of 1693 a fresh Declaration was put forth from St. Germain's. In England the Jacobites were divided into Compounders, who, though they desired the restoration of the legitimate line, wished it to be accompanied with guarantees for the civil and religious liberty of all classes of the King's subjects; and Non-compounders, who had no idea that any one had any right to make conditions with the Lord's anointed. The Compounders were a great majority in England; but the counsellors at St. Germain's were chiefly of the other party. The French Ministers, however, had by this time learnt enough of the real state of England, to feel sure that their counsels would never bring about the restoration for which they hoped; and Louis seriously advised James to adopt a milder and more conciliatory line of conduct than he had as yet thought consistent with his dignity. Accordingly Lord Middleton, one of the ablest and most moderate of the Compounders, was invited to France to assume the post of Secretary of State, in conjunction with the existing Secretary, Melfort. His presence at James's Court gave William some uneasiness at first; and though he could not prevail on James to agree to the favourite expedient of the English Jacobites, that he should resign the crown in favour of his son, the Prince of Wales, and allow him to be bred up as a Protestant, he did persuade him to issue a Declaration, containing an entire amnesty, and ample promises of consenting to every measure which Parliament might carry, for the security of the civil and religious liberty of the kingdom. But it was too late: the previous Declaration had made too great an impression on men's minds to be so easily effaced. It was not doubted that that had spoken his real feelings, and if so, this could not be sincere; (we now know that at the very time that it was issued, Melfort wrote to the Ministers of the Pope, that it was meant as a delusion;) and accordingly it gained over no one in England, while it disgusted his adherents in Ireland, who looked upon it as an open desertion of them. At the same time changes were taking place in England, which rendered his chance worse than ever. Of late years William had been mainly influenced by the Tories; but Caermarthen's corruption was exciting loud clamours. The long quarrel between the Old East India Company and the New had been at last settled by the renewal of the charter of the

Old Company, in defiance of the remonstrances of the House of Commons; and this measure was almost notoriously brought about by vast bribes to him and to Seymour. Nottingham, for whom William had a great regard, was unpopular, because it was to his incompetence as a naval Minister, that the absence of more decisive success after the victory of La Hogue, and a great destruction inflicted on the Smyrna fleet, off Lagos Bay, were mainly attributed. When William's refusal to pass the Place Bill threatened to embroil him with the Commons, it was the Tories, led by Harley, now first rising into notoriety, who complained of his conduct. It was in Montague, the most eloquent Whig in the Lower House, that he found his chief defender. It was the Whigs, too, that brought in the Bill, so peculiarly acceptable to William, for the naturalization of foreign Protestants. It was the Tories that raised so fierce an outcry against it, and against all foreigners, as to prevent its passing. The Tories objected to any increase in the army; the Whigs coincided with William in judging a large increase indispensable. Moreover, the Tories were a divided body, when compared with the steady union that bound together the leading Whigs. Somers, Montague, Russell, and others, the chiefs of the party, were known by the name of the Junta, and acted in close and invariable concert; and William now placed all the power in their hands: the seals of Secretary of State were transferred from Nottingham to Shrewsbury, Russell became First Lord of the Admiralty, and Montague Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was on him that the chief burden of administration fell, as the principal difficulty was to raise supplies for the war. Of the wisdom of his system we may form the most just appreciation, if we reflect that many of the taxes and measures which he then devised have subsisted to the present time. He raised money by taxing and regulating hackney-coaches, he renewed the land-tax, he raised the stamp duties, above all, he established the Bank of England, on the condition that the subscribers should lend the Government £12,000,000, at eight *per cent.*, which was then considered a very low rate of interest. That by so doing he promoted the interest of his party, is true; but Mr. Macaulay does not appear to overstate the case, when he argues that, by thus giving the capitalists a direct interest in the maintenance of the Revolution, he established a principle which in subsequent years proved more than once the salvation of the kingdom.

The financial difficulties of the nation were, however, too great to be remedied in a single year. The coinage was in the worst possible state: the metal was very pure, but it was only lately that any improvement had been made in the way of coining it established in the time of Edward I. It was struck by hand; and though there was a professed standard of weight, there was

no machine to insure uniformity in either that point or in size. Nor was there any mark on the rim, to secure the coins from alteration after they were issued from the Mint. Consequently, to clip and pare them was one of the easiest species of fraud, and one constantly practised. In the reign of Charles II. a mill had been introduced, which made each piece perfectly round, and marked the edges; but as the clipped coinage was not collected in, the more perfect was driven out of the market and exported, and the mutilated currency was still practically the only one in use. The practice of clipping grew to be an established trade, and the evil became intolerable. By various experiments it was ascertained that the whole coinage of the kingdom was pared down to about half its value. Fortunately the men by whom, at this moment, the affairs of the kingdom were chiefly managed, Somers and Montague, were not only men of great ability, but were also men of great courage. Though £1,200,000 was the lowest sum at which the loss to the nation was estimated, they determined, and persuaded Parliament to agree to calling in the old coinage, and issuing a new one. The 4th of May, 1696, was the last day on which the old money was allowed to remain in circulation. But while the withdrawal of the old coinage took place at once, the new coinage to replace it issued from the Mint very slowly. In some degree to meet the distress caused by the want of a circulating medium, Montague issued Exchequer Bills, of even so low a value as four pounds. This was some relief; at the same time, fortunately, the office of Master of the Mint fell vacant, and Montague bestowed it on Newton. His mighty genius, as capable of practical application to minute details, as to the most vast and sublime calculations, put an end to the delays and slowness of the old officers of the establishment; the weekly issue was soon raised from £15,000 to £120,000 a week, and by the beginning of August all the difficulty and distress had passed away.

We return to the progress of the war. Ever since the battle of La Hogue, a descent on the French coast had been a favourite project with those who fancied that they had learnt, from that battle, that our naval force was the arm to which we ought to trust for important success against France. In his speech to Parliament, in November, 1692, William—not very prudently, considering that his language was sure to be known to, and taken as a warning by, the enemy—promised that such a descent should be attempted. At the beginning of 1693, a squadron was collected, and several thousand men put on board, avowedly with the purpose of attacking Brest; but, for some reason or other, the expedition did not proceed. In November,* Benbow sailed with a strong squadron, and bombarded St.

* It is remarkable that Mr. Macaulay does not mention this expedition.

Malo; but did not think himself strong enough to attack any more important place. In the spring of 1694, a squadron was again prepared to attack Brest, and a considerable land force was embarked on board, under Talmash, the English officer of the highest reputation in the service, except Marlborough. The troops landed; but the place was found strongly fortified. The attack was repelled, and Talmash, leading his men on to the attack of a battery, received a mortal wound. This took place on the 6th of June. Many years afterwards it was found that, on the 3rd of May, James had received a letter from Marlborough, informing him that the expedition on the point of sailing was intended to attack Brest. And it was inferred from that, that this information was the cause of its failure. But, though it still remains a damning proof of the meanness with which Marlborough strove to provide against the accident of a restoration, it seems clear to us that, in the first place, the plan was known in France before Marlborough's letter arrived; and, secondly, and as a consequence, that that letter was not the cause of the disaster which ensued. The threat of William to invade the coast of France was notorious, and Brest, as the arsenal from which so many of her fleets had sailed, was manifestly pointed out by that circumstance as the most desirable place to attack. The expedition of the preceding year, though, as has been said, it never sailed, was avowedly aimed at Brest; Benbow had been very near it in the preceding November. Is it conceivable that all these facts were not warnings to the French to fortify Brest, and put it out of the reach of being carried by a *coup de main*? In fact, we know that these warnings were taken; for Burchet, the Secretary to the Admiralty, speaking of the fate of this very expedition, tells us that, wherever there was any place to put forces on shore, there had the French batteries and intrenchments. It is clearly out of all reason to suppose that these could have been raised in the month that elapsed after the receipt of Marlborough's letter. Moreover, we are sure that Marlborough's was not the first intelligence that arrived; for, in a letter of Captain Floyd's, endorsed by Melfort as having arrived at Versailles May 1st,* we find that Godolphin had told him, soon after his arrival in London, that there would certainly be an attempt made on Brest; and that he himself, in a conference with Russell, had mentioned that 'some design would be infallibly attempted on the coast of France that summer, which would necessarily draw down troops to Brest.' Not that even this was the first news that the French had of the design; for Burchet tells us, that the Ministers had consulted and advised with Frenchmen on the matter; and he naturally had but little doubt that some of

* Original Papers, p. 478.

them were as unwilling to see their native land invaded, as the English sailor, whom Tourville picked up in the Channel, was to help the French to invade England. We may add that Marlborough, in his letter, dated only the day before the fleet was meant to sail, (for we learn from Burnet that it was delayed by westerly winds, so that it arrived off Brest a month later than was intended,) declares that he has only just learnt the intended destination of the expedition; and this though Russell—his friend, and certainly implicated, as well as himself, in dealings with the Court at St. Germain—was First Lord of the Admiralty. It is almost as impossible to believe that Russell himself did not know the object of the expedition which he was himself preparing, as that Marlborough did not, or might not have known it, if he had been desirous to procure useful information for James.* And this appears to have been Mr. Smyth's conclusion, who is clear that the expedition did not fail in consequence of Marlborough's letter. However meanly we may think of the motives which led him to seek so continually to keep open the door of reconciliation with James, we cannot but acquit him of the blood of Talmash and his fellow-soldiers.

At the end of the year 1694, Mary died of the measles, after a short illness; and William was for some time so afflicted at her loss, as to be quite unable to attend to business. Almost at the same time another death took place in France, which had even a greater influence on his fortunes. Luxembourg died on the 4th of January, 1695. Villeroy, who succeeded him in command of the army in the Netherlands, was a courtier and a rake, brave, as all the nobles of that gallant land; but destitute of military skill, and of that intrepid presence of mind with which Luxembourg so often extricated himself from the perils into which his indolence, or over-confidence, led him. A correct appreciation of his character encouraged William to resolve on assuming the offensive. He determined to attack Namur. Its capture, at the beginning of the campaign of 1692, was the exploit, of all others, of which Louis was most proud, and which his flatterers had celebrated with the most exaggerated panegyric. William now retaliated on Villeroy the manœuvres with which Luxembourg had out-generalled himself, and, after some skilful marches and counter-marches, to conceal his object till the last moment, he left the Prince de Vaudemont, with a strong detachment, to watch and amuse Villeroy, and arrived,

* It is true, that Marlborough tells James that he had not been able to learn the destination of the expedition from Russell; but this statement may very probably have been dictated by the desire to claim a more exclusive merit for himself. The main point is, not by whose means Marlborough knew it, but when he knew it. And who can believe that, with his sagacity and means of information, he did not know it till some time after Godolphin, with whom he was so closely connected, had revealed it to Floyd?

with his main force, so suddenly before Namur, that Boufflers had barely time to throw himself, with a few regiments, into the town, before its circumvallation was completed. The practice of the writers of that age, who mention not the number of men in an army, but the number of battalions and squadrons, which was not equal in all countries, has left us uninformed of the exact forces of Villeroy and Vaudemont; but the Prince certainly was very inferior in number, and Villeroy made no doubt of annihilating him, and wrote letters full of boastful promises to Louis, when the tragedy he was meditating was turned into a comedy. The Duke de Maine, Louis's favourite son, had been sent to Flanders to learn the art of war, and to qualify himself, as the old King fondly hoped, for the future command of his armies; but nature had denied him the most essential of all the virtues of a soldier. Louis himself had that discreet sort of valour which forbore to thrust its possessor into unnecessary dangers, and the Duke de Maine had even more than the discretion of his father. He commanded the left wing of the army, which lay nearest to the enemy. He was ordered to attack them, and detain them till the main body arrived to complete their defeat. We copy St. Simon's account of what followed:—

‘Impatient at his orders not being carried into effect, Villeroy sent fresh ones to M. du Maine, and repeated them four or six times: M. du Maine rushed to reconnoitre, then to confess himself, then to put his wing in order, though it had long been so, and was eager to attack. During all these delays, Vaudemont was retiring, with as much speed as the precautions necessary would permit.....Montrevel, the senior of his Lieutenants-General, unable to endure what he saw, seized M. du Maine; showed him the reiterated orders he had received from Maréchal Villeroy, pressed upon him the ease and certainty of the victory, its importance for his own glory, for the safety of Namur, and for the reduction of the whole of the Netherlands, when it should be thus deprived of the only army which could defend it. He added tears to entreaties, but all was useless. M. du Maine stammered, but let the occasion slip.....Vaudemont gained in safety a defensible position, three leagues from the place where the French first found him; and all that Villeroy could do, was to attack his rear with some regiments of dragoons, who took a few standards.’

The disappointed Marshal tried to effect a diversion by bombarding Brussels; but William was neither to be alarmed nor provoked into relaxing his grasp upon his prey, and Namur soon fell. The loss was great: but, for a time, Louis was kept in ignorance of the disgraceful circumstances which attended and, perhaps, caused its loss. The courtiers in the camp did not repress their sarcasm; M. D'Elbœuf solicited Maine to allow him to serve in his company, as then his life would never be in any danger; but Villeroy had too much real regard for his master, to tell him the truth about his son. But from the

brevity of his dispatches, Louis divined that there was something to conceal. The courtiers were silent; but there was, says St. Simon, a very honest man, Lavienne,—in the King's earlier days the Chiffina of his Court,—who at last revealed to his ears what was the favourite topic of every one when out of their reach. Surprise, and grief, and shame for once made Louis forget the habitual dignity with which he acted the character of King. For some hours he could find no one on whom to vent his wrath, till, passing through his palace at Marly, at the head of all the ladies and courtiers of his train, he saw an unhappy footman, while taking away the dessert, put a biscuit in his pocket; he ran after the terrified culprit, broke his cane over his shoulders, and, as he ran away, followed him, abusing him, and punching him with the handle, all through the passages. When he came to himself, his shame showed itself as oddly as his anger. He met Père la Chaise, and, in a sort of half-confession, addressed him, 'Father, I have broken my stick over a rogue's back, but I do not think I have offended God.'

While William was reaping glory in Flanders, a plot was forming at home to assassinate him. One had been detected just after the battle of Steinkirk; and Grandval, the assassin, declared that he had been instructed by Barbesieux, and that James had, in person, expressed to him his approval of the attempt. Nor, though William published his confession, did the Court of France take any steps to clear itself from so foul an accusation. It was now thought, that the death of Mary would greatly facilitate the restoration of James, if William could be taken off. A large band of conspirators arranged to waylay the King's coach as he went from Kensington to Richmond to hunt, and to shoot him; and James and Berwick came to Calais, with a considerable body of troops, ready to cross the Channel the moment that a beacon-fire should give them notice that the deed was done. Unluckily for them, the plot was communicated to one gentleman, whose sense of honour was superior to his zeal for the Roman Catholic religion, or the rights of legitimacy. He revealed it to Portland, and the conspirators were taken, convicted, and hanged. The chief of them did, indeed, protest, in his dying declaration, that James was not privy to the intended assassination; but the circumstances of the case, and the admissions contained in Berwick's Memoirs, make it difficult to believe him. The detection of so vile a plot greatly strengthened William on the throne; and it was of no small service to him, in the minds of the generality of the people, that at the execution of Sir John Mead and Sir W. Parkyns, the two men highest in rank who suffered for it, three nonjuring Clergymen, of whom Collier was one, gave them formal absolution, though they manifested no repentance for their crime. The last person upon whom the sword of justice fell, was Sir John Fenwick; and it is impossible to approve of the means taken to punish him.

He had been privy to the plot, but he had escaped apprehension at the time; and, when he was arrested, his friends contrived to get one of the only two witnesses out of the way; and on the evidence of only one a man could not be convicted of high treason. It was determined to proceed against him by a Bill of Attainder. He tried to avert his fate by confessions giving no real information; but William, who had a private dislike to him for insolent conduct to Queen Mary, refused to listen to him; and though the Act of Attainder passed through the House of Lords by a very scanty majority, he was executed, being the last person who has suffered by such a mode of procedure.

The French, in common with the rest of Europe, were becoming weary of the war; and in the spring of 1697 Louis made proposals of peace. William listened to them with eagerness, as the terms offered by the French King comprehended nearly all the objects for which he was fighting. Spain and Germany, who, while the war was raging, had contributed nothing to the furtherance of the designs of the Allies, endeavoured now to frustrate the pacification; but their conduct had given them no claim to be considered when their views were opposed to the nations who had borne the burden and heat of the day. Under the mediation of Charles XI. of Sweden, who, however, died just after its first meetings, a Congress was opened at Ryswick, a village a few miles from the Hague, where William had a country house, in which the conference took place. It would take us too long to detail all the minute observances of etiquette, related with admirable humour by Mr. Macaulay, which threatened to make the negotiations last as long as the war. It is sufficient to say, that William gained most of the objects for which he had made such great efforts. Louis restored nearly all the conquests he had made since the Peace of Nimeguen, and recognised William as King of Great Britain; 'giving his royal word neither directly nor indirectly to assist his enemies, nor to favour, in any way, any conspiracies or secret rebellions which might arise in England.*' Peace was signed, on these conditions, on the 10th of September. In England, the news was received with the greatest joy by all except a few of the more violent Jacobites, who saw the downfall of all their projects and hopes in Louis's recognition of William, to which they had never expected him to submit, and which, undoubtedly, was the sacrifice which he felt it the most difficult to make. William's reception on his return almost resembled a triumphal procession. The 2nd of December was appointed as a day of thanksgiving for the Peace; and the nation prepared to enjoy a tranquillity which it had earned by its own vigorous exertions, and which was secured by the perfect establishment of civil and religious liberty.

* Sismondi.

Such is the eventful period of which Mr. Macaulay has presented us with the history. If in one or two instances we have felt it necessary to question the fidelity of his narrative, or the impartiality of his judgment, no one can deny that, for vividness of portraiture, animation of detail, and picturesqueness of description, his work has few equals, and scarcely any superior. One of his admirers has compared him to Burke: it would be almost flattery to attribute to any one an equality with that most eloquent and most wise of philosophic statesmen; but, without entering into the question of equality, we do not perceive any resemblance between either their writings or their minds. It appears to us that in one point only, the weak point of both characters, does the parallel hold. Both are too much disposed to—

‘Narrow their mind,
And to party give up what was meant for mankind.’

Both are almost equally regardless or incapable of moderation in eulogy of the objects of their admiration, or invective against the victims of their dislike; though even here we think that the elder gains somewhat by the comparison,—his dislikes are the more intelligible, the objects of his admiration are far more numerous. If we were ourselves to seek to find a resemblance to Mr. Macaulay as an historian, it would be to Voltaire we should liken him; not, of course, in the wickedness which so pervaded the whole spirit of that unhappy man as to cause almost a total proscription of his writings among us; but in the acuteness of his views, the shrewdness of his strong sense, the vividness of his descriptions, the keenness of his sarcasm, and that exquisite versatility which enables him, at one time, to produce all the effect he desires by a few words; at another, to hold the reader spell-bound over a long succession of minute pictures, in which, like the works of the pre-Raphaelites, nothing escapes the mind of the artist, and nothing is left unrepresented to the eye of the spectator.

The greatest praise of a writer is to treat his subject so impartially, as well as so fully, that he leaves no room whatever for any subsequent writer to take it up after him. This is more than we can concede to Mr. Macaulay. The second praise is to have handled it so skilfully, as to deter future writers from it, by making it almost impossible to do so with equal effect. And this credit, by universal consent, belongs to him. His next volumes will carry him and his readers on to a period almost equally important and interesting to the feelings, and more gratifying to the pride, of a Briton, than those to which his labours have hitherto been devoted. We shall look forward to their appearance with an eager hope that, as they will be sure to be eloquent and lively, they may also prove an authentic and trustworthy record of that glorious era.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

Sinai and Palestine, in Connexion with their History. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A., Canon of Canterbury. With Maps and Plans. London: Murray. 1856.

NUMEROUS as are the publications of this class, such an one as Canon Stanley's was a *desideratum*. Unlike the great majority, it is neither hasty, partial, nor confused; nor destined like them to be thrown presently aside, as unfit for reference, and unworthy of study. Its scholarly accuracy and comprehensiveness,—its freedom from hyperbole and sentimentalism,—its beautiful interweaving of history, topography, and dissertation,—and, withal, its devout homage to the word of God, combine to establish for it a claim to a high position among the few *standard* and *trustworthy* volumes upon Sinai and Palestine. Passing over wiry disputes that have been waged concerning places of no great moment to the world, the author calmly discusses the general features of realms whose charm—ever peerless to the student of the sacred oracles—is now heightened by the thickly-clustering 'signs of the times.' Judea is, in some sort, the centre towards which the destinies of the mightiest empires, both of the East and the West, are but converging lines. Yet the narrative before us is clogged with no millenarian vagaries. Its only allusions to the covenant race are in association with events which have made 'the desert of wandering,' and the 'land of promise,' scenes of imperishable renown. Indeed, it is a book which, throughout, inspires the reader with *confidence*. The author eschews the fanciful and the gorgeous. For example, the wonderful colours ascribed to the rocky regions of Petra are sobered down to 'red sandstone cliffs, standing out against the white limestone and yellow down which forms their background.' (Page 88.) And the boasted beauty of the scenery of Palestine *as it is*, is shown to be the result of viewing the country through a highly-coloured medium, since 'the tangled and featureless hills of the lowlands of Scotland and North Wales are, perhaps, the nearest likeness accessible to Englishmen of the general landscape south of the plain of Esdraelon.' (Page 136.) Whatever is capable of being made determinate, is settled upon the best authority. Holding that 'the sacred localities are witnesses to the truth, which remain to be examined again, and again, by each succeeding traveller; correcting, elucidating, developing the successive depositions which they have

made, from age to age;' the works of Burekhardt, Pococke, Clarke, Ewald, Henniker, Tuck, Wellsted, Lepsius, Bartlett, Forster, Robinson, De Sauley, and many others, are carefully sifted; and the references are, moreover, duly given in invaluable foot-notes. Where questions are left open, it is because there are not sufficient *data* for decision; much of the land, especially *out of the beaten route* of travellers, having yet to be explored. This especially applies to the region between Jebel el Tih and Wâdy Sayal. Meantime, the author, in dealing with what Dr. Kitto called 'Sinai difficulties,' has given strong reasons in favour of Wâdy es Sheyk, merging into Wâdy er Raheh, as the *plain* on which the Israelites stood during the first great revelation of God to man; and Râs Sasâfeh as 'the *mount* that burned with fire.'

The subject of the Sinaitic *inscriptions*, which have so greatly interested Christendom since their discovery by Cosmas, a merchant of Alexandria, A.D. 535, is dealt with somewhat severely. Although not pretending to a full acquaintance with the merits of this question, as discussed from Cosmas downwards to Forster, we confess that we attached far greater importance to them than our author would show to be admissible. We had thought of thousands of elaborate inscriptions, belonging to one age, extending high up hard rocks, and along one mountain range after another for leagues, and recording, in now newly discovered characters, the miracles of the desert. But we learn that Mr. Stanley's companion, on one of those sandstone cliffs, which, in the celebrated Wâdy Mokatteb, offer ready tablets to write, 'scooped out a horse, more complete than any of the sculptured animals around, in ten minutes!' None that our author saw, save a doubtful one at Petra, required either ladder, basket, or platform! 'Most of them could be written by any one who, having bare legs and feet, as all Arabs have, could take firm hold of the ledges, or by any active man, even with shoes! There are none, in fact, which could not have been written by one man climbing on another's shoulder! And among the *highest* are single Greek names of travellers, or the cross with Alpha and Omega (thus $\Lambda + \Omega$).' After such facts we pause, half disposed to adopt the opinion of our author, that, although the history of these carvings would be interesting enough, as throwing light on the traditions of the peninsula, there is no satisfactory evidence that they are the work of the Israelites.

'A *propos* of this part of the book, we must refer to the rare treat afforded to the reader in the geological delineation of the mountains of 'the great and terrible wilderness.' ('The Mountains of the Tor; the Ka'a and Shores; the Passes; the three Groups; the Colours; the Confusion; the Desolation, and the Silence.' Pp. 10-15.) These few pages alone contain a most ample description of the gorges and cliffs and crags which Henniker called 'the Alps unclothed,' and which he graphically describes as being like 'an ocean of lava which, whilst its waves were running mountains high, had suddenly stood still.'

It is relieving to follow our author from scenes so dreary, though so important, and to enter with him into the land which is 'the glory of all lands.' Here we find a calm, learned, and hallowed investigation, which at every step heightens our admiration of the beauty and truthfulness of Scripture. Selection can scarcely be made with justice.

If we refer to its allusions to the *Old Testament*, the Book of Kings is redeemed from unworthy oblivion; and the battles of Joshua shown to be as indisputably illustrated by a view of the localities, as the fights of Marathon or Thrasymenus. And among the rich elucidations of the *New Testament* we would invite the attention of the reader to the chapter on 'the Gospel history and teaching.' It has all the charm and accuracy of Conybeare and Howson's biography of St. Paul; and it was due that such a mode of realizing the scenes of the sojourn of 'the Great Teacher' should be further given to the Christian world. The allusions contained in the Parables and other Discourses of Christ are tested by actual survey, and described with a vividness which almost permits us to realize the privilege of those who *gathered together unto Him, and stood on the shore while He spake unto them.*

Traditions about 'the holy places' are rigorously investigated; and clumsy legends, wondrous flittings, and monkish inversions, meet with their desert; whilst the sacredness of the events which certainly transpired *somewhere* in these localities, is acknowledged to 'stand absolutely alone in the world;' and the uncertainty which attaches not to the 'Holy Land,'—since there is hardly a town or village of note mentioned in the Old or New Testament that cannot still be identified with a certainty, often extending to the very spots signalized in the history,—but to the 'holy places,' is regarded as 'the providential safeguard against their elevation to a sanctity which might endanger the real holiness of the history and religion which they serve to commemorate.'

'If Sixtus V. had succeeded in carrying off the Holy Sepulchre, the essential interest of *Jerusalem* would have suffered as little as that of *Bethlehem* by the alleged transference of the Manger to S. Maria Maggiore; or as that of *Nazareth*, were we to share the belief that its holy house were standing far away on the hill of Loretto. The very notion of the transference being thought desirable, or possible, is a proof of the slight connexion existing in the minds of those who entertain it between the sanctuaries themselves and the enduring charm which must always attach to the real scenes of great events. It shows the difference (which is often confounded) between the local superstition of touching and handling, of making topography a matter of religion, and that reasonable and religious instinct which leads us to investigate the natural features of historical scenes, sacred or secular, as one of the best helps to judging of the events of which they were the stage.' (Page 468.)

Our space will not allow us to proceed further than to indicate the contents of the book. We recommend to especial attention the admirable *Preface* on the connexion of sacred history and sacred geography. It is a key to the whole. The *Introduction* is an elaborate *résumé* of the wonders of Egyptian architecture, viewed in relation to Israel. The chapters are devoted respectively to the Peninsula of Sinai—Judea and Jerusalem—The Heights and the Passes of Benjamin—Ephraim—The Maritime Plain—The Jordan and the Dead Sea—Perea and the Trans-Jordanic Tribes—Plain of Esdraelon—Galilee—The Lake of Merom and the Sources of the Jordan—Lebanon—Damascus—The Gospel History and Teaching—The Holy Places.

There is a valuable *Appendix*, containing a vocabulary of Hebrew words, descriptive of valleys, mountains, rivers, caves, forests, cities, and the sea and its shores. This is, after a plan of Pick's 'Bible Student's Concordance,' so arranged, that those who are unlearned in Hebrew, may avail themselves of its treasury of references. Especial attention is due to the *geological illustrations* of the bed of the Jordan, the peculiarities of the Dead Sea, the relation of the mountain ranges of Palestine to those of Syria and Arabia Petraea, and kindred objects, greatly aiding the conception of the scientific reader; and simplifying, without taking away an *iota* of the charm from, the marvels of Oriental scenes both of natural phenomena and natural history. These are rendered still more valuable by beautifully executed *maps*, showing, at a glance, all the main features of the physical geography of the country.

On the general design of his book, Mr. Stanley observes, 'This kind of proof will have a different kind of value in the eyes of different persons. To some, the amount of testimony thus rendered will appear either superfluous or trivial; to others, the mere attempt to define sacred history by natural localities and phenomena, will seem derogatory to their ideal or Divine character. But it will, at least, be granted, that this evidence is, so far as it goes, incontestable.' (Preface, p. xix.) We wish our author had spoken more strongly. Such evidence, given as his caution, learning, and piety would ever dictate, could in nowise derogate from the ideal and the Divine. The danger of the present day is—under the notion of generalizing—to refine, attenuate, explain away the grand and suggestive facts of history. Therefore, it behoves all such authors fearlessly to grapple with this tendency to break away from the Divine mode of presenting truth, and to develop yet more fully the all-important connexion between facts and principles. There is in this connexion 'a mine of scriptural illustration, which it were an unworthy superstition either to despise or to fear.'

The Monumental History of Egypt, as recorded on the Ruins of her Temples, Palaces, and Tombs. By William Osburn, R.S.L., &c. Two Vols. London: Trübner and Co. 1854.

THESE volumes are a very important contribution to the science of Ancient Egypt, and richly deserve the careful attention of every one who would possess a thorough knowledge of the subject. Mr. Osburn professes to give a History of Egypt which is principally elicited by interpretation and deduction from the hieroglyphical inscriptions on the monumental remains of that ancient country. In claiming credence for a work of this kind, the author freely admits that he is bound to show that he has mastered the art of deciphering the strange and difficult characters employed in Ancient Egypt for recording historical events. He does this by a clever and elaborate exposition of the hieroglyphic characters, accompanied by a translation in detail of the inscription on the Rosetta Stone.

In doing this, we are glad to find that Mr. Osburn has with manly independence asserted, and by sound scholarship maintained, what we have always regarded as the true theory of the origin of hieroglyphic writing. It has been the fashion (we really cannot express our mean-

ing by any other word) to refer the origin of these strange characters, and their use in recording events, to an infant and uncivilized state of society. Again and again has it been asserted that, before letters were known, men endeavoured to perpetuate the memory of events, and to communicate their ideas to one another, by sketching the outlines of visible things, and investing these forms with conventional meanings. Mr. Osburn, on the contrary, maintains that the oldest hieroglyphics present no evidence whatever of the progressive improvement which this hypothesis supposes; but shows 'that the oldest texts exhibit the system in its greatest perfection;' and that the whole system supplies ample proof that it was first brought into use by persons in a high state of civilization and intellectual culture, and who had been acquainted with the principle upon which the Hebrew alphabet was constructed. It must be obvious to all that, although, as our author observes, this theory 'is not only unsupported by the authority of any other student of the subject, but also inverts their reasoning,' yet it has the high sanction of Holy Scripture, and of the most authentic profane history. For the statements of both these can only be reconciled with such a state of society as Mr. Osburn supposes to have existed at the period when Egypt was colonized. The exposition of hieroglyphical interpretation given in this work extends over about one hundred and sixty pages.

The principal part of these volumes contains the history of Ancient Egypt, mainly taken from monumental inscriptions, and extends from the reign of Menes to the Exodus. Without committing ourselves to an approval of all the renderings of hieroglyphics, or expositions of historical incidents, which this portion of the work contains, we readily express our high satisfaction with its general character, and our gratitude for the scarce and erudite information which it communicates. It is peculiarly interesting to sit by our own fireside, and read the exact terms in which the people on the banks of the Nile in the days of Abraham recorded their history; to trace, in brilliant and beautiful plates, transcripts of the very forms, figures, and characters, by which they perpetuated a knowledge of their names, prowess, and arts even to this remote generation.

We are glad, also, to find that Mr. Osburn has placed the full weight of his learning and research in opposition to the assumptions of Lepsius and Bunsen on the subject of the chronology of Egyptian history. It is gratifying to see a man who, with talents of a high order, has penetrated into the deepest recesses of ancient Egyptian learning, who has unveiled and brought forth into the light of day its most recondite and hidden treasures of knowledge, assert, that there is no foundation for the long-extended and anti-scriptural chronology which those learned Germans have claimed for Egyptian history.

We cannot, however, help expressing our regret, that Mr. Osburn should have confined himself to the Hebrew numbers. We much fear that this course has occasioned the greatest difficulties in the defence of sacred history. The more extended and, as is now pretty generally believed, the more accurate numbers of the Septuagint Scriptures obviate every difficulty; and not only give a better sense to the language of Moses, but afford a much sounder basis for the construction of a general system of historical chronology.

History of Latin Christianity; including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicolas V. By Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. Vols. IV.-VI. London: Murray. 1855.

In a recent number we noticed, at some length, the commencing volumes of this important work, and then gave some account of its leading views, so far as they bear upon religious truth. It would be perceived that we recognised in it a work of great importance, destined to take a high place in the department of ecclesiastical history. Our space will not allow us at present to do more than draw the attention of our readers to the issue of the concluding volumes, and to intimate, in the most cursory manner, the nature of their contents.

Dr. Milman's fourth volume commences with an elaborate account of the career of Pope Innocent III. Under that Pontiff the Papal authority attained its utmost elevation, an elevation which extended throughout the whole of the thirteenth century, till undermined and shaken by the ambition and ill-timed arrogance of Boniface at its close. The growth of this power is shown to have been greatly aided by the peculiar circumstances of the time. The weaknesses, vices, and tyrannies of the Emperors, in conjunction with the strife and intrigues of successive elections, and the contests of powerful houses for the imperial crown, had gradually weakened the secular power, while there was the concurrent growth of those principles which Hildebrand had sown broadcast over Europe. The minds of men had become familiar with the contemplation of the vast claims of the Papal Hierarchy; the essential inherent supremacy of the spiritual over the temporal power, 'as of the soul over the body, as of eternity over time, as of Christ over Caesar, as of God over man,' was now an integral part of Christianity. There was a shuddering sense of impiety in all resistance to this ever-present rule; it required either the utmost strength of mind, desperate courage, or desperate recklessness, to confront the fatal and undefined consequences of such resistance. But the conflict was an unequal one; all the advantages were on one side. The humiliation of an Emperor was degradation; it brought contempt on the office, scarcely redeemed by the abilities, successes, or even virtues of new Sovereigns. The humiliation of the Pope was a noble suffering in the cause of God and truth, the depression of *patient holiness under worldly violence*. In endeavouring to trace the causes of the marvellous increase of Papal power, it must not be forgotten, also, how great was the influence of the Crusades. These harmonized with the sentiment of the times, and afforded great advantage to an ambitious Pope. By imposing a Crusade upon a Sovereign whom he wished to humble or to weaken, under the threat of excommunication, he seldom failed either to lessen his power, or degrade his character, according as he undertook or refused the enterprise. If he went to the Holy Land upon the bootless errand, he wasted his money and his forces when there; and if he, more fortunate than Frederick Barbarossa and St. Louis of France, returned to his States, he met with loudly expressed indignation at his want of success.

Meanwhile he who was the instigator of the movement and the chief gainer in the event of success, was at no cost or risk in the enterprise. There is something both of the appalling and the ludicrous in the account given by Dr. Milman of the troubles of the unfortunate Frederick II., who was excommunicated for not taking the Cross, excommunicated for not setting out to the Holy Land, excommunicated for setting out, excommunicated in the Holy Land, excommunicated for returning, after having made an advantageous peace with the Mohammedans.

That the proceedings of Innocent were on a bold scale, may be surmised from the fact that, at different times, he excommunicated the Emperor Otho IV. of Germany, Philip Augustus of France, and John of England. His dealings with the latter weak and wicked Prince are sufficient even now to excite indignation in English breasts.

Of the vast panorama of Popes, Emperors, and Kings, which the fifth volume opens to our view, the most interesting pictures are those of St. Louis of France, Popes Celestine V. and Boniface VIII., the Sicilian Vespers, the brief but brilliant career of Rienzi, and the residence of the Papal Court at Avignon.

The sixth volume commences with a vivid account of the turbulent election of Urban VI., which took place amid the struggles for supremacy of the Roman populace and the emissaries of France. Then follows the election, by the latter, of the Anti-Pope Clement VII., and the commencement of the schism which divided Western Christendom for thirty-eight years. The two rivals appear to have been about equally worthless; the one crafty, treacherous, and cruel; the other worldly-minded and overbearing, and possessing the solitary though incongruous qualification of an able military leader. To these succeeded the reigns of Boniface IX., with his insatiable avarice, his flagrant and shameless simony; the struggles and intrigues of Benedict XIII. and his successors with the Kings of France and the powerful nobles of Italy; and the Council of Pisa, consisting of twenty-six Cardinals, four Patriarchs, twelve Archbishops, eighty Bishops, and delegates from most of the States of Europe,—whose deliberations resulted in the degradation of the rival Popes, and the election of Alexander V. The account of the Council of Constance, which occurs later in the volume, is extremely interesting, and contains the best narrative we have seen of the events which preceded and accompanied the execution of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. The remainder of the volume consists of a survey of the moral and intellectual condition of the Clergy and laity during the period embraced by the History; the growth and influence of the various doctrines of the Church; the amount and progress of Latin letters and Latin poetry; and the development of Christian architecture, painting, and sculpture.

Theological Essays. Reprinted from the Princeton Review.

With a Preface by the Rev. Patrick Fairbairn, D.D.
Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THE intrinsic merit of this tall and handsome volume corresponds more nearly than is usual to its fine exterior, and will fulfil the

promises of gravity and fulness. It is a reprint of Essays originally published in the 'Princeton Review' (U. S.), which was commenced in the year 1825 as the 'Biblical Repertory.' At first occupied with criticism and hermeneutics, it ultimately assumed the character of a theological and literary Review; and some of its articles are among the finest productions of sanctified genius. Its theology is Presbyterian, and with some of its views of Divine truth we cannot coincide. But letting this pass, its chief value consists in the well written and energetic articles bearing upon the struggle now progressing between truth and error, each one of which might form a basis for lengthened remark. That, however, is not our design. But we cannot omit calling attention to those on 'The Rule of Faith,' 'Sabbath Observance,' and 'Transcendentalism.' Both Romanists and Tractarians admit that the turning-point between them and Protestants is the rule of faith; and he who in a lucid and interesting style will extricate it from the network of sophistry with which it is so often perplexed, confers a boon upon the entire Church of Christ. This is accomplished, we think, in the first Essay of the present volume, the whole theory of the Oxford Tract writers being presented in a simple and easily understood form, and the fallacy and unfairness of the Traditionists transparently and boldly demonstrated. The absolute impossibility of deriving a rule of faith from early Creeds, decisions of Councils, or the writings of the Fathers, is indubitably evinced; and the Bible, as the revelation of God's will to man, shown to possess a competency to *make men wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.*

The article on 'Sabbath Observance' is worthy of attention both for its scriptural views of the nature of the Sabbath, and the force with which they are put. In 1831, conductors of portions of the periodical press entertained and promulgated the opinion, 'that the true construction of the Mosaic law is, that the Sabbath should be kept as a day of festivity and gladness, and not by gloomy lectures and religious worship.' 'Feasting, dancing, and other holiday recreations' were advocated as the means of elevating and blessing the people. Furnishing, as it does, a reply to much of the popular sentiment in our own land on this vital point, we give the following as a specimen of the manner in which these views are met:—

'To our apprehension these assertions carry the mark of absurdity on the very face of them. They represent the Sabbath as standing in a predicament occupied by no other religious institution in the world, ancient or modern. They exhibit it as being at utter variance with the whole system of which it is a part. The injunctions of every religion are certainly to be understood in a manner congruous to its own nature. The festivals of the Heathen were thus in keeping with their religion. Those in honour of Ceres, Bacchus, or Venus were attended by rites adapted to the character of the imaginary power to which they were consecrated. But this position requires us either to suppose that the Sabbath had nothing in common with the system with which it was so intimately connected, or to renounce our whole belief as to the nature of that system. It is so evident that where a festival is enjoined, the manner of its observance must be adapted to the religion to which it belongs, that the very same

formula of words must have very different meanings under different circumstances. When we are told that a day was kept among the Heathen as a time of joy and gladness, in honour of their gods, we take it for granted that the nature of that joy, and the mode of its expression, were determined by the nature of their mythology. And when in the Bible we are commanded to rejoice, to sing, to make the Sabbath a delight, we know just as surely that the joy, singing, and delight, are to be of a spiritual character, adapted to the religion of the Bible. If the Lord's day is to be observed, as we shall show is the faith of the whole Christian world, in commemoration of the resurrection of Christ, and of the pardon, purity, and eternal life thereby secured, it is self-evident that its appropriate celebration is not by worldly singing, dancing, and festivity, but by sincere thankfulness for these blessings, and joy adapted to their nature. Any man, therefore, who believes the Bible to contain a revelation of the true religion, and who entertains any correct idea of what religion is, must feel that such assertions are in themselves incredible.

In a similar strain of dignified simplicity, which a consciousness of truth always inspires, the whole history, the Divine authority, and the inestimable advantages of the 'day of sacred rest,' are discussed. Persuaded that we are only commencing the great struggle on this momentous subject, we heartily recommend this Essay to the careful study of all who are solicitous for correct information thereon.

In the Essay on Transcendentalism, consisting of sixty-six octavo pages, the history and development of modern German philosophy are simplified and explained, as taught by Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, who may be considered as its regular succession of masters, and who have 'carried forward the torch from hand to hand.' We cannot here give the merest outline of this far-famed philosophy, which, whatever its intrinsic worth may be, is too frequently presented in 'a fog of fine-spun verbiage, calculated, by means of dialectic sorcery, to confound the very implement of reason, namely, language.' Those who have not the means of forming an acquaintance with it in the language of its originators, will obtain as correct a view from this Essay as the mere English student will meet with or require.

The volume altogether is one of considerable worth. Every subject is discussed in a meek and earnest spirit, and the whole is intended and adapted to promote the cause of truth and righteousness. The papers on the 'Eternal Sonship of Christ,' 'Original Sin,' and the 'History of Pelagianism,' will amply repay the theological student for a thoughtful perusal.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Ralph Wardlaw, D.D.

By William Lindsay Alexander, D.D. Edinburgh: Black. 1856.

IN a modest and sensible Preface, Dr. Alexander gives his reasons for having wished to be excused from the task of writing these 'Memoirs.' We are glad that Dr. Wardlaw's friends were not satisfied with these reasons, as we have thereby obtained a little friendly criticism upon the published opinions of the estimable subject of the

'Memoirs,' which otherwise we might not have had. The book is necessarily, in the main, a history of his mind, his training, studies, opinions, preaching, and publications: for his life had few incidents; and of even these he preserved no records.

Dr. Wardlaw's descent was illustrious, both in a religious and in a worldly point of view, having both learned and pious ancestors, and a lineage which connected him with the royal blood of Scotland,—with James V. 'His first school was reached by a street bearing the unpropitious name of "Balaam's Passage;" and here he learned his alphabet, on the same form with a little girl who afterwards became the endeared partner of his life.' That most potent of all parts of education, domestic influence, was very favourable. His father was a model man; and among other virtues was distinguished by such punctuality as to merit this compliment, 'Tell me where he *should be*, and I will tell you where he *is*.' Dr. Alexander gives us a beautiful fancy picture of Wardlaw's youth, founded on the principle that 'the child is father of the man.' He entered the University of Glasgow when not quite twelve years of age! and gained there many prizes, the certain proofs of talent and diligence. He completed his *curriculum* in about five years. He rose above mediocrity, perhaps in every department except mathematics, in which he had no marked success. He only entered upon it for practical purposes; and found, with many others, that notwithstanding many advantages of mental discipline, the study rather impedes than aids in search of moral truth.

Dr. Alexander judges that, from the previous consistency and amiableness of Mr. Wardlaw, 'the passage from death unto life was not likely to be made by any violent or noticeable transition.' We greatly desire that religious education, intended by God to be a perpetual means of grace, should bring youth to that degree of moral propriety which is depicted in the early character of Wardlaw; but we must think that no case could arise in which the transition should not be '*noticeable*.' The fruits of 'the new creation' cannot be so educationally produced or simulated; the difference between death and life must be remarkable, at least by those who have spiritual discernment. But certainly such a change as the passing out of 'darkness into marvellous light,' and from 'death' to 'life,' must be matter of consciousness to the individual himself. In the case of Dr. Wardlaw, however, the great fact is spoken of as 'of dateless origin, and of imperceptibly gradual development.' Even Dr. Paley could argue of conversion, that a man 'must necessarily both be sensible of it at the time, and remember it all his life afterward. It is too momentous an event ever to be forgot. Whether it was sudden, or whether it was gradual, if it was effected, (and the fruits will prove that,) it was a true conversion; and every such person may justly both believe and say of himself, that he was converted at a particular assignable time.' But we must not argue: our schools differ greatly on this point. A proper sifting of facts and terms would probably reconcile our theories; for we do not doubt the reality of conversions which are yet so sadly obscured in narratives and records.

Eccelesiastical controversy agitated Scotland as soon as the national mind roused itself from the torpor which followed the Rebellion; and

the Scotch Churches were engaged in nothing better, until religion was revived. Mr. Wardlaw entered into these controversies, and, in the end, united himself with the Congregationalists, chiefly through reading Campbell's 'Lectures on Ecclesiastical History.' He was able now to enter upon his ministry, and had to contend with difficulties, and to endure rebuffs and failures, all turning to his eventual profit; especially in teaching him to preach rather to the level of poor old women 'in duffle cloaks,' than to the literary and scientific. For a while he preached at Perth, and itinerated in the neighbourhood; but, by a remarkable chain of events, he was brought to Glasgow, where, for upwards of half a century, he faithfully and successfully proclaimed the Gospel. From this period Mr. Wardlaw became a public man; and, by his zeal in village and street preaching, his judicious pastoral ministry, his public-spiritedness, and his numerous writings, he exerted a great influence on the public mind. At first he preached extempore, and afterwards adopted the practice, so general in Scotland, of reading his sermons; his tendency being rather to a correct and polished, than to an energetic and forcible, delivery.

Mr. Wardlaw completed his ministerial qualifications, as his biographer humorously intimates, by marrying, when he was about twenty-three years of age; and, when a few more had passed over him, was 'immersed in clerical cares, of which a well-filled nursery, and an ill-filled purse, seem inevitable parts.' He became quite settled, building up an invaluable reputation as a Pastor and a theologian; for he had become Professor of Systematic Theology in the New College at Glasgow. When about thirty-eight years of age, he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, from Yale College, Connecticut. He had not long before entered upon his chief subject as a Christian writer, that of the Socinian controversy. Herein he acquired his first and greatest fame as an author. His publications were numerous, and all bore thoroughly the stamp of his own mind; but we are sorry that he so generally preferred the form of sermons for subjects that would have stood out better to view as essays, or treatises. In controversy he was calm, careful, and respectful; and in dialectics, clear, cogent, and earnest; never distinguished by original, or profound, thought, but never sinking into what is merely trite and common-place. In all his writings, his command of temper is conspicuous; and his constant aim was to do good. On the vexed subjects of baptism, and of Church establishments, he wrote with considerable acuteness; but into the merits of these publications we cannot here enter. His 'Discourses on the Sabbath' are excellent, and his little volume, 'On the Responsibility of Man for his Belief,' has done good service. We wonder that Lord Brougham gave no notice whatever of this production, on editing the inaugural address, which gave rise to it, for the collected edition of his Works. Pity but he had told us whether he retains the views which the public generally put upon his words; and we should have liked to know the effect of Dr. Wardlaw's calm reasoning on such a mind, on so grave a subject.

On one subject, which has prominence in the writings of Dr. Wardlaw, we cannot be supposed to agree with this excellent man. We remember the temptation to reply to his 'Two Essays, on

the Assurance of Faith, and the Extent of the Atonement, and Universal Pardon.' We do not think that the offices of the Holy Spirit, and their necessity to the believer's comfort and sanctification, are duly considered. Since God alone can justify, the attestation of pardon must be Divine, and the provision of redemption is such as to secure the needed comfort; for, without filial confidence, there can be no filial love, and therefore no evangelical obedience. The direct witness of the Spirit of God as a Spirit of Adoption in our hearts, whereby we cry, 'Father,' is that gracious provision of the Gospel. This distinct and immediate testimony, it is well observed by Dr. Thomas Horton, (Sermons on the Eighth Chapter of Romans, 1674.) 'is not' argumentative, but declarative; not by force of reason, but by the immediateness of presence.' It is a legal fact which first is to be ascertained,—our personal justification; and this is not primarily dependent on the resemblance we bear to Christ, as the children of God, but upon our penitent trust in His merits alone for acceptance. *To him that worketh not, but believeth in Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.* But we have not room to pursue the subject. We agree with Dr. Alexander, that the second Essay is by far the better one; but to us it has a capital flaw,—the old difficulty of reconciling the infinite value of the atonement with any limitation of its design and efficacy, its offers and extent, or of the influences of the Holy Spirit. We hold no theory of universal pardon, but only of an universal atonement, and an universal prevenient grace. 'The general love' of God is in the provision of the Gospel; 'the peculiar love' is towards those who, under the teaching and help of the purchased Spirit, rely upon the atonement as the only ground of merit and acceptance.

It was a high honour put upon Dr. Wardlaw, to be called upon by the Congregationalists to enter the lists with such a champion for Church establishments as Dr. Chalmers. But he did not hesitate, believing that he could serve the interests of truth without infraction of the law of charity. It is a curious chapter in the history of this controversy, but has not materially altered the position of the question. Dr. Wardlaw afterwards controverted Dr. McNeile's Lectures on the same subject.

This most agreeable volume closes with 'Characteristics,' which include an elaborate and just, and at the same time candid, analysis of Dr. Wardlaw's mind. He was a rare man,—distinguished by great perspicuity and discrimination. His writings exhibit a fine taste, and great facility of composition; but are wanting in vigour, and almost totally destitute of imagination. But he was an honour to the Congregational body, and a blessing to the world. The biography is much to our mind,—judicious, faithful, and instructive; and we are not surprised to find it passing rapidly through the first edition. It will have a permanent interest, and a lasting place in our religious literature.

Mémoires de Madame de Motteville, nouvelle Edition, d'après le Manuscrit de Conrart, avec une Annotation, des Eclaircissements, et un Index. Par M. F. Riaux, Professeur au Lycée Charlemagne. Four Vols. Paris: Charpentier.

TO-DAY we retrograde beyond the age of pig-tails and bag-wigs, and, with Madame de Motteville as our companion, we revert to the times when Cardinal Mazarin was endeavouring to consolidate in France the work of Richelieu, in spite of Paris Parliaments, discontented nobles, and a host of rebellious people. The Memoirs of Madame de Motteville have long since taken their place amongst the French classics. Edited as they are at present from Conrart's original MS., with all the assistance which modern antiquarianism has been able to supply, illustrated by quotations from various sources, handsomely printed, and in every way excellently 'got up,' they seem to us one of those works which become an amateur's constant companion, one of those works which—to use Charles Lamb's felicitous expression—we 'read by the fire-side, with a pipe and buttered toast!'

The gossip and behind-the-scenes history of the seventeenth century in France has been admirably described to us by a host of memoir writers, amongst whom Cardinal de Retz, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, and Guy Joli stand conspicuous. Saint Simon belongs to a later period. Madame de Motteville differs from all these; and the narrative which she used to pen down day by day in the *boudoir* of her royal mistress, Anne of Austria, strikes us as exhibiting qualities which are quite *sui generis*.

Born about the year 1621, Françoise Bertaut, afterwards married to M. Langlois de Motteville, found herself soon mixed up in all the intrigues of the French Court: her mother's connexion with a Spanish family of rank had brought her into notice; for at that time, from political and other causes, everything in France was *à la mode Espagnole*. Cardinal Richelieu, of course, kept a sharp look out after a person who was high in favour with the object of his constant suspicion,—Anne of Austria; and as long as his Eminence ruled the destinies of France, Mademoiselle de Motteville was condemned to a species of disgrace; but the murderer of Cinq Mars and De Thou soon followed his victims to the grave; and this event, at which hosts did not scruple to conceal their intense satisfaction, was the signal for Madame de Motteville's return to liberty. From that time she spent at the French Court an agreeable life, honoured with the intimate friendship of the Queen-mother; and, in an age of feverish anxiety, of confusion, of *révolution Frondeuse*, she maintained to the last the reputation of an accomplished woman, full of good sense, remarkable for her powers of observation, and whose moral demeanour has never given rise to the most trifling piece of Court scandal.

De Retz must always be consulted by any one who wishes to study the political history of the seventeenth century. Tallemant des Réaux, on the other hand, in his *historiettes* reminds us more of the amusing Samuel Pepys. Madame de Motteville's Memoirs deal both in political *résumés* and in every-day gossip. How well she describes the characters which events bring under her notice! How graphically

she relates the progress of the English Revolution, and the astonishing career of Masaniello! 'My only thought,' she says, in one passage, 'was to divert myself by the sight of all that was going on, as of a fine play acted before my eyes, but in which I had no concern.....The cabinets of Kings are theatres, where we see continually performed dramas which engage the attention of the whole world. Some are simply comic; others are tragic; and in them the greatest events are always caused by trifles.' This last remark brings back to our mind Pascal's celebrated passage on Cleopatra's nose: 'The difference of an inch in its size would most likely have altered the destinies of the world.'

One of the best passages in Madame de Motteville's Memoirs is the one where she relates the appearance of the Court at the death of Cardinal Richelieu. The tyrant is no more; every one breathes in full liberty; and favourites, who have been so long compelled to live away, far from the influence of the Court, are now returning, to try once more their fortunes. There they are, elated with hope, and expecting that the Queen will reward amply their constancy and their zeal. Vain delusion! They had left Anne of Austria a victim, a Spaniard in heart, and seeming, in the midst of the pomp of the Louvre, as if she was under sentence of banishment: they find her, on their return, a mother, a French Queen, occupied solely with the interests of the young King, and passionately attached to Mazarin. The reader may judge of the disappointment of Madame de Penecé, Madame de Hautefort, Madame de Chevreuse. Amidst so many conflicting interests, the new Minister had some difficulty at first in establishing his own authority: he could not resort to strong measures, and he must needs yield every now and then, in order to secure his ultimate triumph. All the particulars of these palace feuds are told by Madame de Motteville with the authority of a person who has taken a conspicuous part in the events she relates. Nor must we omit to mention, that she always stood firmly by her disappointed friends, consoling them, pleading their grievances with the Queen, and, consequently, exciting not unfrequently the suspicions of Cardinal Mazarin.

It is amusing to compare our fair chronicler with the warlike Coadjutor in their respective accounts of *la Fronde*. De Retz introduces us to the mob, and guides us through the barricades; Madame de Motteville opens to our view the Queen's cabinet, and describes the impressions felt there. She confesses very ingenuously that she was *une femme poltronne*; she appears, in fact, to have been the only person who fully understood the consequences of the event which some one has called *une plaisanterie à main armée*. At the same time we would say that many of Madame de Motteville's actions during the civil war, instead of proving either pusillanimity or selfishness, do the greatest credit both to her heart and to her judgment. It is very likely that many persons of her sex would have died of fear, had they seen half-a-dozen dragoons pursuing them into the very middle of a church, with the cries of, *C'est une Mazarine, il faut l'assommer et la déchirer par morceaux!* There was, however, an end to these amenities, and the barricades of 1650, swept away by the iron hand of Louis XIV., disappeared, not to show themselves again before the

days of the tri-color. When the peace had been re-established, Madame de Motteville resumed at Court the quiet, consistent, and useful life, which rendered her so valuable a companion to Anne of Austria. She was sixty years old when she died, in December, 1689.

A Bird's-Eye View of India, with Extracts from a Journal kept in the Provinces, Nepal, &c. By Sir Erskine Perry, M.P., late Chief Justice of Bombay. London: Murray. 1855.

THE first part of this publication comprises the substance of two lectures originally intended for delivery before the writer's constituents. Sir Erskine presents his matter in a clear, compact, and sometimes telling form, and with the air of a man who is thinking only of his subject, not of himself. He is never prosy or pretentious, which cannot always be said of certain small judicial functionaries, when they condescend to play the part of popular lecturers *en amateur*.

In the first lecture are presented to us, in a very graphic and masterly manner, the broad and prominent geographical features of the country, its appearance, profile, and colouring. The second is devoted to the inhabitants, and furnishes, in a clear though necessarily brief and condensed form, a vast amount of valuable information respecting their history, origin, political and social institutions, usages, and customs. Of Hindoo morality, it is curious to find the Judge of a Bombay criminal court speaking much more favourably than has been customary with English writers. He states, as the result of a judicial experience of ten years, that offences against property, and crimes generally, are less frequent in the Island of Bombay, where six hundred thousand persons are congregated in dense masses, than in any similar community in Europe, where equal wealth and equal poverty are huddled up together. That a want of truthfulness characterizes the Hindus generally, he is obliged to admit; but puts in a strong plea for them with regard to the domestic and family affections, acts of beneficence for the public weal, their sympathy for the poor, and their gratitude and fidelity to benefactors.

The Journal is pleasantly and trippingly written. It is easy to see that the writer is a born traveller. A man who can set out on a journey through some thousand miles of jungle,—in a country where every one is accustomed to travel with a large retinue, and where, on a certain excursion, it is said, Lord Dalhousie had no fewer than eleven thousand porters to carry his baggage,—attended only by one servant, with a palanquin, four tin boxes, a saddle with saddle-bags, and a sharp pair of spurs, may be pronounced something more than an ordinary tourist, especially when he can be regularly content with one meal a day, and that one consisting of nothing more elaborate than tea and cold fowl, or bajri cakes. The writer's spirits and vivacity never fail him, his remarks indicate a shrewd common sense and considerable knowledge of the world, and he furnishes occasionally some curious anecdotal matter. We are tempted to pick out some of the plums, but forbear. The book is not only a good one, but small and cheap.

The Danes and the Swedes: being an Account of a Visit to Denmark, with a Peep into Jutland, and a Journey across the Peninsula of Sweden. By Charles Henry Scott. London: Longman. 1856.

OUR knowledge of Scandinavia has hitherto been but slight, compared with that of other continental countries. Mr. Scott is intent upon enlightening us; he furnishes us with a brief historical narrative, and discusses the past and present state of Denmark with some talent as a politician; but, in the records of his travels, he gives us little insight into the character of the people. Indeed, he seems far more intent on the condition of the hotels. We are disappointed in the book. There is a continual attempt at fine writing, which as continually results in miserable failure. Speaking of the Bourse at Hamburg, Mr. Scott says, 'It is a noble pile, and worthy of the city. We entered it during the hours of business, and, ascending to the gallery, looked down upon the living mass that surged about like the waves of a troubled sea, while a thousand voices mingled their discordant sounds, which ascended to the lofty roof, and came rolling back upon the ear loud as the deafening roar of a railway train, when tearing madly through a tunnel.' Strong figures these, but sadly incongruous. Books of travel ought not to be filled up with occurrences related like the following: 'The post-carriage is at the door, a comfortable-looking *calèche*, with a pair of sleek, powerful bays,—as promising-looking cattle as ever delighted the eyes of travellers desirous to get quickly over the ground. Visions of nine miles an hour flash through the brain, and we leap into the vehicle, elated by the thought. The landlord's parting salutation is rapidly returned, from the fear that we might be off ere the polite attention could be properly acknowledged; but, alas! we were not so quickly away, for the post-boy is busily occupied in examining wheels, or minutely surveying each strap and buckle of the harness. "Prudent fellow that," thought we; "he takes proper precautions before tearing frantically along the road." At length he mounts the box, and we move, but gently, very gently, at about the rate of a snail in a hurry. "Knowing youth that," say we; "he wishes gradually to warm the horses before pushing them to their utmost speed." A loud crack of the whip! Now, then, we are really off! No! the snail pace is chronic, and disappointment is our doom; five long weary hours we are occupied in accomplishing twenty-three English miles.' This is talk at the fire-side, without force or wit; but it is not *writing*,—at least, we are certain it is not *composing*.

Innumerable instances of unpardonable carelessness disfigure a book which, nevertheless, affords some valuable information. We may add, that Mr. Scott admires the Sunday sports at Copenhagen.

The Unholy Alliance: an American View of the War in the East. By W. G. Dix. New York. 1855.
The Poetical Works of Augustin Duganne. Philadelphia.

WE bring about no *mésalliance* in yoking these two books together. Both are of American origin, and publish transatlantic sentiment in

true republican taste; and the one has quite as much of the substance of poetry as the other of its form, while its truth and spirit are about equally denied to each.

The work of Mr. Dix is a political pamphlet; but its literary pretensions are somewhat higher, and it is issued to the world in the form of a neat duodecimo volume. There is something so romantic, both in the style and theories of our author, that we cannot but regret that they should be so ill-placed and ill-applied. His gifts do not avail him in the sphere of politics; and his high-flown sentiment is not readily conformed to the simple standard of political morality. Mr. Dix is both alarmed and indignant at the course pursued by England and her Allies, in taking arms for the protection of the Porte against what he believes to be her merited destruction. It seems that infidel Turkey has 'no inalienable sovereign rights,' and that if the Czar and Pontiff of most Christian Muscovy should please to assume the seat and government of the Ottoman dominions, we ought to witness the act of spoliation with pleasure and approval; that, at least, we cannot interfere to prevent it, without abetting the cause of Mahomet against that of Christ. In other words, a plundered Mussulman cannot sustain a charge against a 'Christian' thief; he has no inalienable private rights. We wonder if Mr. Dix would like to see this principle acted upon in the administration of justice in his own land. If a Christian of New Orleans should rob or murder a Jew of New York, would he have the offender acquitted on religious grounds? Is the Christianity of such a man too good to be put under any restraint of law? The people of England have a very different idea of the obligations of the Christian faith; it teaches them to do justice, and love mercy; and they are not likely, in the nineteenth century, to repeat the enormities of the twelfth, or to prostitute their religion in exciting a fanatical crusade. If Russia were more truly Christian than it is; if Turkey wallowed in far more abominable superstitions; if the latter seem to thoughtful Christian men doomed to a speedy overthrow; and if the former, in the mystery of Providence, may be the instrument of its destruction,—what then? Our duty is not less clear, our resolution ought not to waver or relax. God has charged Himself with the fulfilment of His own decrees; and nothing could surpass the folly and wickedness of a nation which should venture to interpret and anticipate another's doom. One motto only should soar upon the highest banner of the State: *Fiat justitia: ruat cælum.*

We present the reader with a brief example of Mr. Dix's style. The following very fairly represents the mingled yarn of sentiment and argument which forms the staple of the whole production:—

'O Mother-Isle of nations! in this, the darkest hour of thy history, gladly would America forget every cause, or shadow of a cause, of disaffection, which has ever arisen between thee and her, and fly to thy rescue; but she painfully doubts the need and justice of thy cause. America has no respect for the balance of power, and she repudiates and denounces it when applied to the preservation of the Ottoman Empire. America calls upon thee at once to turn from thy path of death, or those little words, which seven years ago tolled the knell of a dynasty, will be heard in England, "Too

late, too late." Has the sun of Oxford set? Where is the light which the dying martyr kindled, and which he prophesied should never go out? England, pray—pray that some ray from the east or the west may pierce or dispel the Moslem cloud, which now hangs so thick and black around the walls of Westminster Abbey, under whose hallowed arches Kings and Queens have been crowned, as defenders of the Christian faith, but never as royal confessors of Mahomet!

Let us turn now to the compatriot of Mr. Dix. He, too, is alarmed for our unhappy country; but prose is much too feeble to express his strong forebodings: so he snatches the lyre of Cassandra, and breaks into the following prophetic rant:—

'From Britain, from Britain,
The flame shall arise
To the pitiless skies!
'Tis written, 'tis written,
'Tis plain to mine eyes;
And her merchants afar off, lamenting and yearning,
Shall witness the smoke of her burning.

Even so
She must taste of the woe
In hut and in palace; she'll drink of the chalice,
And pour out her heart in libation,
To wash out her mighty transgression.
For lo!
The blood of the innocent cries!
The blood of the martyrs whom Britain hath slain,
Shall fall on her forehead in terrible rain.'

The author of these lines is not quite right. He appears to have mistaken the illuminations of a triumphant peace for a destructive fire; and, if he will listen more attentively, he will learn that our merchants are not 'lamenting,' but shouting, with all their might, 'God save the Queen!'

A Voice from the West Indies: being a Review of the Character and Results of Missionary Efforts in the British and other Colonies in the Charibbean Sea. With some Remarks on the Usages, Prejudices, &c., of the Inhabitants. By the Rev. John Horsford, St. Vincent. London: Heylin. 1856.

WE have here a good substantial volume, on a subject which should need little or no recommendation to the consideration of British Christians. The West Indies, perhaps more than any other of our Colonies, rivetted the attention of all good men during great part of the first half of this century. On the field of those fair tropical Islands was fought a fight whose distant echoes still reverberate, and which will yet achieve its blessed results in the Southern States of America. Here British Slavery, after many hideous writhings, received its death-blow. Clarkson and Wilberforce, and Macaulay and Brougham, with a host of other able warriors, won at length a worthy victory, backed as they had been by the prayers and petitions of all true English Christians.

But long before this desirable result was attained, and the bodies

of the blacks were set at liberty, good men had been at work amongst the poor slaves, and many of them had become partakers of that *truth* which only could make them *free indeed*. The Baptists, Moravians, and Methodists had laboured here zealously under the most discouraging auspices. The venerable Dr. Coke (whose life and character we should like to see more vividly portrayed, and more frequently brought to the notice of the present generation) again and again visited the various Islands, and founded there those Churches which, for many years, have been amongst the glories of Methodism.

Mr. Horsford presents us with a succinct view of these Missions and their results, prefixing a short account of the civil history of each Island, to a fuller statement of its past and present religious condition. Being a Wesleyan Minister, he has of course given due prominence to the labours of that body in such a fruitful field. But, while so doing, he has not ignored the efforts of other religious communities in the same good cause. His account of the excellent work there effected by the United Brethren will excite the admiration of the reader, especially if he be one who looks on Moravianism with an affectionate eye, on account not only of its early sufferings and many triumphs, but also of its intimate relationship to Methodism in its infancy.

We have perused with much pleasure the short biographies which Mr. Horsford gives of those admirable women, Miss Lynch and Mrs. Thwaites, who were unwearied in their efforts to educate and raise the slaves, and to rescue young females from degradation. From the pen of the latter of these accomplished ladies, we have here an excellent letter,—written, in 1794, to one who thought her too earnest in befriending the blacks,—which we recommend to those transatlantic brethren who think the system of slavery but a minor evil, which Christian men *may* uphold if they choose.

Mr. Horsford, himself a man of colour, evidently feels warmly on the subject of the petty distinctions between men of various shades of complexion, which are still observed in some of our Colonies. These absurd prejudices, long exotic to English home-soil, are evidently in process of being uprooted from the Western Isles; and we trust that our author's sensible observations on this point will hasten the eradication.

We regret that Mr. Horsford has omitted Jamaica from his volume. He has thereby rendered this excellent handbook of West Indian Missions somewhat incomplete. It is true, we have already full accounts of Jamaica from other pens; but this should not have deterred him from presenting us with a condensation of its history, and a short sketch of its present state. In other respects the book meets with our hearty approbation. It contains much interesting and profitable reading; and we trust that it will have the effect desired by its worthy author, and 'arouse a fresh interest in the temporal and spiritual prosperity of the dwellers in these tropical Islands.' We would fain hope that it may gain the attention of the amiable Secretary of State for the Colonies, and lead him to devise liberal things for the raising up of the West Indies from their present depressed condition.

**The Isles of Loch Awe, and other Poems of my Youth.
With Sixteen Illustrations. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.
London. 1855.**

It is a long time since we have met with so much genuine and tasteful poetry as is contained in this little volume. Our surprise is almost equal to our pleasure; for the author is unknown to fame, and adorns his book with such agreeable pictures, that we at once supposed the accomplishment of drawing to be his chief merit, and that it would prove the principal attraction of the work. But this is very far from being the case. The productions of Mr. Hamerton's pen are superior to those of his very graceful pencil; and the latter sustains a subordinate, though pleasing, relation to the former.

The first merit of Mr. Hamerton's poetry is of a negative character; it contains nothing, either in sentiment or composition, which the severest taste can censure or dislike. This is much to say of a volume of verse extending to upwards of 370 pages. There is an almost faultless accuracy in his use of language,—a merit not so common as some people are disposed to think. There is neither obscurity nor inflation, nor the least trace of a disposition to impose inverted or distorted phraseology for the genuine language of poetic inspiration.

But this author's poetry has merits far more positive than these. A style so simple and unadorned has need, indeed, of more intrinsic charms, or it would necessarily fail in interest of any kind. Mr. Hamerton is not deficient in originality; but he has proved it by the choice of subject-matter, rather than by pure invention, acting always in the spirit of his selected mottoes: 'Tradition supplies a better fable than any invention can;' and, 'Let no one say that reality lacks poetical interest.' His volume is a striking illustration of the truth of these remarks. Many of his topics are such as would be generally thought hopelessly prosaic; but from them all he extracts the fine poetic essence. If Wordsworth has, in some points, furnished a model to his muse, our author has avoided many of the errors of his master. His style is more direct and clear; and, stifling any disposition to metaphysical reflection, he has happily caught, and well preserved, the air of freshness and variety which belongs to pure objective poetry.

The Legends, which are the leading feature of this volume, are particularly fine. There is no affectation on the author's part of writing from the point of view suggested by their locality and date; but, doing justice to the ancient scene, and imparting something of the local colour, he seizes the human and essential elements which connect the story with the experience of mankind in every age. The legend of 'Kilchurn' is a fine example of this kind. The poem embodies a tradition of an ancestor of Sir Colin Campbell, and contains a beautiful and appropriate reference to the hero so lately returned from fighting our battles in the Crimea. We transcribe the opening lines:—

Brief Literary Notices.

' Now, as I write, it is a time of war ;
 And wives of soldier-peasants, soldier-peers,
 Grow pale and weary with anxiety.
 Some sitting in sad luxury alone,
 With feet half-buried in the velvet pile
 Of noiseless carpets ; and a newspaper,
 Or the last letter from the one beloved,
 Laid on the sofa ; every syllable
 Already grown familiar as the words
 Of hollow social use.

The nights are long,
 And very cold ; the butler stirs the fire.
 She draws her silken scarf about her neck,
 And shudders—shivers—though the room is warm ;
 For, on the heights before Sebastopol,
 Two armies lie, like cattle on the ground,
 Freezing beside low watch-fires in the night.
 She will not have a guest to watch her grief.
 She sits alone, and reads of battle wounds,
 Until their frightful details seem to her
 Prophetic of *his* fate ; and to a brain
 So wrought upon by one perpetual fear,
 The fear itself becomes reality.
 She sees him wounded—dying—dead as those
 Who lie in heaps together in the trench ;
 A ready grave, fill'd up with its own earth,
 On the cold heights of Alma.

What to her
 Is all this wretched luxury, unshared
 With him she loves ? The comforts of her home
 Seem to reproach her, and she scarcely eats
 A richer meal than the coarse ration doled
 To the poor tatter'd private. All alone
 She walks along the silent corridors,
 Stately in grief, and seeks her sleepless bed,
 There to lie brooding, till the waxen lights
 Die in their silver sockets, and the fire
 Sheds an unsteady twilight on the wall.

* * * *

These sorrows are not new.
 Alas ! all grief is ancient in the earth,—
 War, absence, fear, anxiety, suspense,—
 Old as the story of the siege of Troy,
 Old as the legend of Penelope.

A Highland dame, four hundred years ago,
 Bore the same trial—harder in degree ;
 For she had not our steam and telegraph,
 To bear more swiftly than a carrier-dove
 Tidings of soldiers serving in the wars.'

The author then proceeds with the story of a Chieftain who returned from a foreign land only in time to find his faithful wife the victim of falsehood and deceit, and on the eve of espousing the powerful rival of her husband. The return is very beautifully described, much in the spirit of that of Ulysses ; and we cannot resist the

temptation of quoting a few lines from this part of the poem. Sir Colin, in disguise of a beggar, has pledged the lady's happiness, and returned to her the cup:—

'And in the bottom, in the lees of wine,
There lay a signet-ring of massive gold,
Like a great waif of shipwreck which is seen
Above a shallow part upon the sands
Of the deep ocean, when the tide is low.

Then from the ring—a waif from the wreck'd ship
Of her lost hope—a wild, bewilder'd glance
She turn'd upon the beggar, and he rose
Unto his lordly stature, and his rags
Were scant to hide the Chieftain's noble frame.
And in an instant, with a cry of joy,
The bride, escaping from the bridegroom's arm,
Fell sobbing wildly on the beggar's breast!
Then the grey clansman, who reproved his Chief,
Cried out, 'Sir Colin has return'd again!'
And round the board it pass'd, from mouth to mouth,
"Sir Colin has come home!"

The rest of the volume is not less able and inviting, though owing little to traditional romance. Mr. Hamerton can find excellent poetry in a London street: witness his picturesque description of a scene 'from a balcony in Piccadilly.' He is a master in the poetry of common things; not lowering himself to the inferior aspect of the subject, but lifting it towards the light of the intellectual sphere; and the 'Poems of Science,' which conclude this volume, are instances of this rare faculty.

Things not generally Known, familiarly Explained. By John Timbs, F.S.A. London: Bogue.

HERE is a little book which no one can take up for a few moments without being made wiser; at least, without adding something to his stock of knowledge. Of how few works, with infinitely greater pretension, can this be said! What multitudes of pages does the mind, or rather the eye, sweep over without the acquisition of a single idea; nay, without suspecting the existence of one! The reader himself is doubtless often to blame; but more often in these days the book. Be that as it may, this little volume will be guiltless. There are not many men living who have the industry to collect, and the tact to arrange, such a multifarious mass of knowledge as we have here. Not a line seems to be lost; not a word wasted in idle comment. People are told a thousand things which they did not know; and it is their own fault if they do not remember them. Our ignorance is benevolently led into every imaginable region of knowledge, from the Magellanic clouds to flies inverted on the ceiling.

'In 1832, Mr. Blackwell read to the Linnæan Society certain facts discordant with Sir E. Home's opinion, that flies walk up glass by means of a vacuum produced in their feet, on the principle of the boy's leather sucker.' Mr. Blackwell's views closely corresponded to the fol-

lowing, anticipated by Dr. Power, nearly 200 years previously, who then referred this power principally to a 'furry kind of substance like little sponges, with which she hath lined the soles of her feet, which substance is also repleted with a whitish viscous liquor, which she can at pleasure squeeze out, and so sodden and beglue herself to the place she walks on, which otherwise her gravity would hinder (were it not for this contrivance), especially when she walks in those inverted positions.'

Most of Mr. Timbs's innumerable notes are as well provided as our little summer friends, and will beglue themselves accordingly to multitudes of memories. By the time this volume is taken out of the category of things not generally known, we hope the editor will have culled another volume of things prematurely obsolete, or unworthily neglected. We are quite in earnest: a little companion like this might worthily displace many of the frivolous productions which are candidates for the occupation of our little fragments of time. A book which costs a few shillings, and into which you never can look, or in which look nowhere, without finding something to excite either awe or amazement, or the purest interest of curiosity or surprise, deserves to be extensively circulated, and cannot fail to do much good.

The New Testament Quotations, collated with the Scriptures of the Old Testament, in the Original Hebrew and the Version of the LXX., and with the other Writings, Apocryphal, Talmudic, and Classical, cited or alleged so to be. With Notes, and a Complete Index. By Henry Gough. London: Walton and Maberly. 1855.

THIS work is a decided improvement on any thing of the kind hitherto attempted either in England or on the Continent. It gives us side by side the original Hebrew and the Septuagint version of every quotation in the New Testament, with the quotation itself beneath. And the 'quotations' are not limited to formal extracts, but include many which are substantially, though not formally, such, and indeed almost every distinct verbal allusion in the later Scriptures to the earlier writings. This liberal comprehension adds much to the value of the work, without causing any confusion. These references amount to six hundred and fourteen; and are followed by thirteen more, which include all the contested quotations of doubtful places.

We have then an arrangement of all the *alleged* quotations from apocryphal books; many *supposed* citations from Jewish writings, together with some examples of the use of Jewish proverbs and forms of speech. Lastly, the volume includes a collection, more ample than any before published, of quotations from classical sources, or such proverbial locutions as have usurped that title. A considerable amount of careful learning is condensed into the notes; and an index of texts, in the order of the New Testament, completes the whole.

We have often wondered that such a book has not been edited before; and are exceedingly glad to welcome this supply of a long-felt need. The only drawback from its merits is its abstinence from dissertation. There are many questions of supreme interest arising

out of the New Testament quotations, especially those refracted through the Septuagint, which might have been discussed without greatly enlarging the bulk of the work. It is only fair, however, to say, that the notes are only subordinate in the author's design, though of great value in themselves. Their value would, in our opinion, have been more felt, if they had been dispersed through the work.

The volume is a sumptuous specimen of typography,—too sumptuous, indeed, for poor students. We hope to see it one day re-produced, twice as large as at present, at the same price; and furthermore with the ejected points restored, which it is easier for those who discard them mentally to omit, than for those who require them to supply. But, before then, we hope to notice this most acceptable work more at length.

Words for the Heart and Life. Discourses by the Rev. A. J. Morris. London: Ward and Co.

EVERY one into whose hands Mr. Morris's sermon on 'Christ the Spirit of Christianity' has fallen, must be glad to receive this little volume, which incorporates that sermon with eleven others of very similar character, and of equal value. The title prefixed to the whole indicates the class of readers to whom the author addresses himself; those, namely, who seek to mould their lives by those spiritual convictions and dispositions which are the end of truth and source of holiness. To all such, these Discourses will have an irresistible charm; while readers of all classes must admire their originality, their exquisite purity and simplicity of style, their majestic loftiness of principle, and their occasional bursts of undefiled eloquence. The subjects are so chosen as to allow the writer to avoid collision with men's peculiarities of creed, and leave him unfettered in his appeal to their hearts and lives. A volume like this brings the power of the pulpit into the closet, and gives to private meditation one of its most invaluable aids; for it aims to be, and not without success, a simple echo of the word of God on its several impressive subjects.

The author tells us that a favourable acceptance of the present series will possibly induce him to issue a second. We may therefore congratulate ourselves and our readers on the prospect of soon announcing another such volume as this.

The Ecclesiastical History of England and Normandy. By Ordericus Vitalis. Translated, with Notes, and the Introduction of Guizot. By T. Forester, M.A. Four Vols. Bohn.

A WELCOME book, on a deeply interesting subject; and which, after having for ages delighted the learned, is placed by the indefatigable Mr. Bohn within the reach of everybody. Ordericus was a lively monk of Normandy,—a kind of twelfth-century Sydney Smith,—who travelled about, saw everything, turned everything to humour, but never forgot his philosophy.

MISCELLANEA.

A History of the Christian Church during the Reformation. By Charles Hardwick, M.A. Macmillan and Co. 1856. This volume is a sequel and companion to 'A History of the Church during the Middle Ages,' by the same author.—*A Memoir of Elizabeth Fry: by her Daughter, Mrs. Frances Cresswell.* London. 1856. A very judicious abridgment of one of those rare biographies which distinguish the literature of the present day. In a form at once so compendious and so ample, it will long remain a classic in the library of Christian memoirs.—*The Poetry of Creation.* By Nicholas Michell. Chapman and Hall. 1856. Creation is a large subject, and Mr. Michell is a small poet; but his verse is easy and agreeable, his sentiments pure and amiable, and we can pardon many obvious deficiencies on the ground that he has forborne to dilute Milton or travesty Young.—*Zaphnath-Paaneah: or, the History of Joseph, viewed in Connection with Egyptian Antiquities.* By the Rev. Thornley Smith. London. 1856. The title of this little work sufficiently explains its character and object.—*Five Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge.* By Charles Perry, D.D., Bishop of Melbourne. Macmillan and Co. 1856. The style of these Sermons is rather chaste than forcible; their matter is eminently sound and practical.—*The End: or, the Proximate Signs of the Close of this Dispensation.* By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., F.R.S.E. Shaw. 1855. Dr. Cumming arranges a few newspaper cuttings about earthquakes, revolutions, &c., as though these were not too frequent any time these last three hundred years; but he omits one of the most significant signs of the latter day which seems to identify it with the present, when our 'old men see visions and our young men dream dreams.'—*Premonitions of the Impending Doom of the Papacy, derived from a critical Examination of the chief Prophecies relating to Antichrist, and attested to a certain Extent by Roman Catholic Authorities.* By the Rev. C. Robinson, LL.D. Heylin. 1856. Dr. Robinson's conclusions do not greatly differ from those of Dr. Cumming. We will only remark, that the most plausible conjecture on these topics is open to serious objection, as a needless tampering with the usefulness and credit of the sacred record.—*Sermons, Practical and Doctrinal.* By the Rev. W. Archer Butler, M.A., late Professor of Moral Philosophy at the University of Dublin. Second Series. Edited from the Author's MSS. by J. A. Jerimie, D.D. Macmillan and Co. 1856. A most welcome volume. The Sermons of the late Archer Butler are noble specimens of pulpit eloquence. Orthodox in substance, they are full of original and striking thoughts; they exhibit the highest ministerial faculties in the rarest combination. They are 'practical and doctrinal,' not in separate discourses, but in each respectively. The mind of the preacher seems to feel the full import of every weighty truth of our religion,—not even excepting its mysteries,—and leads him to urge its solemn lesson on the hearer's conscience. We hope to find an opportunity of more fully pointing out the merits of this volume, as well as of its predecessors.